THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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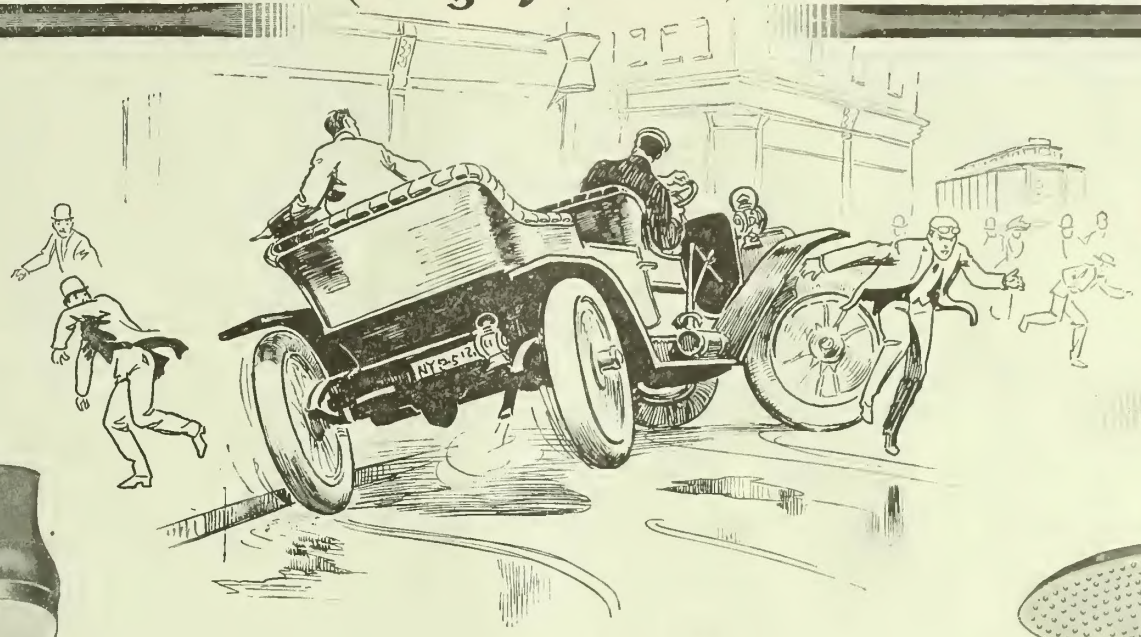

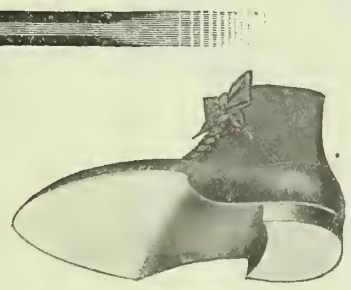

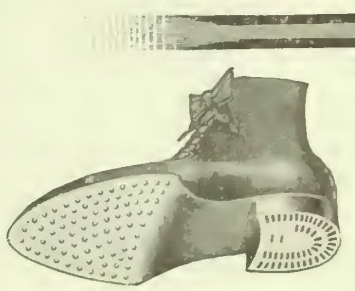

An Object Lesson in Non-Skid Tires

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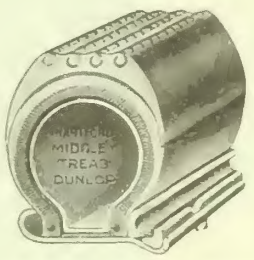

¶ It doesn't take much stretch of the imagination to see that on a heavy limousine, touring or other car, these thousands of little metal spikes coming into contact with the road will obviate the dangerous side-slip or skid, does it? And here is the best part of it: Your tire is still resilient, fast, easy on passengers and car, unlike all other metal anti-skid devices.

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Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A.D. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 182 — PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 23, 1909 — Number 17

WOMEN OF THE OLD WORLD

A Few Comparisons Not Necessarily Odious

By EMERSON HOUGH

The English are the Most Dressed People in the World

ONCE upon a time a select body of ardent idiots conceived it to be an excellent idea to hunt white goats in the middle of the Rockies and, also, in the middle of the winter. We made our first camp at one of the Yim Hill section-houses on top of the transcontinental range, about half-way between Midvale and Bear Creek. We had been advised that there was a woman here who could cook and who had general charge of the thirteen men who attempted to keep the snow off the tracks.

The allegation as to cooking we discovered to be wholly false, but as to the lady's having charge of the ranch there was no doubt whatever. Speaking of queens, here was one from Queenstown. I presume that in truth she was rather undersized, somewhat skinny, with stringy hair and gimlet eyes; but at the time she seemed about seven feet high. She had all thirteen of the husky section men badly buffaloed, and she impartially extended to us her iron rule. When we threw down our snow-covered packs and tried to get up to the stove she greeted us with a loud "woof," threw both us and our packs out of the door, and on the spot gave us instructions on the proper way to enter a lady's drawing-room. After that, we simply joined the trembling and cowering group of male persons who dodged whenever she opened the door, who meekly ate whatever she put on the table, and ventured no reply to her caustic remarks regarding mankind in general. She was married to one of these men, but whichever it was he was afraid to admit it.

This lady remained strictly on the job throughout our visit there, which continued only for one night. In the morning I told my guide to buy of her a little flour and bacon, which we should need farther on in the mountains. He came out some time later, mopping his brow and carrying in one hand a small package or so, with not even a fragment of the five-dollar bill I had given him.

"Oh, I know it! I know it!" began the guide, as he saw me gaze at the microscopic grub list. "She short-weighted me and she short-changed me, both; but what was I going to do? I tell you, sir, I was just plumb scared. That woman! why, she's boss for this whole country fifty miles around here. We're lucky to get out alive."

With heads over shoulders our party filed away, as march those who fear pursuit. I have never seen the section-house queen from that day to this, but my heart goes out in pity for the thirteen men who lived there in a continual agony of fear. I recall no more striking instance of the dominance of woman in the affairs of man. In short, she was an excellent example of the great and ancient, if somewhat brutal, law of supply and demand. Woman in the West has always been a figure of importance, as she is in any new country. In the early history of Helena, Montana, there were eleven mining millionaires, each of whom was joined in holy wedlock to a red-skinned lady who could not sit on a chair without falling off. Down in New Mexico, in the earlier cattle days, I knew several well-to-do cowmen espoused to greaser ladies who always preferred a sheepskin on the floor to a seat on the most luxurious divan. These instances, with other historic data, dispose one to believe that in this world almost everything is relative. Angels could have done no more than these gentlemen in the same circumstances.

The Creed of All the World

AS WE travel from West to East, from the youth to the age of history and civilization, the state of affairs begins to diverge. The section-hand of Summit Station, who knocked his forehead on the floor when he heard the coming footstep of the local queen, might even, in certain crowded factory towns of the East, choose between two or three damsels far more fair than she; whereas the section-house queen might have trouble getting a job at scrubbing office floors. Poetry and science seem antagonistic. Most poetry regarding the fair sex is written by men who are scared to come to close quarters and mix it, regardless of punishment. Cold-browed science, on the other hand, figures on men and women as commodities, and therefore subject to the ancient law of abundance or scarcity. Apply to this already involved subject the additional complication of the laws of selection, and you get at the state of affairs known as civilization. At once we are in touch with the paradox that woman is actually most valued where she often is intrinsically least valuable.

There is another paradox to be added. It is in the oldest communities that woman obtains that equality with man that gives her the privilege of working just as hard as he does. But whereas men thrive on work, women lose their looks with hard labor. The most beautiful woman is apt to be the most useless, viewed from a cold, industrial standpoint. Yet all the world, ancient and modern, pagan and Christian, artistic and social, insists that woman should be, first of all, beautiful. The divorce courts prove that. The photographers, the newspapers, the novelists all prove it. All Nature, savage or civilized, organized or unorganized, chants that one universal credo. Woman was planned for the sole and express purpose of setting us men dippy. But —and this is another paradox—she makes us dippiest where she is least beautiful, and least dippy where she is most beautiful. But this way lies madness! Let us pause.

The Budapest Beauty Can Eat a Pretzel With the Air of Romance

Your Irene and Mrs. Rubens

FOR the sake of greater concreteness it may be said that there has long existed in America a feeling that in the matter of woman's personal pulchritude Europe has certain advantages over this younger and more humble country of ours. This belief is grounded on the absurd American reverence for the Old World, and it has been encouraged by many Americans who have taken for granted certain statements that did not originate on this side of the water. When Wilbur becomes so fully eaten of the art germ, microbe or bug that he feels he ought to paint gondolas instead of barns, papa mortgages the farm and sends Wilbur to Europe. In due time come back sketches done by Wilbur's fair hands, showing ruins, gondolas, fishermaids. He assures the home folks that everything is much lovelier abroad, and from that time on he and his family further bow down to the belief that America is a wholly heathen proposition, and that beauty does not exist therein. It was with a view to settling certain questions involved in the foregoing belief that, properly provided with scientific instruments for taking the right ascension, azimuth and declination of the European beauties, one recently ventured upon a voyage of discovery in the Old World.

Built Upon the Lines Commonly, Although Unjustly, Ascribed to the Cornfed Ohio Girl

Of course, the first thing in any such endeavor is to make a careful study of the plaster, marble and bronze ladies of ancient Greece and Rome; this to be followed by a series of studies in color by the Dutch, Flemish and Venetian schools of painting. It is generally supposed that since the days when a gown and a bedquilt were synonymous terms, beauty has departed from the earth. Alas! although one gladly would agree with Wilbur, one fears the ancients' idea of female beauty would never take a prize today. The feet of the average Minerva, Juno or Diana would need a specialist today. Her waist would not compose with any given scheme of known upholstery, and her nose simply would not do at all. In actual life this Clydesdale type of ladies, so to speak, could neither play tennis nor walk upstairs without getting out of breath. The influences of the Greek and Roman schools were strongly in evidence in the art of certain of the old masters, but, honest, what would you think if your own Irene were built on the lines of Helena Fourment, the second wife of Colonel Rubens, or even on the somewhat voluminous mould of Marie de Medici, or the opulent and expansive ladies whom Mr. Titian was wont to perpetuate in paint? Nay, nay; in these modern, strenuous days one is forced to believe they would not do.

It is not, however, fair to confine such important studies to past epochs. The main question is, what is the average beauty of the ladies of those regions at the present date? Take Italy, for instance, where in the belief of all art students every goose is a swan and every lass a queen. Is personal beauty really epidemic in that country, or even epidermic? With regret, cold science must reply somewhat in

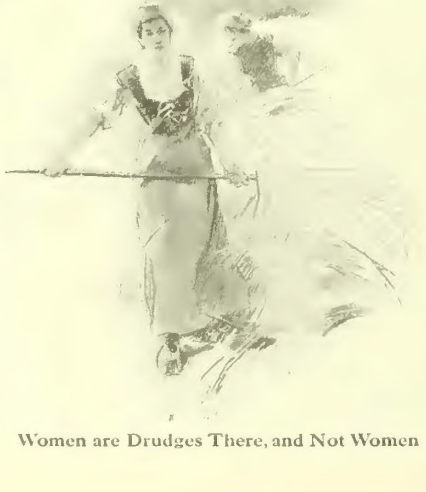
the negative. The general charge against the ladies of Italy and Spain is that while young they are comely, but when old they are impossible; and with them age sets in sometimes as early as thirty. Italy will show you many slender and dark-eyed damsels—just as will New Jersey or Kansas—but they are not wholly typical. The most beautiful of the Italian women seem to be those of the lower class—daughters of peasants, artisans or fisherfolk. Most of these need laundering. Forgetting that part of the personal equation, one should ask himself, how would these appear devoid of their picturesque and colorful attire and clad in the shirtwaist and walking skirt of America? Moreover, beauty is largely a matter of mental attitude. Many men go to Italy expecting to see beautiful women, and they do not allow themselves to be disappointed. They do not allow themselves to remember that the middle-aged lady of Italy, the more especially as she is allowed to eat and drink all she likes, soon loses her erstwhile lissom grace and attains a settled and soggy look which goeth not well with the dreams of poesy. Still, she should be included in the law of averages, and it is not fair to set the dead line at thirty years.

Italian Beauties From America

THE beauty of the Italian young woman is that of the young animal—the kitten—without mentality, without ambition, without care, full of grace, it is true, but lacking soul. These qualities are restful to the eye, without doubt. One such young woman I well remember to have seen at the side of a fountain on the Posilipo road, near Naples. Perhaps she was eighteen years of age. Like most of the Italians, she was dark and her hair was black, ringed into little curls which doubtless never knew an iron. Her figure was the perfection of ease, strength and useful grace, and as she leaned against the curb—near by a green wall of foliage, back of her a blue sky and the sinking sun—she made, it is true, a picture not in the least difficult to look at. She might have represented Italy itself and its beauty. As much might be said of the lemon-carriers, girls one meets on the road near Sorrento, balancing by means of long ropes the trays of fruit which they carry on their heads. They make a pretty picture, swinging and swaying along, with their dark eyes, white teeth and smiles. They are beautiful creatures, but are they such as would lead one to forsake his happy home?

One fears otherwise. One feels that, even in this country of the out-of-doors, woman has not the rank she knows on this side the water; and lacking that rank, she lacks also the soul. As to the upper-class Italian beauties, they furnish examples of distinction just as do the better classes of any country; but it is not the case that every woman of any rank in Italy is distractingly beautiful. Haunting the photograph galleries, I found one beautiful young matron depicted with her young daughter at her side. Here was beauty worthy to invite the best skill of any portrait painter. But, unfortunately, I learned that the lady was a Polish noblewoman by birth, and not an Italian. That was in Rome. Again, in Venice I heard here and there of a bewitching Italian princess, said to be the most beautiful woman in the South. But, if memory serves, was not this lady once of Baltimore, and is she not descendant of a brother of our own George Washington? One must be continually on guard in searching the photograph galleries of Europe; they ring in so many Americans on you! I recall perfectly well one beautifully dark-haired and dark-eyed queen of the operatic stage who dominates the postal-card market as a typical European beauty, such as one sends back home as proof of the charm that lies in foreign travel. Here, at last, was a professional beauty of Europe. Alas, on one card I saw her name, and discovered she was a light-opera star from Boston.

There is a certain dark type of beauty to be found in the ladies of Spain, Italy and southeastern Europe. Perhaps you may have doubted, when on your travels in parts of your own city, whether this or that foreign girl was Italian or Polish. Among those people whom, somewhat contemptuously, we call Polacks, Polanders or sometimes Huns or Hunkies, we expect to see a dark-haired, dark-eyed, rather short and stout type. These people come from the peasant classes, and we are glad to have them come to America as laborers. There is little animation or intelligence in their looks, yet some of them are beautiful in a stolid, animal way, with low foreheads, clear skins and the broad jaw that means good alimentation. As you cross lower Europe you seem to leave behind you in Italy a rather more delicate sort of beauty, as you pick up the like, yet unlike, Polish type. This, however, does not speak for all of Poland, where there are women and women. Not only some of the most beautiful, but some of the most brilliant women of the world have come from Poland. They have a subtle charm all their own, and a beauty against which one's only protection lies in sudden and continued flight. These are, however, the rarer examples. They are paralleled, sometimes, by fair fascinators who come from somewhere in Russia—women who seem a sort of connecting link between savagery and civilization.



Women are Drudges There, and Not Women

The placid German type, blond and highly durable, is somewhat different from the dark-eyed houris of lower Europe. Before beer has done its perfect work, as wine does its work in Italy, the German damsel is fair to look upon, with clean white skin, ruddy cheeks, sleek and abundant golden tresses, strong though heavy figure, a good walk, and the general air of one who has the right to survive in the contest of living. The German young woman is, perhaps, not so picturesque as the more colorful *signorinas* or *señoritas* who dwell to the south of her; but she is much cleaner, which in the eyes of some constitutes an advantage. Regarding her, you are not so much disposed to commit suicide or to climb a tree; but you feel pretty sure that she is going to have breakfast ready, and also sure that you will have to explain what you did with that five dollars when you get back home. Large and splendid are some of the women of the German type. If the Polish maiden has seemed to you grateful and comforting, the German *fräulein* of the better class may be described as durable and thoroughly dependable.

No Traveler Should Leave Europe Without Seeing Vienna, the Home of the Merry Widow

Alas, that both of these must appear to you as flowers growing among dried and withered stalks! All about you in Italy, Austria, especially in Germany, you see the other side of the picture of woman's life in Europe. Women are drudges there, and not women; slaves, animals, and not human beings, not women. Again and again your face will flush with indignation as you see them sweeping streets, doing the work of switch-tenders, stevedores, hod-carriers, laborers of the farm, holders of the most menial and unpleasant places in civilized life. These are the discards of European civilization. Perhaps in that civilization their place is necessary or inevitable. They do not look up at you as you pass, do not smile as, perhaps, do the less responsible poor women of Italy or Spain. They have accepted their doom in this cold, northern civilization. They are dead and buried, and they know it, and the look of it is in their eyes. The woman who carries your baggage up the stair, the woman whom you see sweeping the street, driving a cab or pitching hay in the field, is not in the least comely. The waist-line is gone, the figure is coarse and cloddy, the ankles thick, the shoulders round and heavy, the hands thickened and hardened with toil. Hope not being in their soul, it cannot show in their carriage. They drag through life. They feel the soil beneath them claiming them at every step, not even animal charm being theirs. As to these poor women of Europe's lower classes, if you photograph them at their work in the hayfield they regard you without interest or animation. All femininity is crushed out of their hearts. They are beasts of burden. Such as these come to our shores sometimes. I can remember that in a Western state, when I was a youth, a committee of our neighbors called on some foreign families who had lately moved in and who were working their women in the fields. The committee told them that that sort of thing could not be done. Although the practice

We are Glad to Have Them Come to America as Laborers

stopped, it took two years for the reason of the protest to filter through their souls, and the women were as much surprised as the men. They came from a country where even today you may see a woman and a dog pulling a cart in the street, a woman and a cow hitched to a plow in the field, the man driving the plow looking on the one with as much respect as the other. These are some of the customs of that beloved Europe which we break our necks to see. It took the Northwest Mounted Police a long time to break the Doukhobors from using their women in the fields as plow animals.

Hard as is their lot, there is a sort of wholesome, dark beauty among the younger women of Galicia, that strange country that seems not to belong to Austria, Russia or any other Power, and to be the recipient of all the kicks of surrounding civilization. These Galicians are emigrating in large numbers now to western Canada. The women look somewhat like Poles or Huns, but are of good stature in many cases, and of not unpleasing features. Hard labor turns the older ones into hags. They are very poor, and, as ever with woman, poverty sometimes takes an awful toll of them. The costumes of these people are bright and striking, although it shocks the average American to observe the women wearing coarse and heavy boots precisely similar to those of the men. Wholesome, possibly comely, the observer might call these women, but he would not look among them for the beauty desired for his canvas or his printed page. They are a wild people, still low in evolution. They bring to you the feel of Tartar days and of Tolstoi tales, and of callousness and despair. The full flower of beauty does not rise from such a soil.

In the Swiss Alps you come across a sturdy type of womankind, a sort of blend between the type of Germany and of upper Italy. Indeed, you might see among the *tarantella* dancers at Sorrento women who would do for Swiss mountaineers, granted they changed from one colorful costume to the other. The Swiss beauty is not what one would call exotic. The maiden of the high Alps, who sells you chamois beards and alpenstocks, brings you beer, or polishes up the handle of the front door, is apt to be a straightforward sort of young person built upon the lines commonly, although unjustly, ascribed to the corn-fed Ohio girl. In middle age the Swiss dimensions are about the same in latitude and longitude. The color of the young Swiss girls is usually good, but if you examine the red cheeks of your handmaiden closely you may discover them to be somewhat purplish or blowzy, not owning the delicate bloom of Peachtree Street of Atlanta. One thing, at least, the Swiss damsel may boast, and that is her splendid hair. Some of the best hair worn in our American civilization comes from Switzerland.

Vienna Belles With Racing Lines

NO TRAVELER should leave Europe without seeing Vienna, the home of the Merry Widow. In good sooth, it shall go hard if Vienna carry not away the palm from all Europe in the way of a continuous beauty show. To compare Vienna and Paris is like comparing Hyperion and a Satyr. The Viennese has the Parisienne lashed to the mast and the compass tossed overboard, with London a spot on the horizon and Rome abandoned to the tall grass. It is true, there may be a great many American girls living in Vienna or traveling there; but, however that may be, the passing show of that capital suffices to put in the discard that of any other European town. It was in Vienna that Mr. Browning wrote his famous lines: "God's in His Heaven: All's right with the world."

The Vienna girl is not what you would call willowy, but she has good sea-going yet racing lines. She averages rather tall, and hers is the art which knows not only how to garb, but how to carry a figure. She walks with a swing and a stride and an undulation—and for further particulars consult the Browning quotation above. Her eyes are apt to be dark, large, and about half or, perhaps, two-thirds closed in amusement, insolence or challenge. Her hair is the sort that it takes four hours to comb. Her hands are not bony and not coarse. She is big, generous, vital, and simply bully. Not only does Vienna always shine in the front rank of the chorus and lead the Amazon march in all the capitals of Europe, but in the matter of modern and civilized garb she leads easily all the great cities of the Old World. If you think that Paris is the

only place where the ladies know how to dress you are making a sad mistake. The greatest exuberance, spontaneity and abundance of clothes really exist right on the banks of the Danube. Not only do the Viennese have clothes, but they know how to choose them and how to wear them. There is ginger and snap in the Vienna-blessed damosel, and the impression you receive there is that, at last, you have come among women who are not merely creatures, but women with brains and souls, and craft and cunning, and impulses and dreams, and all that sort of thing, you know. You may put a wide hat and a lace blouse and a green parasol and a pair of elbow gloves on the woman of Switzerland or Germany or Italy, and they only seem like an evidence of skillful shopping. On the graceful Viennese they seem to have grown there, though not in the same sense that the apparel of the Italian woman appertains. You are sure that the dark-eyed beauty who passes you with shoulders back, head up and eyes narrowed just enough to see everything that is going, has plenty more clothes at home. In old Vienna the sun never sets, the grass is always green, the sky is ever blue. On the whole, you depart feeling well convinced that the fair Viennese is human as well as beautiful.

Drop down to Budapest, a little farther down the Danube, in your scientific search for beauty, and you find yourself believing that you have come to the Oriental lands of the earth. Even more than in Vienna, the men and women have a Hungarian, a Magyar type—plenty of times with a Semitic or even Turkish cast of countenance. As a matter of fact, the Turks used to own all this country far up the Danube, and the frontier is not so remote even today. The great beauty show of Budapest is along the river-front promenade. Here, in the evening, crowds gather at the little outdoor tables, and continually there passes a throng of men and women worth attention in any corner of the world. But now you feel as though you were indeed away from home and at the edge of Asia. There is a somberness, a mysticism and mystery in the beauty of these dark-eyed dames which makes you feel that, though you might possibly take breakfast up to bed for such a spouse, you would be careful when you went out through the door that she did not stick you with the butter knife or throw the teapot at your head in any sudden spleen. Still, taken as a beauty show of foreign sort, to the accompaniment of Hungarian music and a starlit evening, you might do worse than among these Loreleis of the Danube. Life here seems to go with a sort of sound of zing! There seems a wild music in the air, a restlessness in the soul. Someway, you do not feel as if things here were yet shaken down to the humdrum ways of civilization. The Budapest beauty can eat a pretzel with the air of tragedy and romance combined.

Comparing North Europe with the southern nationalities, the lower districts would carry away the prize in any beauty contest. Parts of Spain and Italy, parts of Poland, Hungary and lower Austria, offer abundance of types of dark, ripe beauty, more sensuous as you approach the East. Upper Europe and the Scandinavian countries offer you instances of the vanishing blond type—colder, larger, more intellectual, more dominant. But in all these countries, if you wish to be happy you must resolutely set out of your memory the continuous pictures of those women who are not beautiful, but who are old and homely. In Budapest and Vienna there are hundreds and thousands of women who work all day as stone-carriers, hod-carriers, stevedores. They get about thirty cents a day. Thickened and coarsened by toil, they lose all semblance of femininity as we know it in our country. If you think of these dried and withered plants of civilization you wonder but the more at the ripe flowering of woman's beauty in the other and more fortunate ranks or ages in life.

Much of this is true, also, regarding the lower classes in France, where beauty is not so general as it is in southern Europe. Yet, softly! We must reckon with Paris, which classifies apart from all Europe and all the world. Every one has heard of the Parisian type. How does it compare with the beauty of other parts of Europe?

It does not compare in the least favorably. For the Paris craze, Paris is the best cure. The woman of south-eastern Europe needs little make-up. The woman of Paris cannot be said to make up. She just paints, white-washes, frescoes, enamels and embalms herself. The beauty show of the theaters, the cafés, the avenues and boulevards of Paris is ghastly in its artificiality, even in the fatal daylight. The youthful Parisian figure, rather tall and slender ere ever the evil days come nigh, is distinctive, that is true; but even in the matter of figure you lose confidence in the Parisian demoiselle. You feel that whereas her shoulders today are of such a width, tomorrow they may be twice as wide or twice as narrow; whereas her waist-line this year is thus or so, it may be eighteen inches higher or lower by mid-season of next year. These impressions are confusing and unsettling even to the most scientific observer. Join to them the universal and unabashed hand-painted Parisian effect and you feel not that you have walked on the boulevards, but that you have recovered from a late delirium. Down in New Mexico, many years ago, the Mexican ladies who constituted our partners at the local dances had a custom of concealing themselves under a dense white powder

(Continued on Page 26)

AN UP-TO-DATE FELLER

Potash & Perlmutter Entertain a Lady Buyer

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I

"THE girl deserves it, Abe," Morris Perlmutter said to his partner, Abe Potash; "she worked hard, and we ought to show her a little consideration."

"I know, Mawruss," Abe replied; "but she ain't the only person what works hard around here, Mawruss. I work hard, too, Mawruss, but I ain't getting no vacation. That's a new *idee* what you got, Mawruss."

"Everybody gives it their bookkeeper a vacation, Abe," Morris protested.

"Do they?" Abe rejoined. "Well, if bookkeepers gets vacations, Mawruss, where are we going to stop? First thing you know, Mawruss, we'll be giving cutters vacations, and operators vacations, and before we get through we got our workroom half empty yet and paying for full time already. If she wants a vacation for two weeks I ain't got no objections, Mawruss, only we don't pay her no wages while she's gone."

"You can't do that, Abe," Morris said. "That would be laying her off, Abe; that wouldn't be no vacation."

"But we got to have somebody here to keep our books while she's away, Mawruss," Abe cried. "We got to make it a living, Mawruss. We can't shut down just because Miss Cohen gets a vacation. And so it stands, Mawruss, we got to pay Miss Cohen wages for doing *nothing*, Mawruss, and also we got to pay it wages to somebody else for doing something what Miss Cohen should be doing when she ain't, ain't it?"

"Sure, we got to get a substitute for her while she's away," Morris agreed; "but I guess it won't break us."

"All right, Mawruss," Abe replied; "if I got to hear it all summer about this here vacation business I'm satisfied. I got enough to do in the store without worrying about that, Mawruss. Only one thing I got to say it, Mawruss: we got to have a bookkeeper to take her place while she's away, and you got to attend to *that*, Mawruss. That's all I got to say."

Morris nodded and hastened to break the good news to Miss Cohen, who for the remainder of the week divided her time between Potash & Perlmutter's accounts and a dozen multicolored railroad folders.

"Look at that, Mawruss," Abe said as he gazed through the glass paneling of the sample-room toward the bookkeeper's desk. "That girl ain't done it a stroke of work since we told her she could go already. What are we running here, anyway: a cloak and suit business or a cut-rate ticket office?"

"Don't you worry about *her*, Abe," Morris replied. "She's got her cashbook and daybook posted and she also got it a substitute. He's coming this afternoon."

"*He's* coming?" Abe said. "So she got it a young *feller*, Mawruss?"

"That Girl Ain't Done it a Stroke of Work Since We Told Her She Could Go Already"

"Well, Abe," Morris replied, "what harm is there in that? He's a decent, respectable young feller by the name Tuchman, what works as bookkeeper by the Kosciusko Bank. They give him a two weeks' vacation and he comes to work by us, Abe."

"That's a fine way to spend a vacation, Mawruss," Abe commented. "Why don't he go up to Tannersville or so?"

"Because he's got to help his father out nights in his cigar store what he keeps it on Avenue B," Morris answered. "His father is Max Tuchman's brother. You know Max Tuchman, drummer for Lapidus & Elenbogen?"

"Sure I know him—a loud-mouth feller, Mawruss; got a whole lot to say for himself. A sport and a gambler, too," Abe said. "He'd sooner play auction pinocle than eat, Mawruss. I bet you he turns in an expense account like he was on a honeymoon every trip. The last time I seen this here Max Tuchman was up in Duluth. He was riding in a buggy with the lady buyer from Moe Gerschel's cloak department."

"Well, I suppose he sold her a big bill of goods, too, Abe, ain't it?" Morris rejoined. "He's an up-to-date feller, Abe. If anybody wants to sell goods to lady buyers they got to be up-to-date, ain't it? And so far what I hear it nobody told it me you made such a big success with lady buyers, neither, Abe."

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"That ain't here nor there, Mawruss," he grunted. "The thing is this: if this young feller by the name of Tuchman does Miss Cohen's work as good as Miss Cohen does it I'm satisfied."

There was no need for apprehension on that score, however, for when the substitute bookkeeper arrived he proved to be an accurate and industrious young fellow, and despite Miss Cohen's absence the work of Potash & Perlmutter's office proceeded with orderly dispatch.

"That's a fine young feller, Mawruss," Abe commented as he and his partner sat in the firm's sample-room on the second day of Miss Cohen's vacation.

"Who's this you're talking about?" Morris asked.

"This here bookkeeper," Abe replied. "What's his first name, now, Mawruss?"

"Ralph," Morris said.

"Ralph!" Abe cried. "That's a name I couldn't remember it in a million years, Mawruss."

"Why not, Abe?" Morris replied. "Ralph ain't no harder than Moe or Jake, Abe. For my part, I ain't got no trouble in remembering that name; and anyhow, Abe, why should an up-to-date family like the Tuchmans give their boys such back-number names like Jake or Moe?"

"Jacob and Moses was decent, respectable people in the old country, Mawruss," Abe corrected solemnly.

"I know it, Abe," Morris rejoined; "but that was long since many years ago already. *Now* is another time entirely in New York City; and anyhow, with such names what we got it in our books, Abe, you shouldn't have no trouble remembering Ralph."

"Sure not," Abe agreed, dismissing the subject. "So, I'll call him Ike. For two weeks he wouldn't mind it."

Morris shrugged. "For my part, you can call him Andrew Carnegie," he said; "only, let's not stand here

talking about it all day, Abe. I see by the paper this morning that Marcus Bramson, from Syracuse, is at the Prince William Hotel, Abe, and you says you was going up to see him. That's your style, Abe: an old-fashion feller like Marcus Bramson. If you couldn't sell *him* a bill of goods, Abe, you couldn't sell *nobody*. He ain't no lady buyer, Abe."

Abe glared indignantly at his partner. "Well, Mawruss," he said, "if you ain't satisfied with the way what I sell goods you know what you can do. I'll do the inside work and you can go out on the road. It's a dawg's life, Mawruss, any way you look at it; and maybe, Mawruss, you would have a good time taking buggy rides with lady buyers. For my part, Mawruss, I got something better to do with my time."

He seized his hat, still glaring at Morris, who remained quite unmoved by his partner's indignation.

"I heard it what you tell me now several times before already, Abe," he said; "and if you want it that Max Tuchman or Klinger & Klein or some of them other fellers should cop out a good customer of ours like Marcus Bramson, Abe, maybe you'll hang around here a little longer."

Abe retorted by banging the sample-room door behind him, and as he disappeared into the street Morris indulged in a broad, triumphant grin.

II

WHEN Abe returned an hour later he found Morris going over the monthly statements with Ralph Tuchman. Morris looked up as Abe entered.

"What's the matter, Abe?" he cried. "You look worried."

"Worried!" Abe replied. "I ain't worried, Mawruss."

"Did you seen Marcus Bramson?" Morris asked.

"Sure I seen him," said Abe; "he's coming down here at half-past three o'clock this afternoon. You needn't trouble yourself about *him*, Mawruss."

Abe hung up his hat, while Morris and Ralph Tuchman once more fell to the work of comparing the statements.

"Look a-here, Mawruss," Abe said at length: "who d'ye think I seen it up at the Prince William Hotel?"

"I ain't no mind reader, Abe," Morris replied. "Who *did* you seen it?"

"Miss Atkinson, cloak buyer for the Emporium, Duluth," Abe replied. "That's Moe Gerschel's store."

Morris stopped comparing the statements, while Ralph Tuchman continued his writing.

"She's just come in from the West, Mawruss," Abe went on. "She ain't registered yet when I was going out, and she won't be in the Arrival of Buyers till tomorrow morning."

"Did you speak to her?" Morris asked.

"Sure I spoke to her," Abe said. "I says good-morning, and she recognized me right away. I asked after Moe, and she says he's well; and I says if she comes down here for fall goods; and she says she ain't going to talk no business for a couple of days, as it's a long time already since she was in New York and she wants to look around her. Then I says it's a fine weather for driving just now."

He paused for a moment and looked at Morris.

"Yes," Morris said, "and what did she say?"

"She says sure it is," Morris continued, "only, she says she got thrown out of a wagon last fall, and so she's kind of sour on horses. She says nowadays she don't go out except in oitermobiles."

"Oitermobiles!" Morris exclaimed, and Ralph Tuchman, whose protruding ears, sharp-pointed nose and gold spectacles did not belie his inquisitive disposition, ceased writing to listen more closely to Abe's story.

"That's what she said, Mawruss," Abe replied; "and so I says for my part I liked it better oitermobiles as horses."

"Why, Abe," Morris cried, "you ain't never rode in an oitermobile in all your life."

"Sure not, Mawruss, I'm lucky if I get to a funeral oncet in a while; and even then, Mawruss, them oitermobiles cuts up the roads so bad that there ain't no pleasure in it no more. Ike," he broke off suddenly, "you better get them statements mailed."

Ralph Tuchman rose sadly and repaired to the office.

"That's a smart young feller, Mawruss," Abe commented, "and while you can't tell much about a feller from his face, Mawruss, I never seen them long ears on any one that minded his own business, y'understand? And besides, I ain't taking no chances on his Uncle Max Tuchman getting advance information about this here Moe Gerschel's buyer."

Morris nodded. "Maybe you're right, Abe," he murmured.

"You was telling me what this Miss Abrahamson said, Abe."

"Miss Atkinson, Mawruss," Abe corrected, "*not* Abrahamson."

"Well, what did she say?" Morris asked.

"So she asks me if I ever went it oitermobiling," Abe went on, "and I says sure I did, and right away quick I seen it what she means; and I says how about going this afternoon; and she says she's agreeable. So I says, Mawruss, all right, I says, we'll mix business with pleasure, I says. I told her we'll go in an oitermobile to the Bronix already, and when we come back to the store at about, say, five o'clock we'll look over the line. Then after that we'll go to dinner, and after dinner we go to theeayter. How's that, Mawruss?"

"I heard it worse idees than that, Abe," Morris replied; "because if you get this here Miss Aaronson down here in the store, naturally, she thinks if she gives us the order she gets better treatment at the dinner and at the theeayter afterward."

"That's the way I figured it out, Mawruss," Abe agreed; "and also, I says to myself, Mawruss will enjoy it a good oitermobile ride."

"*Me!*" Morris cried. "What have I got to do with this here oitermobile ride, Abe?"

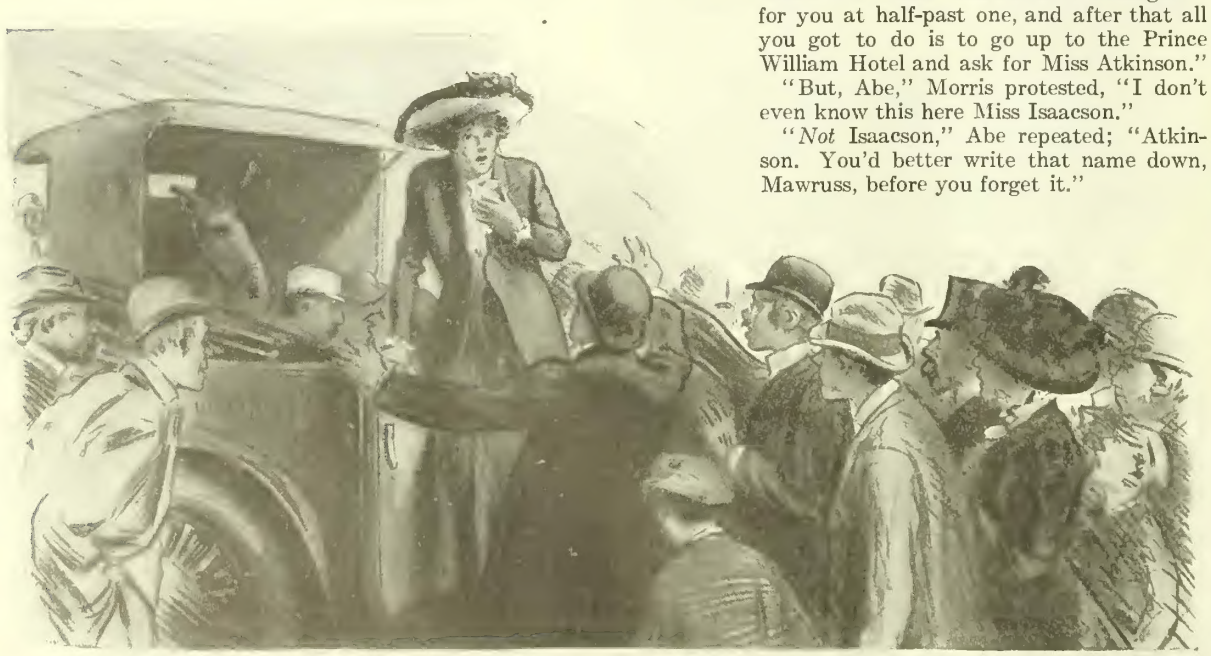
"What have *you* got to do with it, Mawruss?" Abe repeated. "Why, Mawruss, I'm surprised to hear you, you should talk that way. You got everything to do with it. I'm a back number, Mawruss; I don't know nothing about selling goods to lady buyers, ain't it? You say it yourself, a feller has got to be up-to-date to sell goods to lady buyers. So, naturally, you being the up-to-date member of this concern, you got to take Miss Atkinson out in the oitermobile."

"But, Abe," Morris protested, "I ain't never rode in an oitermobile, and there wouldn't be no pleasure in it for me, Abe. Why don't *you* go, Abe? You say it yourself you lead it a dawg's life on the road. Now, here's a chance for you to enjoy yourself, Abe, and *you* should go. Besides, Abe, you got commercial travelers' accident insurance, and I ain't."

"The oitermobile ain't coming till half-past one, Mawruss," Abe replied; "between now and then you could get it a *hundred* policies of accident insurance. No, Mawruss, this here lady-buyer business is up to you. I got a pointer from Sol Klinger to ring up a concern on Forty-sixth Street, which I done so, and fifteen dollars it costed me. That oitermobile is coming here for you at half-past one, and after that all you got to do is to go up to the Prince William Hotel and ask for Miss Atkinson."

"But, Abe," Morris protested, "I don't even know this here Miss Isaacson."

"*Not* Isaacson," Abe repeated; "Atkinson. You'd better write that name down, Mawruss, before you forget it."



"Lady, Lady," He Cried, "I Don't Remember Your Name, but I'm a Friend of Max Tuchman's Here"

"Never mind, Abe," Morris rejoined. "I don't need to write down things to remember 'em. I don't have to call a young feller out of his name just because my memory is bad, Abe. The name I'll remember good enough when it comes right down *to* it. Only, why should I go out oitermobiling riding with this Miss Atkinson, Abe? I'm the inside partner, ain't it? And you're the outside man. Do you know what I think, Abe? I think you're scared to ride in an oitermobile."

"Me scared!" Abe cried. "Why should I be scared, Mawruss? A little thing like a broken leg or a broken arm, Mawruss, don't scare me. I ain't going because it ain't my business to go. It's your idee, this lady-buyer business, and if you don't want to go we'll charge the fifteen dollars what I paid out to profit and loss and call the whole thing off."

He rose to his feet, thrust out his waist-line and made a dignified exit by way of closing the discussion. A moment later, however, he returned with less dignity than haste.

"Mawruss," he hissed, "that young feller—that—that—now, Ike—is telephoning."

"Well," Morris replied, "one telephone message ain't going to put us into bankruptcy, Abe."

"Bankruptcy, nothing!" Abe exclaimed. "He's telephoning to his Uncle Max Tuchman."

Morris jumped to his feet, and on the tips of their toes they darted to the rear of the store.

"All right, Uncle Max," they heard Ralph Tuchman say. "I'll see you tonight. Good-by."

Abe and Morris exchanged significant glances, while Ralph slunk guiltily away to Miss Cohen's desk.

"Let's fire him on the spot," Abe said.

Morris shook his head. "What good will *that* do, Abe?" Morris replied. "We ain't certain that he told Max Tuchman nothing, Abe. For all you and me know, Max may of rung *him* up about something quite different already."

"I believe it, Mawruss," Abe said ironically. "But, anyhow, I'm going to ring up that oitermobile concern on Forty-sixth Street and tell 'em to send it around here at twelve o'clock. Then you can go up there to the hotel, and if that Miss Atkinson ain't had her lunch yet buy it for her, Mawruss, for so sure as you stand there I bet yer that young feller, Ike, has rung up this here Max Tuchman and told him all about us going up there to take her out in an oitermobile. I bet yer Max will get the biggest oitermobile he can find up there right away, and he's going to steal her away from us, sure, if we don't hustle."

"Dreams you got it, Abe," Morris said. "How should this here young feller, Ralph Tuchman, know that Miss Aaronson was a customer of his Uncle Max Tuchman, Abe?"

Abe looked at Morris more in sorrow than in anger. "Mawruss," he said, "do me the favor once and write that name down. A-T at, K-I-N kin, S-O-N son, Atkinson — *not* Aaronson."

"That's what I said—Atkinson—Abe," Morris protested; "and if you're so scared we're going to lose her, Abe, go ahead and 'phone. We got to sell goods to lady buyers *some time*, Abe, and we may as well make the break *now*."

III

ABE waited to hear no more, but hastened to the 'phone, and when he returned a few minutes later he found that Morris had gone to the barber shop across the street. Twenty minutes afterward a sixty-horse-power machine arrived at the store door just as Morris came up the steps of the barber shop underneath Wasserbauer's café and restaurant. He almost bumped into Philip Plotkin, of Kleinberg & Plotkin, who was licking the refractory wrapper of a Wheeling stogy, with one eye fixed on the automobile in front of his competitors' store.

"Hallo, Mawruss," Philip cried. "Pretty high-toned customers you must got it when they come down to the store in oitermobiles, ain't it?"

Morris flashed his gold fillings in a smile of triumphant superiority. "That ain't no customer's oitermobile, Philip," he said. "That's for *us* an oitermobile, what we take it out our customers riding in."

"Why don't you take it out credit men from commission houses riding, Mawruss?" Philip rejoined as Morris stepped from the curb to cross the street. This was an allusion to the well-known circumstance that with credit men a customer's automobile-riding inspires as much confidence as his betting on the horse races, and when Morris climbed into the tonneau he paid little attention to Abe's instructions, so busy was he glancing around him for prying credit men. At length, with a final jar and jerk the machine sprang forward, and for the rest of the journey Morris' mind was emptied of every other apprehension save that engendered of passing trucks or street cars. Finally, the machine drew up in front of the Prince William and Morris scrambled out, trembling in every limb. He made at once for the clerk's desk.

"Please send this to Miss Isaacson," he said, handing out a firm card.

The clerk consulted an index and shook his head. "No Miss Isaacson registered here," he said.

"Oh, sure not," Morris cried, smiling apologetically. "I mean Miss Aaronson."

Once more the clerk pawed over his card index. "You've got the wrong hotel," he declared. "I don't see any Miss Aaronson here, either."

Morris scratched his head. He mentally passed in review Jacobson, Abrahamson, and every other Biblical proper name combined with the suffix "son," but rejected them all.

On the Tips of Their Toes They Darted to the Rear of the Store

"The lady what I want to see it is buyer for a department store in Duluth, what arrived here this morning," Morris explained.

"Let me see," the clerk mused; "buyer, hey? What was she a buyer of?"

"Cloaks and suits," Morris answered.

"Suits, hey?" the clerk commented. "Let me see—buyer of suits. Was that the lady that was expecting somebody with an automobile?"

Morris nodded emphatically.

"Well, the party called for her and they left here about ten minutes ago," the clerk replied.

"What!" Morris gasped.

"Maybe it was five minutes ago," the clerk continued. "A gentleman with a red tie and a fine diamond pin. His name was Tucker or Tuckerton or ——"

"Tuchman," Morris cried.

"That's right," said the clerk; "he was a ——"

But Morris turned on his heel and darted wildly toward the entrance.

"Say!" he cried, hailing the carriage agent, "did you seen it a lady and a gent in an oitermobile leave here five minutes ago?"

"Ladies and gents leave here in automobiles on an average of every three minutes," said the carriage agent.

"Sure, I know," Morris continued, "but the gent wore it a red tie with a big diamond."

"Red tie with a big diamond," the carriage agent repeated. "Oh, yeh—I remember now. The lady wanted to know where they was going, and the red necktie says up to the Heatherbloom Inn and something about getting back to his store afterward."

Morris nodded vigorously.

"So I guess they went up to the Heatherbloom Inn," the carriage agent said.

Once more Morris darted away without waiting to thank his informant, and again he climbed into the tonneau of the machine.

"Do you know where the Heatherbloom Inn is?" he asked the chauffeur.

"What you tryin' to do?" the chauffeur commented. "Kid me?"

"I ain't trying to do *nothing*," Morris explained. "I ask it you a simple question: Do you know where the Heatherbloom Inn is?"

"Say! do you know where Baxter Street is?" the chauffeur asked, and then without waiting for an answer he opened the throttle and they glided around the corner into Fifth Avenue. It was barely half-past twelve and the tide of fashionable traffic had not yet set in. Hence the motor car made good progress, nor was it until Fiftieth Street was reached that a block of traffic caused them to halt. An automobile had collided with a delivery wagon, and a wordy contest was waging between the driver of the wagon, the chauffeur, one of the occupants of the automobile and a traffic-squad policeman.

"You don't know your business," a loud voice proclaimed, addressing the policeman. "If you did you wouldn't be sitting up there like a dummy already. This here driver run into *us*. We didn't run into him."

It was the male occupant of the automobile that spoke, and in vain did his fair companion clutch at the tails of the linen duster that he wore; he was in the full tide of eloquence and thoroughly enjoying himself.

The mounted policeman maintained his composure—the calm of a volcano before its eruption, the ominous lull that precedes the tornado.

"And furthermore," continued the passenger, throwing out his chest, whereon sparkled a large diamond enfolded in crimson silk—"and furthermore, I'll see to it that them superiors of yours down below hears of it."

The mounted policeman jumped nimbly from his horse, and as Morris rose in the tonneau of his automobile he saw Max Tuchman being jerked bodily to the street, while his fair companion shrieked hysterically.

Morris opened the door and sprang out. With unusual energy he wormed his way through the crowd that surrounded the policeman and approached the side of the automobile.

"Lady, lady," he cried, "I don't remember your name, but I'm a friend of Max Tuchman's here, and I'll get you out of this here crowd in a minute."

He opened the door opposite to the side out of which Tuchman had made his enforced exit, and offered his hand to Max's trembling companion.

The lady hesitated a brief moment. Any port in a storm, she argued to herself, and a moment later she was seated beside Morris in the latter's car, which was moving up the Avenue at a good twenty-mile gait. The chauffeur took advantage of the traffic policeman's professional engagement with Max Tuchman, and it was not until the next mounted officer hove into view that he brought his car down to its lawful gait.

"If you're a friend of Mr. Tuchman's," said the lady at length, "why didn't you go with him to the police station and bail him out?"

Morris grinned. "I guess you'll know when I tell it you that my name is Mr. Perlmutter," he announced, "of Potash & Perlmutter."

The lady turned around and glanced uneasily at Morris. "Is that so?" she said. "Well, I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Perlmutter."

"So, naturally, I don't feel so bad as I might about it," Morris went on.

"Naturally?" the lady commented. She looked about her apprehensively. "Perhaps we'd better go back to the Prince William. Don't you think so?"

"Why, you was going up to the Heatherbloom Inn with Max Tuchman, wasn't you?" Morris said.

"How did you find *that* out?" she asked.

"A small-size bird told it me," Morris replied jocularly. "But, anyhow, no jokes nor nothing, why shouldn't we go up and have lunch at the Heatherbloom Inn? And then you can come down and look at our line, anyhow."

"Well," said the lady, "if you can show me those suits as well as Mr. Tuchman could, I suppose it really won't make any difference."

"I can show 'em to you *better* than Mr. Tuchman could," Morris said; "and now so long as you are content to come downtown we won't talk business no more till we get there."

They had an excellent lunch at the Heatherbloom Inn, and many a hearty laugh from the lady testified to her appreciation of Morris' naïve conversation. The hour passed pleasantly for Morris, too, since the lady's unaffected simplicity set him entirely at his ease. To be sure, she was neither young nor handsome, but she had all the charm that self-reliance and ability give to a woman.

"A good, smart, business head she's got it," Morris said to himself, "and I wish I could remember that name."

Had he not feared that his companion might think it strange, he would have asked her name outright. Once he called her Miss Aaronson, but the look of amazement with which she favored him effectually discouraged him from further experiment in that direction. Thenceforth he called her "lady," a title which made her smile and seemed to keep her in excellent humor.

At length they concluded their meal—quite a modest repast and comparatively reasonable in price—and as they rose to leave Morris looked toward the door and gasped involuntarily. He could hardly believe his senses, for there blocking the entrance stood a familiar bearded figure. It was Marcus Bramson—the conservative, back-number Marcus Bramson—and against him leaned a tall, stout person not quite as young as her clothes and wearing a large picture hat. Obviously this was not Mrs. Bramson, and the blush with which Marcus Bramson recognized Morris only confirmed the latter's suspicions.

Mr. Bramson murmured a few words to the youthfully-dressed person at his side, and she glared venomously at Morris, who precipitately followed his companion to the automobile. Five minutes afterward he was chatting with the lady as they sped along Riverside Drive.

"Duluth must be a fine town," he suggested.

"It is indeed," the lady agreed. "I have some relatives living there."

"That should make it pleasant for you, lady," Morris went on, and thereafter the conversation touched on relatives, whereupon Morris favored his companion with a few intimate details of his family life that caused her to laugh until she was completely out of breath. To be sure, Morris could see nothing remarkably humorous about it himself, and when one or two anecdotes intended to be pathetic were received with tears of mirth rather than sympathy he felt somewhat annoyed. Nevertheless, he hid his chagrin, and it was not long before the familiar sign of Wasserbauer's café and restaurant warned Morris that they had reached their destination. He assisted his companion to alight and ushered her into the sample-room.

"Just a minute, lady," he said, "and I'll bring Mr. Potash here."

"But," the lady protested, "I thought Mr. Lapidus was the gentleman who had charge of it."

"*That's* all right," Morris said, "you just wait and I'll bring Mr. Potash here."

He took the stairs to the cutting-room three at a jump. "Abe," he cried, "Miss Aaronson is downstairs."

Abe's face, which wore a worried frown, grew darker still as he regarded his partner malevolently. "What's the matter with you, Mawruss?" he said. "Can't you remember a simple name like Atkinson?"

"Atkinson!" Morris cried. "That's it—*Atkinson*. I've been trying to remember it that name for four hours already. But, anyhow, she's downstairs, Abe."

Abe rose from his task and made at once for the stairs, with Morris following at his heels. In four strides he had reached the sample-room, but no sooner had he crossed the threshold than he started back violently, thereby knocking the breath out of Morris, who was nearly precipitated to the floor.

"Morris," he hissed, "who is that there lady?"

"Why," Morris answered, "that's Miss Aaronson—I mean Atkinson—ain't it?"

"Atkinson!" Abe yelled. "That ain't Miss Atkinson."

"Then who *is* she?" Morris asked.

"Who *is* she?" Abe repeated. "That's a fine question for you to ask *me*. You take a lady for a fifteen-dollar oitermobile ride, and spend it as much more for lunch in her, *and you don't even know her name!*"

A cold perspiration broke out on Morris and he fairly staggered into the sample-room. "Lady," he croaked, "do me a favor and tell me what is your name, please."

The lady laughed. "Well, Mr. Perlmutter," she said, "I'm sure this is most extraordinary. Of course, there is

(Continued on Page 32)

"You Look Like You Was Having Such a Good Time Already He Hates to Interrupt You"

THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Early Struggles of Augustin Daly

By CHARLES BURNHAM

THE little theater in Twenty-fourth Street, adjoining the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which had been the home of Christie's Minstrels, and advertised as "the only place of amusement above Fourteenth Street," became the abiding place for a while of Leffingwell's Burlesque Company, and was altered and turned into a handsome theater by Jim Fisk for John Brougham, who opened it as Brougham's Theater, on January 25, 1869. Brougham failed in management here, as he had elsewhere, ending in a disagreement with Fisk, who took the theater himself and ran it for a while with a French Opéra Bouffe Company.

In September, 1869, Augustin Daly assumed its management. Though Daly had been connected with the theatrical business for some time, as playwright, agent and dramatic critic, this was his first attempt at the direct management of a New York theater. Daly surrounded himself with a company that he immediately placed in the front rank of the stock companies of New York. The principal members were George Clarke, William Davidge, James Lewis, Agnes Ethel, Kate Newton, Mrs. Gilbert and Fanny Davenport.

For his first season Daly presented the old comedies, but the patronage bestowed on those productions was not what he had hoped for, and he did not really meet with much success until his production of Froufrou, which took place on March 7, 1870. Its success was instantaneous, and Daly's little Fifth Avenue Theater became the talk of the town.

On the opening night of this play Daly sat in a little office at the head of the balcony stairs (the office was a mere cubbyhole) awaiting with a sort of fear the verdict of the public on the failure or success of a play that meant so much to him. It was there with his head bowed upon his desk, when, in answer to the loud calls of the audience at the end of the second act for "Daly!" "Daly!" that his friends found him and brought him forth trembling with joy and happiness to make his speech of thanks. Daly's reputation as a manager was made that night, and his theater and himself wrested from Wallack's Theater the sway the latter had so long and so successfully held in the favor of New York playgoers.

Daly now commenced to broaden out as a manager, and presented Madame Janauschek for the first time in an English part at the Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street, and, later, in connection with his father-in-law, John Duff, took the management of the Grand Opera House at Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue, and installed a company that included Mrs. John Wood, John Brougham, Stuart Robson, Emma Howson, Rose Hersee, Ella Dietz, Annie Deland and Rose Craig for the purpose of giving spectacle and burlesque. This venture on Daly's part was anything but a success.

Programs With Editorials

ONE of Daly's great successes at his Fifth Avenue—next to Froufrou—was when Clara Morris took Agnes Ethel's place as leading lady of the company and appeared in Man and Wife. Another was the presentation of Divorce. Daly managed to keep his theater to the front, and the rivalry between him and Wallack at one or two periods took on a little bit of "mud slinging."

In those days the programs of the theaters were published by different firms, each theater having its favorite publisher. Through the columns of these sheets the manager was supposed to present his views to the public on such matters as he desired to bring to its notice, and it is fair to presume that they were responsible for what appeared in their individual house bills.

FROM AN ETCHING BY SOL EYTINGE

Matilda Heron

In the second season of Daly at his theater in Twenty-fourth Street the program distributed to his patrons contained the following attack on Lester Wallack. Whether Daly was cognizant of it can only be surmised, but to any one knowing his manner of looking after the details of his business there is only one supposition:

The Wallack season has drawn to a close. It has been eminently successful, and we are pleased to be able to recall the fact that for the thirty years during which we can remember Lester Wallack, a popular actor, success has followed almost his every effort.

If Mr. Wallack has not been as assiduously noticed in this program as younger actors, the cause is simply that one tires in time of seeking new phrases to compliment an old subject.

It is now some eighteen or nineteen years since it was first prophesied that under his father's fostering care, and with the aid of shapely limbs, Lester would become, if not an actor, at all events a popular member of the theatrical profession. Lester has become both.

Seventeen years ago his D'Artagnan, in the Three Guardsmen, at the Bowery Theater, and his Wildrake and Modus won him the encomiums of the Bowery pit; and afterward a Burton engagement lifted him almost to the level of George Jordan, then the Benjamin Backbite of the American stage.

How time flies! Alas, the Wildrake of the Bowery has become the Sir William Fondlove of Long Branch! And the well-shaped, rounded figure now wasted to a ruin has become the envy only of the Osteologist, who sighs when he thinks how the well-padded skeleton, divested of dyes and cosmetics, would grace a glass case in the College of Surgeons.

No man has more cause to fear the resurrectionist than Lester. It is a happy dispensation of Providence that as age unfits a man for the enjoyments and display of beauty, it arms him with a philosophic indifference to both; and that when the comedian has lost his physical attractions his mental capacities mature into a full-blown manager.

Eliot Gray and Chalcote, halfway houses between youth and age, blasé and peevishly-sensitive of the days of Benedick, were a successful transition to the lean and slippered pantaloon who can still, if not act with fire, manage with discretion.

Lester has grown to old age as he did to mature manhood, successfully. A success as a boy and as a beau, a success as a misanthrope and roué, a success as a manager, the stage cannot parallel a popularity so long and so uninterrupted, and now that the claws of Time are pinching the uncovered bones it is but just that the usual complimentary benefit should be tendered to the most theatrical actor and theatrical man of our generation.

Soon after the appearance of this article Daly began to publish his own program and, if I remember correctly, never again allowed an outside program in his theater.

Early Wars on Speculators

DALY was the most bitter enemy the sidewalk speculators ever encountered. He fought them when other managers gave up the fight. It always had been the custom of theaters to close their box-offices at four o'clock in the afternoon and not to reopen them until seven in the evening. This would compel purchasers of tickets to buy them either of the hotel agencies or of the sidewalk men. Daly was a firm believer in the hotel agencies, but he did hate the "scalpers." In order to circumvent them he kept his office open until 6 P. M., and not long after had it open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., as is the custom nowadays. He once asked the other managers to help him in a fight against them, but receiving only lukewarm assistance he went at them single-handed, and it was his boast that his was the only theater in New York that did not maintain a speculator in the lobby.

On the night of January 1, 1873, some time after the matinée performance and shortly before the doors were to open for the evening, the theater took fire and was destroyed, and Daly and his company were without a home. With his accustomed enterprise and push he had arranged with Judge Hilton, the executor of the A. T. Stewart estate, for the occupancy of the building at Broadway and Eighth Street.

In just thirteen days from the date of the destruction of his theater Daly had his new home ready for performances. The house he had leased was in a dilapidated condition, having stood unoccupied for eighteen months, and it had to be thoroughly reconstructed in every part. The building had gone through a varied theatrical existence, and it required considerable nerve on the part of any man to undertake its management. Its many previous managers had not helped to place it in a very favorable light with the public, although it had seen many brilliant performances in its time.

It had originally been a church, and it was from its platform that A. Oakey Hall, later a mayor of the city, had delivered the valedictory address for his class, which had held its exercises in the church. In his address he said:

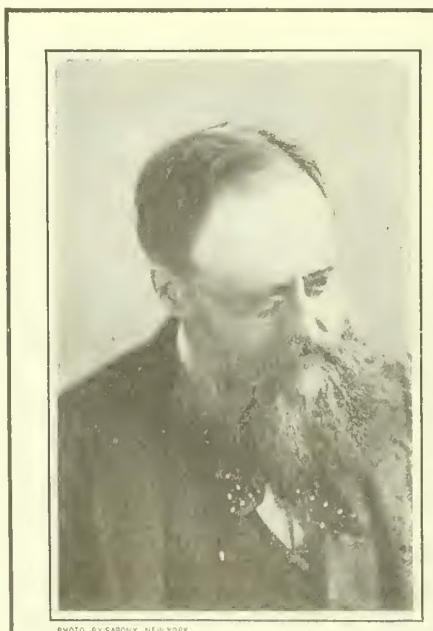


PHOTO. BY SARONY, NEW YORK

Wilkie Collins

PHOTO. BY SARONY, NEW YORK

Clara Morris

PHOTO. BY SARONY, NEW YORK

Fanny Davenport

PHOTO. BY SARONY, NEW YORK

Maurice Barrymore

"Who knows but what some day this sacred edifice may be turned to other uses, and its pulpit become a stage?" The pastor of the church at the time, in the course of his remarks, spoke of what Mr. Hall had said, and added: "Let us hope that such may not be the case, but if it should prove true, let us pray that a just fate may overtake those who would dare desecrate the house of God."

Through all its varied career from the day it was first turned into a theater to Daly's tenancy, then to Harrigan and Hart's occupancy, from that to the Streets of London, and finally as a home for prize fights, it would seem as if the hand of Fate had been laid upon it and equally so upon those who had "desecrated it." No sadder ending was ever recorded than that of one of the Worrell Sisters, who at one time had been its managers. Mark Smith, another of its one-time managers, lost his hard-earned money in trying to make it succeed. Dan Harkins' last night upon the stage of Wallack's was one of the saddest sights a theater ever saw. He, too, had been the owner. Daly carried some of its ill luck with him. Harrigan and Hart went from the house to what was the beginning of the end of their long and happy career together. Probably no part of the great Stewart estate ever gave so much trouble to the executors as did this.

Daly opened with his company at this theater, to which he had given the name of "Daly's New Fifth Avenue Theater," in January, 1873, with a play of his own adaptation, called Alixe, with Clara Morris in the title rôle. Clara Morris, who had left the company the season previous, had rejoined Daly, and it was through her fine acting that the play met with the success it did.

At the same time, this great actress, on the opening night, came near causing the play to miss fire. In one of the most interesting parts of the play, while the audience was intently interested in the development of the scene, a very large and very fat man, who was late in coming in, and who was endeavoring to get to his seat in the front row of the balcony as quietly as possible, slipped on the stairs and fell in a heap with his arms hanging over the rail of the balcony in full view of the audience. He was unable to move, and Miss Morris, who was just in the middle of a pathetic scene, glanced up and caught sight of the fat man with his face growing redder every minute from his exertions. The actress started to laugh, and the whole house joined with her in what came near being the utter ruin of the play. It is a risky matter to give an audience a chance for laughing in a serious play when the incident is not connected with it. They are ever on the watch for it, and many a good play has gone to its ruin through an unexpected chance to laugh.

Wilkie Collins' Narrow Escape

DALY'S next play at this house that brought a large measure of success was one adapted by him from a play written by Doctor Moser, of Vienna, entitled Madeleine Morel. Daly had worked a long time over it, and at the time his theater in Twenty-fourth Street was burned had just finished the manuscript. He had added a new fourth act, written by himself, and after the fire, when the play was recovered, he found that while the act he had written had been destroyed, the remaining three acts written by the author were unharmed.

As Daly had made arrangements for a new theater uptown he determined to use the theater he was then occupying for the remainder of his lease as a home for "stars." The first to appear under this arrangement was Carlotta Le Clercq, in a dramatization of Wilkie Collins' novel, The New Magdalen. Daly was busy rehearsing this play during the latter part of his company's season, and Collins, who had come to America to help in its production, paid a visit to the theater one evening to see Miss Morris in Madelcine Morel.

Shortly after the curtain had gone up, in company with a young lad who was an usher there, and who, by the way, is one of New York's most prominent lawyers, I was skylarking in the lobby. I was chasing him around, brandishing an old sword that I had found in a closet, when the door suddenly opened and in walked Mr. Daly accompanied by Mr. Collins. I came within an ace of striking the gifted author in the eye. My feelings can be better imagined than described. Mr. Daly, with scarcely a reproving glance, passed into the theater, escorting Mr. Collins to his box, where the rest of Mr. Collins' party were.

A few minutes later Mr. Daly sent for me and as I went to his office I made up my mind that my theatrical career in the front of that house had come to an end. Instead of which he merely remarked: "No more skylarking!" and, handing to me a package, told me to take it to Mr. Collins when the act was finished. As I entered the box and called his name, he turned and, seeing who it was, said, with mock seriousness: "Is this the young man who tried to assassinate me as I came in?" Others of the party asked what he meant. He told them of the sword episode and, brandishing his cane about, made believe to cut off one of my ears, at the same time presenting me with an English coin, which I have carefully treasured to this day.

When the building which Daly was occupying had originally been erected there were two large passageways on either side which were then used as entrances to the stage. In one of his rare confidential moods Mr. Daly told how he intended utilizing them in a new local play which he was going to write. One of the scenes was to represent an afternoon in Jerome Avenue, opposite one of the road-houses that existed in those days, when the drivers of fast horses were out taking a spin behind their teams.

Daly's idea was to get drivers like Budd Doble to drive down Broadway, in through one passageway I have spoken of, across the stage, and then out the other passage. He intended having the other drivers made up to look like Robert Bonner, Jim Breslin, Commodore Vanderbilt and other well-known characters, feeling assured that such a novel scene would prove a drawing card. He fully believed it would make as great a sensation as his railroad scene had in Under the Gaslight, which had its original production in the same theater. The idea never culminated, and so far as I know the play was never written.

During Daly's tenancy of this house he had entered into an arrangement with Peter Gilsey, who had agreed to alter the building in Twenty-eighth Street that had been known as St. James Hall or Theater, and which was being run by Steele Mackaye, into one of the handsomest theaters in the city. The house was named after Daly's other theaters, the Fifth Avenue, and on Wednesday night, December 3, 1873, Daly opened there with his company. Clara Morris had left, and Fanny Davenport was now the leading lady, with Sara Jewett second. The others of the company remained practically the same.

The evening's performance opened with an original poetic address that had been written for the occasion

Nat Goodwin, Jr., in 1876

FROM AN ETCHING BY SOL EYTINGE

John Brougham

by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was delivered by Miss Fanny Morant and Frank Hardenberg, two of the company. The audience gathered on that occasion was probably one of the most brilliant ever seen in a theater. To mention "among those present" would be to give the names of everybody who meant anything in the artistic, social and literary world of the city.

Hard Times in New Quarters

THE play selected for the opening was one written by James Alberry, of London, expressly for Mr. Daly's company, and was called Fortune. Now, Mr. Daly had often contended that it was a mistake to give a title to a play that could be turned into a weapon against the play itself, feeling that most critics were prone to play upon a title to the disadvantage of the play. In this instance, Mr. Daly's contention received its strongest indorsement. Even before its initial performance many of the newspapers in their preliminary notices wrote: "We trust it will not prove a Mis-Fortune for Mr. Daly and his new and beautiful theater." It proved, however, to be all of that. Mr. Daly had given his entire time to the preparations for the opening, working early and late, and barely taking time to eat his meals. But the result was a bitter disappointment, for the play was a lamentable failure and the time, labor and money that he had expended were thrown away in a night.

A little incident that occurred on that opening night gave the superstitiously inclined a chance to say: "I told you so." Shortly before the doors were opened, and just as Mr. Daly was coming from the stage to the front of the house, a loud report was heard, as if some one had fired off a pistol in the theater. Every one rushed about trying to find the cause of the noise, while Mr. Daly, fearful that something had gone wrong, waited anxiously to know what it was.

In looking about I found that one of the several large mirrors that were placed along the wall of the auditorium had cracked from top to bottom. It was this that had made the report. Telling Mr. Daly some other reason for the noise I kept the knowledge of what I had discovered to myself. Being perfectly aware of the superstition that was attached to the breaking of a mirror, and not knowing but what Mr. Daly might be given to the same thought, I felt he had enough on his shoulders without giving him this trifling thing to add to his troubles. I told him of it on the following day. "Do you suppose that it caused the failure of the play?" he asked. The mirror was replaced before the house opened the next night.

Prosperity did not really smile on Daly in this theater until his productions of Pique and The Big Bonanza, two plays which it might be truly said were the only great successes during his term of management of the Fifth Avenue Theater. He tried old comedies, revivals of Boucicault plays, with plays of his own writing, but fortune did not perch upon his banner until the two plays above mentioned were produced.

One of the finest productions Daly ever made at this theater was a play from the Spanish, entitled Yorick's Love. The story of the play was laid in Shakspere's time, Shakspere being one of the characters, played by Charles Fisher with Louis James as Yorick. It did not meet with success, and Daly complained bitterly at the time of the lack of support of the public in his efforts to

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Price of Suffrage for American Women—By Mrs. L. H. Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

IF THE lives of all women were written, from Eve's down, they would all be found to be biographies of politicians. For the practice of political art naturally finds its most perfect development in the one class of human beings that has no law or power of its own with which to enforce its ambitions and desires, and which must, therefore, depend upon diplomacy. Women inherit phenomenal capacity for scheming and managing the superior forces about them, just as they inherit small feet, slender waists and fairer complexions as the sweet disguise of it. The question is why they have so universally failed of recognition as citizens in the real political world. In fact, it is a remarkable circumstance in this country, where there are so many tongues to Liberty's conscience, that half the people of it should still remain in bondage without exciting more than a merely humorous indifference in regard to their condition. There has always been a set of bitter-pill people, who from time to time act with moral retchings upon the national life. Sometimes they are called abolitionists, sometimes radicals; but always they are reformers who will not give up or die, but who turn noisily in their very graves till the wrong against which they stood has been made right. They have written the Declaration of Independence in this country, founded new parties, fought the Civil War, freed the slaves, and they are now engaged in reconstructing the commercial and industrial life of the nation. But none of them has ever shown any ethical, moral enthusiasm about granting civic rights to women. In response to the high treble of a few great women with the rhubarb temperament, a partial suffrage has occasionally been granted, or it has been given for the political convenience of a territory struggling to become a state; but the movement has never received the attention it deserved.

The writer's purpose is to offer some explanation of this curious state of affairs, not from the feminine tear-point of view, but from an impartial consideration of some facts of feminine character.

Women Tribal in Their Instincts

IN SPITE of the gift of diplomacy, the nature of women presents one of their chief limitations politically, especially in this country. For no woman was ever actually a Democrat, or a Republican, or a Radical, although many of them become Socialists because the sentimentality and intolerance of socialism appeal to them. They are and always have been the chief promoters of class distinctions in every sphere of life open to them. Christianity has little effect upon them in this particular. As members of churches, as philanthropists, missionaries, their consciousness of class distinction never is less than it is in the most bigoted social leaders. It goes deeper than religion can reach, because women are all tribal in their instincts. Their diplomacy has to do with one man, not with a thousand, and this is one pathetic boundary of their political faculty. They cannot think beyond the tent shadow of something primitive in them. There is something catholic about political thinking of which they are still incapable.

And they have been enervated by centuries of protection and privileges. The great majority of them are not yet ready to yield the high tariff of this position for suffrage only. This condition has also developed in them the sense of irresponsibility. The average woman is faithful, even when incompetent in her home. She is the standard in it for integrity, but outside of it her word is not always worth so much as a man's. Many honest women will break an unjust or unprofitable contract if they can, no matter how many witnesses saw them sign it. But an honest man will not. In Tennessee, where the law scarcely recognizes the property rights of a wife, a woman of rank recently took advantage of this very inequality to evade an obligation and save property which if she had been a responsible person in law must have gone to her creditors.

This unscrupulousness shows most often where women act free of restraint and according to their own disposition. It is ridiculous to claim that, granted the ballot, they would purify politics. They would be far less likely to dissipate than the rank and file of men who go to political conventions, but they have a genius for caucusing that surpasses the shrewdest manipulation of the ordinary male machine politician, and they would nominate their candidate or break the quorum. They would not be so easily bribed as men are said to be, but the average woman is open to more different kinds of convictions in one politically-charged hour than a man would be in a lifetime. No human power could divine twenty minutes beforehand how she would vote on any but a few primitive moral issues.

This uncertainty would be very trying to the national nervous system, to say nothing of the effect upon the far more important commercial nervous system. John D. Rockefeller and J. Pierpont Morgan would have died of neurasthenia years ago if women had had their political rights in this country—which is set down only to illustrate what I mean.

And again, women are not more intolerant than men, but, being women, their intolerance would in politics be particularly offensive to men. The fact is that, while they have more influence over men than they have over each other, only bad women appear to know best how to use it. The good ones are too conscious of their own moral distinction, and they lack that telepathy which should inform them of the trigger that pulls down the masculine instinct. A man is, mentally, very much like a horse, especially in politics. He can entertain but one illusion at a time. He may be a phlegmatic farmer all the year round, but the day he devotes to political issues he becomes the very mental and moral color of his candidate. He is the bucolic phonograph of his county hero. Principles count for little; the man or the good old party he represents counts for everything. The only way to manage him is to substitute the glamour of some other illusion, without fixing the one he has by trying to destroy it. This needs much more science than women have yet acquired in their political attacks on him. They have a hysterical passion for giving their case away by calling attention to man's injustice. A man is moved to contrition by one woman's tears, but he is moved to teasing laughter or to annoyance by the combined shrieks of a thousand suffragists—a fact to which the suffragists have never given enough attention. If you are in politics, play the game, don't play the woman! One way suffragists actually injure their cause is by offering indignant resolutions to legislatures and by the tearful-citizen look of their countenances. There is something insanely perverse in a man when he knows he is wrong, and he is absolutely incapable of condescending to right himself. He is made so that he cannot step out of such a fault without appearing to be too much of a sissy-good fellow. The only way we shall ever get him across is by ceasing to rail and abuse him, by being more agreeable, by keeping our own political councils and as many of his as possible till they can be gently and properly leavened with the other sense of justice to women, without which most men are so innocently born.

The Purchasing Power of Suffrage

THESE are some of the limitations in women, and some of the difficulties that stand in the way of their political rights. But, after all, they are not worse limitations than those that handicap a man in the exercise of his political rights, and the difficulties are being removed. Women are already on the eve of acknowledged citizenship, if they only knew how to use the cue they have received.

It is power and sentiment that count. The sense of justice in us all is rudimentary, and whatever is right in our order of things was forced upon us, at one time or another, by some power back of the principle, or some crusade sentimentality. The English women have discovered this fact. They are making their influence felt in the big elections, and they are awakening again in Englishmen, here and there, the old chivalric spirit. This spirit is illustrated by the young men's league for the protection of suffragette speakers in public places, and by other half-idle men sentimentally banded together to further the suffragette cause. The immediate effect of the English women's influence is slight, except that it is serving to awaken a poetic quality of English manhood dormant since the days of knight-errantry.

This purchasing power of suffrage is what the American women still lack, but which they have within their grasp, if they knew where to reach for it. So far they have been essential in the home, the church and in society, but no one has ever consciously, seriously missed them in the performance of public duties, because they have made for

themselves no record here. They have been like dainty little social-campaign seed sown merely to ornament the galleries of the Senate Chamber. They have never really come up, politically speaking, except for this jardinière relation to politicians and statesmen. We all know what the American woman has really been doing—learning how to dress, how to be very clever and attractive, how to earn money and how to spend it. The proof that she is no great success as a homemaker is illustrated by the number of women who board and avoid altogether the cares of a household, and by the fact that the more a woman has the advantages of wealth out of which to create a home, the more she seems to develop the instincts of the gadabout hen, never settling with her brood, but always making for some other of the half-dozen houses the family owns. If you will examine beneath the heart tatting of almost any modern American woman you will find that she does not really like housekeeping. She is restless, dissatisfied, and feels that she was cut out for something else. This is why so many of them take refuge in the industrial and commercial world. It is not nearly always from necessity, but from the kind of man-choice they make in living.

"I am just frittering away my life in trifles!" a very commonplace young matron, who hates the home because she believes she has a talent for art, exclaimed to me the other day.

Socially, the American woman is a brilliant success, but the training for this kind of success does not necessarily fit a woman for citizenship, it only fits her for the politics of it. In short, until the present time, little that modern women who are most in the eye of the public have accomplished has recommended them for the reward of suffrage. Some of them have to pay taxes on property, but in most cases they inherited their money; they rarely earn it. Meanwhile, nothing is more injurious to a race or class of people than to have the ballot given them before they achieve it.

But this brings me to the point of view from which the close observer may see a psychic change in the character of the immediate American woman. She is beginning to augment her value, to husband her resources and to make a little more of her advantage. It is now a question of only a very short time when she will have earned the right to vote by the work she is doing for public welfare. This is shown by the number of women who are changing their club programs. In some sections the women's clubs for years have been studying Shakspere and the Italian madonnas. Now they are studying economics and sanitation. They are taking an intelligent and active interest in the welfare of the community over and above their families and churches. There are few large cities in the country now that do not owe some important sanitary or moral safeguard to the influence of women.

In Atlanta, some years ago, the council objected to a juvenile court and separate quarters for youthful criminals, on the ground that the demand was made only by a set of sentimental, childless club-women. The next day a committee of five women, who were the mothers of thirty-six children, waited on the mayor in the interest of the juvenile court, which was finally obtained largely through their influence. In New Orleans the objection was made that a thousand dollars would be needed to begin the experiment of such a court; the woman's club immediately furnished the money. In that same city, where the women are said to own more property than men, an extra tax of three mills was needed to put in a sewerage system that would insure against yellow fever; but when this question was about to be voted upon it was discovered that there was so much opposition that the measure would be lost. Then by common consent the women were allowed to vote, and they not only carried it by an overwhelming majority, but it is said that not one of them voted against the extra tax.

Not long ago the women of a Georgia town discovered that the mayor was about to grant a "near-beer license," which in that region amounts to something worse than an out-and-out saloon license. They went before him in a body and demanded that the license be made prohibitive, and it was. They were ordinary village women who, ten years ago, would have sat at home and wept while their husbands and sons were debauched. There is no place so remote that the women have not awakened to a new effectiveness—all the more remarkable because they have not yet any actual political power with which to enforce their demands. Even in New York, where the richest women were the most useless and wasteful—of the least service—this is the very class that has been aroused; and we find that the women whose names appeared until recently only in connection with the most profligate social extravagances are now engaged in taking a sort of startled oversight of economic conditions about them. To be sure, they are really imitating the English lady, who is usually the tutelary deity of the poor on her husband's estates; but rudimentary types must pass through this initiative state, and probably nothing is so nearly a cross between a primitive savage and the voluptuous pagan as these same New York society women. And it is an indication of the strength and depth and scope of the new feminine consciousness that even they should be so powerfully affected by it. But one observes that the purchasing price of suffrage for women is not money, or else these women would have it without the efforts they are making to earn it.

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THE FINAL SCORE

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

THIS is a story about Jim Cloaker which not every one knows. In the height of his prominence a few years ago, when he was playing polo so well that you sometimes saw his picture even in the cheaper sporting magazines, and when he owned the best steeplechaser in America, he was regarded among the other rich and wild young men as being in a class all by himself. At thirty-five his outdoor life, which had included amateur correspondence service in the Boer War, had failed to offset the effect of his manner of indoor living. He was still brown with sunlight; but large cities, late hours, electric lights, places to dine and carriage bills based on the past-midnight schedule of charge, had ruined his stomach muscles and fattened his jaws.

Jim was too heavy by twenty-eight pounds; the doctor said his heart was protesting. Occasionally women who saw him spur his horse on the polo field, when he had given up playing and acted as an official, called him a brute. He began to wear flowers in his lapel, as, subconsciously, he realized a new necessity for relieving the rather gross effect of his person.

Now, the truth of the matter is that Jim had not coarsened very much in his soul. Those who knew him best in New York and Philadelphia and Paris knew that, in spite of his stern way of dealing with his horses and dogs, the animals loved him and would do infinitely more for him than for the stablemen who lived with them every day in the year. Almost every one who knew of his short affair with Margery Updale thought he was the villain of the newspaper drama, but the truth of the matter was that he was as gentle in his attention as the most gallant knight, that the fact of her being an actress had nothing whatever to do with his decision to go abroad, that he really did not love her enough, and that he told her after a great deal of boyish thought that he did not believe she was the type of woman who could make him the kind of husband she would want. She says today that she was sorry that she did not insist upon making the attempt.

This is not telling the story, of course. But now that Jim Cloaker has dropped out of the club and the newspapers, no end of persons have forgotten the name, except as they may connect it with the Cloaker fortune, so it was necessary to sketch a little up to the moment when, in the winter of 1903, he put in at the West Indian island on his yacht. Of course, it might have been stated shortly by saying that he had done himself plenty of harm, but had never voluntarily harmed any one else.

Nobody knew what made him go off alone just at that time. Usually, his cruise to Southern waters was taken with a very jolly company aboard, and with Mrs. Gray or the Gaston couple from Baltimore as chaperons. Perhaps, in spite of his somewhat coarse and frequent laugh, he had times when he estimated himself low enough to feel

"They've Thrown Us for a Loss, Haven't They?"

depressed. His real personality was always kept far away from most men or women, and Keppler used to say that at the bottom Jim had a foundation of the same material that makes some little children cry softly about their own existence.

Whatever his mood might have been, it seemed to find comfort in whisky and soda. When Jim put in at this port—that, for reasons which will become obvious, must remain unnamed—he was not in very good shape. Newspapers from home, brought to him on board, shook in his hands from other causes than the movement of the soft, tropical breeze; even the darkest of cigars had failed to make that pleasant catch at the back of his toughened throat. In spite of this he strolled up into the town, with its wooden, color-tinted houses, and its lazy, part-Spanish, part-Cockney, part-Negro, part-American people. He even went into a curio store where gay seashells, silver novelties, coral branches and picture postcards were displayed in the window.

The interior was dark and smelled of the red and green paint on a counter of children's toys. Jim says the smell recalled to him the taste of one of the young ladies—possibly Mrs. Noah—whose head he had bitten when he was left alone with his first Ark. He picked over badly-colored views with an amusing idea of sending one to each of the stable-boys at home; intent upon them, he did not see that another customer had come into the lonesome shop and was standing behind him. Her hand was the first he knew of her. It appeared as it reached forward for a packet of views. Jim's eyes were uncertain and watery from the tropical sunlight of the day and burned with the fever of alcohol in the blood, but he saw that this woman's hand was delicately browned and refined and expressive. Although he had acted as judge of beagles and the green-hunter class, he was, in fact, a much more competent judge of women's hands. So, upon seeing this one, graceful, strong and bare of rings, he stepped back like an old art critic to look upon the owner's personality.

He had an unconscious rudeness about looking at people. The woman colored a little without meeting his gaze. She was straight and strong, though quite as old as Jim himself. She gave the impression of being all gold, hair in two shades of it, skin in that warm, frosted, metallic state which rarely, and so the more delightfully, accompanies the very light type. She was not pretty. Jim heard her say to the much-powdered Cuban shopgirl that she had promised to select the favors for a dance at the Porto Chica.

Across the street was one of the few brick buildings on the whole island. Jim looked at the woman again, and then scraped his beefy shoulders through the doorway of the shop and trod through the sun-baked limestone dust to the entrance of the Gulf Stream Bank. An electric fan sang in the president's office and blew a continuous cloud of excellent cigar smoke out the crack of the door.

Jim walked in.

"Hello," said the lean old islander, whose feet were on his desk. "You are a stranger. Strangers break monotony. Welcome to our two thousand acres, and sit down with this cigar."

Jim smiled. "Very good of you," said he; "I'll ask you to cash a check in a minute. I think my uncle, Maltby Cloaker, is your New York correspondent."

"Yep," answered the banker, who made it a rule never to be impressed. "My name's Conger. I'm also Collector

of the Port. I saw your yacht. I remembered her name. We remember everything down here. We've just been terribly excited—a new crop of sapodillas is ripe!"

"Knock off work," Jim suggested, closing his eyes dreamily. "Suppose we go down on board together. We'll have cocktails and lunch. This afternoon we'll go out and harpoon a sawfish or a loggerhead, and tonight—well, what's going on tonight?" He looked out of the window to catch a last glimpse of the woman who had come out of the curio store.

"Dance—Porto Chica—good punch. What do you say?" replied Conger.

"Excellent!" said Jim. "By the way, who is buying the favors?" He cast a glance at the wall-papered ceiling.

"God bless you, this is a small island, but how should an old man like me know? Do you see that cocoanut tree? It dropped one on a nigger yesterday—would have killed a white man. Must be two hundred years old and never did anything like that before. This dust makes your throat dry, doesn't it?" He reached for his immense Panama hat.

Jim had a dull afternoon, no doubt. Conger is the old-fashioned kind who belonged to the day of the American-plan hotel and black-walnut furniture; a few drinks take away his dry, natural humor and several cause him to tell the story of O'Brian and the Peaches.

The dance was a relief. Porto Chica, Jim found, was anything but a port; it was a wooden casino decorated within by date palms and bunting. People had gathered at the punchbowl in the corner: there was a British official, a Spanish exporter who wore a magnificent gold chain about his neck, three construction engineers in white-duck evening dress, a knot of curiously-varied women of all shapes and sizes, each one trying to look young and laugh with the abandon of youth, and several girls, too young—if not too innocent—to be there, who were at that point of life when a theatrical manager would have called them "squabs." Other persons came in, little by little. Most of them seemed either too fast or too slow. Jim saw his curio-store lady of the morning. She was dressed in a rather cheap and pretty gown. She wore no jewelry. Every one seemed to like her. She was trying to enjoy herself—Jim saw her go to the bowl's edge five times.

In truth, he was greatly amused at the whole affair. He reflected that it was about as amusing as a dance his mother once gave at Poincaies, and cost so much less! There was no hurry, but later, as he expected, he met the one with the golden look. Her name was Mrs. Bradford!

It was one of the moments in Jim's life when he was unsteadied. He stepped back heavily at the sound of the married title, as if some one had pushed him on the chest. For some reason he had not considered the possibility that she had ever belonged to some one else; indeed, he probably had not even realized that it made much difference to him one way or the other. Now the fact was known he assumed that the husband was alive. They lifted their glasses and their eyes together and drank as if to him.

Later on they went together out of the heat of exercise to the breeze from the sea. The water was afire where it lapped the bottom of the moonlighted, glistening cliffs, where even in the night-tinged currents the tide was touched with the tropical beryl-green. There they stood together, looking off toward the northern horizon, with the sound of the rustling palms in their ears, conscious of the peculiar night fragrance in the air.

"You said you were born here?" asked Jim, clasping and unclasping the iron rail with his heavily-moulded hands.

She laughed softly. She had seen Jim's name so often and there was a pleasure of vanity in his attention. Every one had been whispering about his identity, his cosmopolitan reputation, his scandals and money and his hard riding and living—for there is no spot in the world lacking its three or four women who keep up in such matters to add to their distinction of knowing the wicked world well. Mrs. Bradford was not impervious to the fact that he had singled her out. She smiled again. But when she answered it was with her characteristic honesty.

"Oh, yes," she said, "and lived here most of my life. I went to the States to school those winters when my father could scrape the money together. Naval officers really were my education. I knew them of six nationalities, and in four successive affairs I learned to speak three languages. It took two Germans to teach me the 'ch.' I feel as if I'd been at every capital in Europe. And then, of course, I read a great deal. I know what you must think about living here, because since I have been married I have lived outside the island, too."

"In the very narrowing life of New York?" Jim grumbled with his rough voice.

She nodded and went on: "Books—here," she said. "I used to read and read! Then I had to come back because—— At any rate, it is a very pleasant winter climate. I find I have lots of nice beaux. I write about them to Ed. It amuses and pleases him."

She Drew Her Foolishly-Thin Scarf About Her and Stood for a Moment There, Looking Down Into the Water

"It would me," said Jim. "I'd hate to have an unattractive wife." He ran his hand over his high forehead.

"He's in New York now, you know," said she. "People on the island think we're such a strange couple—being apart like this. But they hardly know Ed. I know that you would like him—a good fellow. I'm so proud of him, you know."

Jim smiled down at her. But when she looked away he set his square jaw.

"People tell all sorts of things about why I'm here. It's ridiculous. You won't be here long enough to hear."

"I'm not so sure," Jim said. "A doctor came aboard late this afternoon and said I had a temperature—the island fever—103. He said I mustn't leave. Just a good case of fever I picked up at Key West, where there isn't much fever, anyhow."

"Oh!" said she, touching his wrist unaffectedly with her fingertips, "I believe it's true. Why did you come out here tonight?" She looked up at him.

"Lonesome, I think," said Jim, bowing his head a little. "I become more whimsical as I grow older. You said you would be here for some time?"

"Yes," she interrupted nervously. "I was about to tell you that I was here to economize. Business reversals. Ed is suffering in a horrible, stuffy little room in New York, and we're apart—I with my sister's family, visiting. We're saving money. Some of the women here will invent all sorts of explanations for you. I might as well inflict it on you the first minute I have a chance, otherwise they——"

"Oh, no. I shouldn't suppose they would," he said firmly. "That water looks cool; now, doesn't it? It does to me. I think I'd like to swim a mile or two in that moonlight."

"Sharks!" she suggested. "And it wouldn't do your temperature a bit of good." She looked toward him anxiously. Jim took one step toward her; there sounded a low rumble in his thick throat, he clasped his hands to his sides.

"More punch?" said he with sudden ease.

"Let's not have any more," she answered. "Let's take one of these ramshackle old carriages and drive down the Buena Vista to my door and say good-night, and then you can go back to your own bunk, which is the sensible thing to do. It is quite proper. Here every driver—there are seven on the island—is almost a licensed chaperon."

Jim looked in at the whirl of black and white and brighter colors where the others danced. His eyes not only were dull with the infection, but in them, for a moment, was an expression of mental weariness.

"Your humble servant," said he suddenly, and together they climbed into the carriage. The ragged driver talked in bad Spanish to the bony horse as they faced the blue haze that hovered over the sleeping town. After they had driven in silence for several moments past the huts and cottages Mrs. Bradford turned at just the right moment to see the great frame of Jim Cloaker fall forward, unconscious, against the front seat.

The driver stopped his horse, turned around and uttered a single word. "Dengue!" he said, with the skill of an old diagnostician.

"The doctor?" suggested the woman.

"Oh, he es gone, señora, a Boga Pablo. The house was dark."

"Drive to the Occidental wharf," she commanded with quick decision. "His yacht is there, and probably more conveniences on board than in any house in town." So, the carriage went on swinging down among the shabby commission houses of the half mile of harbor front. In the second floor of one of them lights blazed behind the blinds, and a tin-pan piano whacked the stillness.

Jim raised himself suddenly. "Hey? What's this—what's this?" he said. Then, realizing the awkwardness of his performance, he straightened up like a soldier and said: "I'm extremely sorry. It's taken you quite out of your way. Turn back, driver—Mrs. Bradford's."

"I think not," she answered.

Jim had never been denied his own willful way. His size, the fire of his eye, the depth of his voice, his own consciousness of the money and physical strength behind him had trained him to overbear people. He looked up in surprise, uttered an exclamation, and lapsed into the stupor of the fever again.

They took him on board the Tortuga, and Mrs. Bradford sent the driver for her sister and the doctor. She had seen that the servants were helpless, so she rolled up her sleeves, called for a pail of ice water, searched the lockers for medicine, and was still busy when the doctor and her sister arrived toward the first pink dawnstreak in the white haze behind the mangrove clumps to the eastward. She was a little tired, the world seemed a little unreal. The adventure had been strange. It made a story hard to tell. And, moreover, she had found, in the watch-pocket of the delirious man's waistcoat, a rose. She was sure that she had worn that very bud by itself at her neck. Shivering a little as she went over the gangway to the wharf, she drew her foolishly-thin scarf about her and stood for a moment there, looking down into the water.

Jim had a time of it, he admits. But every one, particularly those persons who are familiar with his type, and particularly persons who find island life dull, know that he, not less than his hospitality, is attractive for any number of idle hours. His convalescence, after a few days of a hard-running fever, was a round of parties on board his boat. Propped up in a steamer chair he took the Daggetts, and the Coldbrooks, and the rich MacAvoys, and the three construction engineers, and the gay Miss Teneriffe with the thin nose, and the roly-poly Miss Burg—a complete and curious island aristocracy—all about for trips and dinners, with plenty of nice things to drink; and gave more than once an entertainment on the afterdeck which Joshua Conger, president of the Gulf Stream Bank, called "a lawn party with a stick in it."

Mrs. Bradford was often there. She drank and sang with the rest of them. She embroidered shirtwaists in the Spanish style on afternoon excursions to the Bottomweed lighthouse, and told Jim that she expected him to buy them for his nieces. It was a heyday. The little set were not irreproachable. One of the construction engineers, who hailed from a technical school in Maine, said it was too rich for his blood, and that playing bridge with women cardsharps was not to his mind a profitable amusement. He dropped out.

Even when all the rest were there Jim's eyes followed Mrs. Bradford about with a curious new light in them. The two never made any definite attempt to talk to each other. When they chatted at all it was with easy understanding about aims of men and women and methods of gaining happiness; and occasionally they spoke wholesomely of the responsibility that lay upon both men and women to fit themselves to pass down a good inheritance; and about good books and poor plays. Often enough an afternoon party would find at its close that Mrs. Bradford had been sitting, as if by chance, perched up somewhere on the deck near Jim—who always held the center of the stage, like an emperor, in a wicker chair—and that the usual dash in both their spirits had lapsed into silent enjoyment of the laughter about them, of the ice tinkling in glasses, and the absurd antics of Miss Teneriffe and Captain Bond, of the British Army.

The day came for Jim to go. It was long after his fever had departed, and the time he had lingered became the subject of much wonder and open speculation among the garrulous island set. It had been a pleasant experience, but could not last forever. He gave a good-by dinner.

Jim had a faculty of making it easy for all about him to drink freely. Conger, the banker, remembered a past adventure with this pleasant trait of the gay cosmopolitan. He had gone home with a cigar tied to his gray chin beard with a piece of pink ribbon. Furthermore, he was going to accompany Jim on the northward cruise as far as Jacksonville, and the sea motion had never agreed with him. He turned his glass down and the only others who were not unreasonably hilarious were Jim and Mrs. Bradford. Cloaker drank heavily, but his eyes were a little lifeless and tired; she did not assume her usual vivacity. Her golden look seemed, for the moment, tarnished.

"I wish," she said to Jim, "that you would see Ed when you are back in New York. He is probably working hard now, but he has the heart of a sportsman. You would like him, I am sure. I'm so proud of him myself!"

"Of course," Jim replied enthusiastically, "and it will be a great pleasure for me to hunt him up."

"Good-by," she said. "We will see you again some time, I hope." She was standing at her carriage on the wharf. Miss Teneriffe had already climbed in with the British captain. They were waiting for her.

Jim nodded. He seemed out of breath. Two or three times he attempted to speak. Finally, he laughed softly with the characteristic low rumble in his throat.

"They have said that you were another of my beaux," she said, with her eyes on the ground.

Jim flushed and shut his teeth together. "And they would have told you so if they had not been afraid of you. They would have said things about Ed." She spoke softly.

"As I remember it," she went on, "we have never said a single personal thing to each other. Have we?"

"No," said Jim, looking her in the eyes. "Not one."

"If ——"

"For God's sake, don't let us begin!" he said quietly, and having taken her cold hand for a moment he walked quickly toward the carriage and stood with bared head as the vehicle rumbled off over the boards.

"Conger," he said, as the two men sat back in wicker chairs, looking out over the yacht's foam that tracked backward to midnight, "it seems foolish for me to be consuming all this good whisky and cold soda alone."

"Does it?" said the wily old islander. "Then why do it? It's a wonderful night without any assistance. Look at those white mullet streaks on the water—whiter than the moonlight." He turned his chair a little so that he could see his host's face.

"Miss Teneriffe was amusing," the old man said after several moments. "I like girls to be vivacious and free from prudery, provided they have the real woman in 'em. Eh? Like—well, like Elizabeth Bradford."

Again he scrutinized Jim's profile.

"She has had a hard time if any one has. Mrs. Daggett mentioned that some one of the women had attempted to tell you. She said you found an excuse to consider some other subject."

"Did I?" said Jim calmly.

"Yes," Conger said. "But, you see, Ed Bradford is one of those attractive fellows, and a bit wild. You see, he drank a good deal and gambled. Then, two years ago he was in the insurance business and there was fifteen thousand dollars which went wrong in his hands. They even arrested him. The prosecution was stopped. He was to solicit business for the company and turn back to them whatever he could to discharge the—the obligation."

Jim's glass fell out of his hand, crashing to pieces on the deck, and the largest piece of ice slid out beyond their feet to glisten in the moonlight.

"I was only going to say," Conger went on carelessly, "that it illustrates the astounding qualities of a fine woman. She had never been very happy with him, though she loved him. She had tried to make him a little less foolish, intemperate and extravagant; but when the last trouble came she went to him and engineered the whole arrangement by which he was to keep out of the penitentiary. She sold all of her own clothes and jewelry and started him off on the new struggle and left him at the very time her whole heart was full of desire to be with him. She came down here to the fearful dullness of this island, and the disagreeable sister who has headaches, and the old friends who were whispering all sorts of stories, and the old guard of sweethearts who would sympathize with her, which was just what she didn't want."

Jim had turned about. His thick fingers pulled at the wickerwork.

Conger cast a reflective eye at the mass of thunderclouds gathered over the sandbars to the westward. "Don't women beat all hell?" said he softly. "I heard her say to you, 'I'm so proud of him,' and within hearing of those who knew!"

"Well played!" Jim said aloud. "Well played!"

"Exactly!" said old Conger, fingering his watch as he looked into Cloaker's face. "I think I'll change my mind, Cloaker. I'm rather old and rusty in such affairs, but I liked your friendship with her. It seemed to be cut out of almost the same piece of sportsmanship as her loyalty to him. Now, loyalty is one fine and wonderful thing about her, but love is another matter. I noticed ——"

"You are becoming talkative!" Jim said slowly, spacing each word.

Conger bowed. "I said I had changed my mind, Cloaker," he said gracefully. "I would think it an especial honor at this moment to have the privilege of drinking with you. Where will you stop along the coast after leaving me?"

"Nowhere," replied Cloaker, settling his big body back into his chair. "I'll make the shortest possible run to Sandy Hook. I want to see some one in New York."

Sandy Hook probably seemed a long way off to Jim at that moment. He had grown up with a willful impatience of all time and distance. To these factors in human life he would like to have given orders as to a slow French waiter.

All along the Atlantic Coast he sat out near the log-line on the stern rail, and now and then took a reading of the dial with a watch in his hand. He even wished he had taken a train on the Florida East Coast. It pleased him, finally, to see the big city rising out of the morning gray behind the Statue of Liberty, with the first light of sunrise gleaming like a diamond from the windows of the tallest building. There was an expression on his face, no doubt, like that he used to wear when riding off a forward on the Gloverdale field.

It was Saturday. He directed his man to go uptown and open up his apartment. The next morning he went for a long walk in the park that from below his own windows stretched its snow-laden trees and open places far away to the west side of the city. Just after the ordinary lunch hour he struck off down Madison Avenue toward the lower street numbers. The winter sun shone brilliantly upon the half-deserted midday stretch of residences, and the scrape of snow-shovels still rasped the softened air of a morning after a storm.

As Jim reached the steps of the house where Edward Bradford had his quarters the wheels of a carriage rolled into the gutter behind him; and upon turning about he realized intuitively that the tall, tired, unshaven individual who stepped down, and after a search of his pockets told the driver to come back for his money Wednesday, was the man he sought.

In spite of a somewhat wilted collar and dust-flecked hat Bradford had, at that moment, the mysterious grace and manner which some men, particularly those thin enough to have their clothes draped rather than fitted, always keep about them. He, too, seemed to realize that he was the person Jim sought; for, hollow-eyed and unsteady, he gazed back at the large man for a moment and then, having seen him once at some intercollegiate races, he stepped forward.

"I'm delighted to see you, Mr. Cloaker. My wife wrote me," he said. "It is good of you to hunt me out this way." There was a suggestion in his tone of thanks given by a man weak enough to suggest by his manner a personal inferiority.

"Oh, I made a point of it," returned Jim, hiding a momentary feeling of repulsion under the easy, cordial tone of his truthful statement.

Bradford held out a nervous hand. Together the two went up the brownstone steps to the vestibule conspicuous for elegant decorations in bad taste, so characteristic of the American seventies, and now grown shabby. The hallway, dark and silent in the manner of rooming-house hallways, smelled musty. And yet, having ascended, Jim found Bradford's apartments were rather light and pleasant, and a little more luxurious than he had expected. Some books were open, leaves downward on the table, among trays, tobacco-jars and letters. One of the letters was addressed in a large, feminine hand. Jim probably wondered whether this was Elizabeth's handwriting; he had never seen a line of it before.

"I had only this front room at first," said Bradford. "Met with some business losses, as you know. But, damn it, a man can't live like a common store clerk!"

Jim nodded half sympathetically, but only said: "You look tired, sir."

"I am," said the other. "But that's all right. We were playing cards, and ——"

"I trust you won," Jim interrupted, studying the drawn face that looked so white now against the dark leather of the library chair.

"No," Bradford answered in a lifeless voice, "I lost."

"Suppose, then," Cloaker said simply, "that you and I go out and celebrate. I have just got back to New York. I have called up no one among my acquaintances. The city, with its riches of food, drink, humanity and adventure, lies below us and before us. You, apparently, have nothing to do. Neither have I. You did not sleep last night. Neither did I. Let us see the eternally-changing human comedy out there, with its new scenery, new cast, new songs and new dances."

Bradford raised himself slowly from the leather cushions. From behind a row of books he drew a somber bottle of Madeira. "'All is vanity, saith the preacher,'" he quoted, as he poured out two glasses. "I like your suggestion, Cloaker. Everything is about as bad as it could be. Youth is soon gone. I like you for your direct way of making friends. Here's to you."

"I thought so," said Jim to himself. "Day after tomorrow morning this man may be very ill, but he will like me even more."

This was true. The third evening Bradford's conscience demanded that he go back to his work at last. His mind teemed with pictures of clubs, suppers and restaurants; with a variety of perfumes in the air and tinkling ice, theaters from in front and from behind the scenes, taxicabs and dog shows, Turkish baths and luxurious rooms in hotels. He was used to cheap trips into dissipation. The extraordinary results produced by such combinations as the Cloaker money and the Cloaker character he had not known before. He consented to go home with him to the extra room in his apartment.

"My doctor told me not to do this. He said my heart was in bad shape," he announced as he crawled into bed.

Jim was thrusting his arm into a pajama sleeve. He looked for a moment at Bradford. "Poor specimen of man," he thought, "and, like so many such, half lovable."

"Bradford," said he aloud, "let's you and I go and take quarters where you won't find your share of the expense too heavy. You'd better drop this insurance business and come to work for the New York office of the Cloaker Iron Works Corporation. You owe money to the other folks and I'll advance it for you. You can pay me. Personally, I think you and I are making poor scores as members of society. Let's agree to have a stupid year. Let's start the game all over."

The other man turned on his pillow, opening his eyes sleepily. "Oh, all right," he said; "I like the whole of your proposition. By the way, I'm married to the best girl in all the world and I ought to do it for her, anyhow." He turned back toward the wall.

Jim walked into the library. It was cold there. The winter wind howled outside. Jim, with the wisdom of a serpent, knew he had opened his campaign in exactly the best way. He walked along the moonbeam on the thick-piled rug. "Damn you," he said, looking back through the door toward the sleeper, "I'll send you back to her—I'll send you back to her a whole man!"

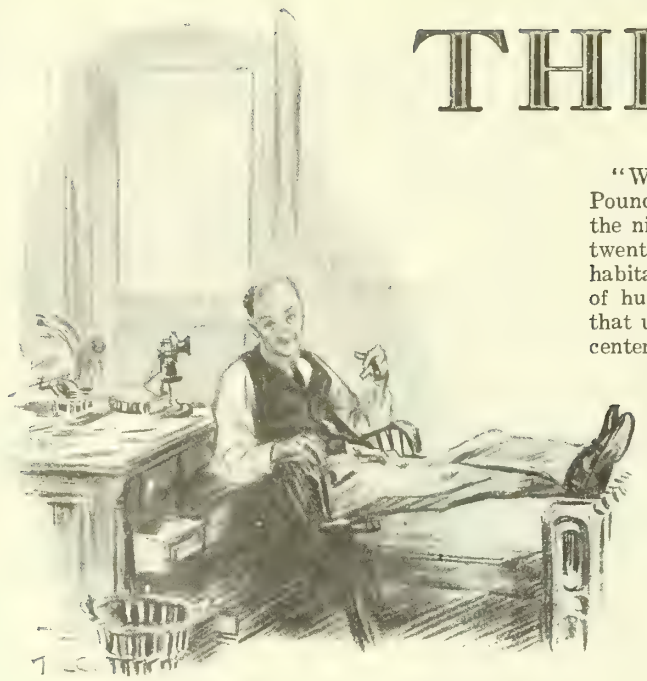
The months that followed brought out characteristics in Jim Cloaker that astounded his friends. Those of them who read this story will at this point recognize him.

He went into business as if it were as keen a sport as polo or shooting Kadiak bear. He worked like a boy from Indiana who has read the lives of Benjamin Franklin and of the modern industrial emperors. Every moment that he was not in his office he spent in the open air in exercise which at times seemed to reach a frenzy of violence. Doubtless at these times he was longing for the old tastes and the old diversions; the sharpest indication of this lay in the fact that he preached physical training to Bradford, calling it "a poor but efficient substitute for the joys of carelessness

He knocked Bradford into the fireplace of their new apartment when he was teaching him to box. He often forced him to run all the way uptown from the office, along

(Continued on Page 36)

"I Wish," She Said to Jim, "That You Would See Ed When You are Back in New York"



"What Do You Think About This Amalgamated Copper?"

THE LOSING GAME

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IV

THE marriage ceremony which united John Pound and Emma Raymond was performed very quietly in the parlor of the minister's flat. The minister's fleshy wife and spinsterly, anæmic daughter were, in fact, the only witnesses.

Pound felt as stupid as though he had taken a drug. He was tired to death. After the prolonged excitement of sequestrating Mr. Rexford's bucketshop—a feat which he had finally accomplished less than an hour before—a deep reaction fell upon him, from which he could not lift himself. In a blank and witless sort of way he was rather disgusted with everything. He was even humiliated because his business suit so little became a bridegroom, while Emma, on the other hand, wore a very pretty dinner gown, and her hair was done in the classical way that made her look freshest and most piquant.

His mind was so little collected that he hardly followed the brief ceremony. Abruptly he heard the minister say: "I pronounce you man and wife." The pause that followed brought him up with a panicky sense that something or other was expected of him, and he just saved himself from blurting out idiotically: "Thank you." But he felt Emma's hand touching his wrist. She was looking as a bride should—demure and charming. He caught the cue, so to speak. Much embarrassed, he stooped hastily and kissed her.

Aware that he must have appeared like an ass, he thrust a twenty-dollar bill in the minister's hand, with an illogical feeling that he was thereby getting even with him. Also, going down the stairs he consoled himself for his own inferior appearance by reflecting maliciously that Emma was up to the part because she had been through it before. The truth is that, in his general dissatisfaction, he had a very stupid inclination to quarrel. When the carriage door closed upon them he addressed his wife for the first time, saying quite crossly: "I'm hungry as a bear."

Emma read his state of mind like an open book. She knew his nerves were frayed, and quite comprehended that reaction which made him disgusted with everything, herself included. So she said cheerfully: "All right, Johnny. We'll drive uptown and have a swell feed." In a moment she added quite as cheerfully: "We might take Ham along; have a real party. Would you like to?" He smiled a little in a shamefaced way, secretly acknowledging that she was the better fellow of the two.

They did pick Hamilton up at his hotel. Emma managed the dinner, and the little party was a complete success. At the end of the second bottle of champagne Pound was not only genial, but admired his clever wife so much that he was fairly falling in love with her. She had a special gift of managing some people.

The next day was Saturday. Naturally, Pound was busy at the bucketshop which had just come into his possession. But Sunday the bride and groom might freely devote to each other.

Accordingly, directly after breakfast, they drew up side by side at the small, round-topped center table in the parlor of the little suite at the family hotel which Emma had engaged for their temporary occupancy. Before them a railroad folder containing a large colored map of the Northwest was outspread, and a stout, black-bound volume, entitled Report of the Comptroller of the Currency, lay at the edge of the table.

With these articles they began their honeymoon. They followed the red line of the railroad along the map, and looked up the towns in the report to see how much ready cash each possessed. Presently Hamilton joined them.

"What I want," said Pound with authority, "is the nice country towns of twenty-five hundred inhabitants up to five thousand or so; towns with a couple of hundred thousand dollars of bank deposits and from that up to a million—just nice, fat, fresh little country centers that have never had a stock wire in 'em." He pronounced the words very much as a hungry gourmand might speak of fine, plump, hand-fed young pig, roasted to a beautiful, tender brown, with pan gravy and new apple-sauce and mealy baked sweet potatoes.

"You see, this whole country was broke all through the hard times." He swept his hand over the map. "For three or four years nobody had any money. Then, the last two years, money has been piling up. Everybody's got some. You know if a man's been half starved to death he must be fed a while before he gets back his appetite. They've just fairly got their appetite back. And in the last two years there's been a tremendous rise in stocks; millionaires have been growing on bushes. The newspapers have been full of it. You can bet these people out here"—he laid his hand on the map—"have been reading all about it. They know the way to get rich fast is to buy stocks. But they haven't had a chance to get into the game. There's never been a wire anywhere near 'em. To their minds the stock exchange is a kind of paradise away off on the other side of the world. When we open up a fine little stock exchange right at hand, so they can drop in on the way to the post-office, you bet they'll drop. We want to plant one in every good town from here to the coast."

Hamilton had been tugging at his bushy red mustache thoughtfully. "Don't see how you're going to make it with a bank roll of eight thousand, old man," he observed, with good humor. "It takes money to start the game; and every town you open in takes that much more."

"A little more," Pound assented. "We've got to reach every branch office with our own private wire, and that's what takes the money. The only capital a bucketshop needs is just wire. If the telegraph company would give me credit I'd cover the country with bucketshops on a hundred-dollar bill. Unfortunately it won't. Here's the deal: For a private wire, the company charges us twenty dollars a year on each mile of wire. When they have a wire already strung that they can lease us, they make us pay only a month's rent in advance. But where they have to build a new wire, as they will here, they make us plank down six months' rent in advance—ten dollars spot cash for every mile of wire. For every town where they put in a drop from our wire to our office they charge us forty-two dollars a month. Here in St. Paul we have to pay 'em thirty-five dollars a week for our drop from C. N. D. wire over which we get the New York Stock Exchange quotations direct, and twelve dollars a week for a ticker. But the big item is that ten dollars a mile for the new wire. We've already got a hundred miles of wire. I figure we can get right away three hundred miles more. That will take three thousand dollars."

"That," said Hamilton, "leaves you only five thousand dollars out of your eight. And every place where you open an office you've got to have a bank roll to start with."

"Why?" Pound inquired. "Our business is taking bets on stocks and grain. Our customers—the fellows that make the bets—put up money on every bet; but we don't put up any, do we? Not at all. So we'll just let our customers furnish us our working capital. John Smith, of Wyandotte, thinks Union Pacific will go up. So he comes into our office and buys a hundred shares—that is, he bets with us that the stock will rise. We make John put up a cash margin of two dollars a share, or two hundred dollars on the trade. We don't put up a cent. Multiply John by a hundred, and we've got twenty thousand dollars cash in hand. If John loses, as we hope, we keep the twenty thousand. If all the Johns should win at once, the best we could do would be to hand them back their own twenty thousand. But John won't win. He never does.

"I haven't," Pound continued, smiling good-naturedly, "been figuring out ways to beat a bucketshop the last six months without getting some ideas about the business. Nobody is going to put over crooked quotations on me the way we put 'em over on Rexford. Every order that's handed into a branch office will be wired to the main office here in St. Paul and confirmed here before it is filled. More than that, all the margin money is going to be wired to the main office every day. I propose to have the game in my own hands."

Emma smiled slightly. Her dark, intelligent eyes rested upon her husband with approval. Nevertheless, her heart was a little sore. She noticed that he now spoke of the venture with authority, as though it were his own individual affair—although certainly she had borne no slight share in nursing it up to its present stature. She had always instinctively believed in Pound's power, even when he was a mere under-doggy telegraph operator at eighty dollars a month. It now occurred to her that, perhaps, he was going to be more powerful than she had supposed—so powerful that a helpmate would be rather superfluous to him.

Thoughtfully surveying the map, he seemed, indeed, a very efficient, confident kind of person. "Here's where our game lies," he said, laying his hand on the highly-colored surface. "And here's where I want you, Ham—out in the country opening up these branch offices, getting the game started." Gazing thoughtfully down at the green, blue and yellow spaces that represented great states, he fairly saw endless grain fields, countless herds, many thriving rural centers, each with its well-stored little bank. The vision captivated his mind. "There's a million dollars of loose cash out there this minute just waiting to be taken in," he said almost solemnly.

Monday morning of the week following this conversation, Hamilton and a chubby, swarthy telegraph operator named Brewer dropped off the west-bound train at Bremen. It was a thrifty town of three thousand inhabitants, lying in a fat, rolling, sparsely-wooded prairie. Little Turtle River wound sluggishly along the west border between a thin fringe of trees. A large frame grist mill painted yellow stood on the bank of the river. There were two tall, red grain elevators near the railroad track; two banks, two hotels. A number of the frame dwellings were so new that the shingles fairly shone in the sun. It appeared very good to Hamilton, who carried, besides his suitcase, a long, odd-looking roll of stout cloth.

The task before the travelers was quite simple. While Hamilton strolled about looking for a suitable office,

"I'd Cover the Country With Bucketshops on a Hundred-Dollar Bill"

Brewer drifted down to the railroad station, introduced himself to the telegraph operator as a fellow-craftsman, explained that they were about to open a stock exchange, with a private wire from St. Paul, and proceeded to establish friendly relations. What he really wanted was to find out whether anybody thereabouts was given to speculating in grain or stocks. Of course, the operator, who handled the messages, would know.

Before noon Hamilton had rented an office above a millinery shop in a small frame building on East Street. It consisted of a single bare room about twenty feet square. A room of the same size at the rear—the two comprising the whole upper story—was occupied by a justice of the peace, insurance agent, conveyancer, notary public and real-estate dealer—all covered by the same well-worn alpaca office jacket. The rent was twelve dollars a month.

"George Lewis is our man," said Brewer when the two met at the Bremen House for the midday meal. "He takes a flyer in grain every now and then. Sends his orders to Chappell in Minneapolis. Seems he owns a farm a few miles out—mortgaged up to the hilt—but stays in town most of the time buying hogs to ship; quite a sporty farmer—plays poker just well enough to lose; but knows everybody and is popular."

"That sounds like it," Hamilton commented. "Fetch him up to the office about two o'clock."

After the midday dinner Hamilton walked across the street to the neat two-story brick building of the First National Bank. He noted that institution's shiny plate-glass windows, tile floor, polished oak counter and neat brass wickets for the cashier and the teller—all, as he mentally commented with approval, very nobby and prosperous-looking.

"Mr. Miles?" he inquired amiably of the young sandy man behind the cashier's wicket—having got his description from the hotel clerk. He laid down his card:

MOXLEY STOCK AND GRAIN COMPANY
P. F. HAMILTON, GENERAL AGENT

"I believe your correspondent in St. Paul is the Norse National Bank," he continued—having looked that up in a bankers' directory. "We are about to open a stock and grain commission office here in Bremen, Mr. Miles, with our own private wire from St. Paul. We expect to do considerable banking business and will give you the account if we can make satisfactory terms."

To the rear of the banking office proper was a small room with the sign "President" over its door. A middle-aged man in his shirt sleeves, with hair prematurely gray and face prematurely wrinkled, now stepped to the door which led from this room to the space behind the counter. Evidently he had overheard, for he regarded Hamilton with lackluster and suspicious blue eyes. This, as Hamilton knew from the hotel clerk's description, was Mr. Barlow, the president of the bank. The young cashier looked around at his superior inquiringly, and Mr. Barlow came deliberately up to the counter with the air of a man who has been invited to buy a gold brick which shows broad patches of cast iron where the gilding has worn off. He picked up Hamilton's card frigidly.

"When's your private wire going to be in here?" he inquired very dryly.

"The telegraph company promises us to have it in here by noon tomorrow," Hamilton replied promptly. "They're stringing it as fast as possible."

This answer seemed to surprise Mr. Barlow. He regarded Hamilton closely a moment, but the latter's face was bland and open. "What arrangements do you want to make?" the banker asked a little less ungraciously.

"First," said Hamilton amiably, "I want some advice from you. You see, we put the local office entirely in the hands of some well-known local man. That's the best guaranty we can possibly give that the business is absolutely on the square. Now, for manager of this office Mr. George Lewis has been recommended to us. You can understand it's very important to us to pick the right sort of man. What do you think of Lewis?"

That the office was to be managed by a local man seemed to surprise Mr. Barlow still more. "Why, Lewis is pretty deep in debt," he replied—for the first time addressing Hamilton as one of the fraternity of business men. "He's slow pay. But I always considered him honest."

"That's all I want to know," said Hamilton heartily. "If a man's honest we'll take our chances on everything else. Now, our arrangement is just this: As our customers here give Mr. Lewis orders to buy or sell stocks and grain they will put the money to margin the trades in his hands. Every day, or perhaps several times a day, Mr. Lewis will deposit that margin money in your bank, and you will immediately transfer it by telegraph to the Norse National Bank in St. Paul for our credit. Or if Mr. Lewis should need at any time to pay out here more than he has received, he will wire us, we will deposit the money with the Norse National, which will transfer it by telegraph to you and you will then pay it over to Mr. Lewis. We, of course, will pay all telegraph charges, and we will allow you an exchange fee of twenty-five cents for every hundred dollars that you handle. That strikes me as a pretty good arrangement."

This was Pound's system. Under it all margin money paid in at the local offices was immediately transferred by wire to St. Paul. Thus the total cash resources of the concern were constantly in his own hands. Thus, also, the worst a local manager could do would be to embezzle the receipts of a single day. Pound was willing to take his chances of that for the sake of having a man who was well known in the community to manage each local office.

He Just Saved Himself From Blurting Out Idiotically: "Thank You"

As Hamilton truly said, it impressed the community with a sense of the company's good faith as nothing else could.

Obviously there wasn't much in this arrangement for the bank. It received merely a modest exchange fee for transferring the money. But if the First National didn't take the business on those terms, probably the State Bank over on West Street would. So Mr. Barlow took it.

Shortly after two o'clock Brewer climbed the stairs leading to the office over the millinery shop accompanied by a man in the prime of life, whose portly figure suggested good cheer in spite of the blue flannel shirt, baggy trousers and shapeless coat that covered it. His round face was lighted by a pair of merry blue eyes and adorned with a curly yellow beard.

They found Hamilton in his shirt sleeves standing on a kitchen chair. He had impressed Zeke, the colored porter at the Bremen House, and the two were pasting that long roll of cloth to the wall. The face of the cloth was painted black and ruled in narrow, perpendicular columns. At the top of each column were the code letters which designated stock—as ACP, BO, UP, NP. At one end was a space for grain quotations.

Besides this blackboard-cloth, the room now contained six plain wooden chairs and a small kitchen table, for which Hamilton had just paid four dollars and seventy-five cents at the furniture store across the way. He had also bought thirty cents' worth of chalk at the drug store and paid one month's rent in advance. Therefore, seventeen dollars and five cents constituted the Moxley Stock and Grain Company's total investment in Bremen. Naturally, the company expected Bremen to invest far more than that with it.

Hamilton nodded genially. At the very first glance he thoroughly approved of George Lewis. "Just a minute," he said. "I never was much of a wall decorator myself." Hopping down from the chair, he wiped his pasty right hand on the leg of his trousers and extended it to the prospective manager. They sat down comfortably and Hamilton explained how simple the business was. Mr. Lewis was to take charge of the office. For example, a man came in and wanted to buy fifty shares of Northern Pacific. Mr. Lewis would require him to put up the usual cash margin of two dollars a share and then hand the order to Brewer, who would wire it to the main office. The main office would confirm it, and that was all there was to it. At the end of the day Mr. Lewis would take the man's hundred dollars and whatever other margin money he had received over to the bank. If Northern Pacific went up, and the man wanted to draw out his winnings, and Mr. Lewis didn't have enough money on hand, he would wire the main office, which would wire out the money, and Mr. Lewis would pay the man off. If any technical points came up that Mr. Lewis was doubtful about, Brewer could put him right, or would wire the main office for instructions. On every order the office charged a commission of twenty-five cents a share. Mr. Lewis' compensation would consist of one-half of all the commissions. If he got orders for only a hundred shares a day, his compensation would be twelve dollars and a half a day; if he got orders for a thousand shares daily he would make one hundred and twenty-five dollars a day. His profit, in short, would depend simply upon his success in working up trade for the bucketshop.

Listening attentively to Hamilton's explanation, the prospective manager slipped a couple of silver dollars back and forth between his chubby fingers.

"When do you expect to have this private wire working?" he inquired presently.

Hamilton assured him the wire would be in town the next day, and this answer impressed him as much as it had impressed Mr. Barlow.

They discovered, in fact, that the private wire was a trump card. That stock quotations made in far off New York, and grain quotations from Chicago, should be brought right there to Bremen as fast as electricity could carry them gave rise to quite exaggerated notions of the power of the bucketshop. Indeed, in Bremen and other towns, many customers innocently presumed from this commonplace telegraphic phenomenon that the little bucketshop must be essentially one with the New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade.

Before suppertime that day Brewer managed to spend a sociable half hour with the local telegraph operator over a bottle of beer. He returned to the hotel grinning. The operator told him that Mr. Barlow had been down to the station inquiring about that private wire; would be satisfied with nothing less than official assurance that the telegraph company was stringing a veritable wire from St. Paul to Bremen for the use of the Moxley Stock and Grain Company.

At this recital Hamilton pricked up his ears. "H'm," he speculated, "so Brother Barlow's sort of interested, is he? Brother Barlow's sort of interested." Thoughtfully pulling at his bushy mustache, he added, in a casual way: "Nice, fat little bank he's got over there."

After supper Mr. Lewis dropped in, brimming with his new managership, and they strolled down the street to Joe Hartwick's Sample Room, where acquaintance might be made. Already, it appeared, news that Bremen was to have a stock exchange with a real private wire from St. Paul—or Chicago or New York—had more or less gone abroad. Among the sporty habitués of the sample room, Hamilton and Barlow were as much objects of curiosity as though they had been bringing a circus

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WATER AS WEALTH

Battles for Brooks and Fights for Mountain Springs

The Eternal Snows Converted Into Wealth

By WALTER V. WOEHLKE

FROM 1893 to 1900 seven lean years followed on each others' heels in Southern California. The land was thirsty. After every withering summer it cried aloud to the hard sky for the rain that would not come. The last three dry years were the worst. The scanty showers were few and far between, and the mountains would not go to sleep. They refused to put on their white, wintry night-caps. Bare, grim, watchful, they glared into the valleys at their feet, and the streams, depending upon the snows of the peaks, shrank and dwindled. During the decade preceding the seven lean years the average annual precipitation had been 20.10 inches. While the drought lasted the average was reduced to almost one-half, and during the last three parching seasons but 8.12 inches of rain fell a year. The long-continued drought was a catastrophe in the land where even in seasons of normal rainfall every shower is hailed with a joy incomprehensible in the moist East, and where the newspapers give the precipitation record the place of honor on the first page. The drought cut in two the flow of the mountain streams, barely sufficient for the needs of the cultivated area. Toward the end of the drought several reservoirs in the mountains and foothills gave up their last drop and, where once forty feet of water pressed against the dam, evil-smelling silt was drying in the glare of the pitiless sun.

Down in the valleys the ranchers, the water companies and the fruit-growers were frantically casting about for moisture to sustain the life of their orchards and vineyards and save themselves from ruin. What good were the expensive rights to take water out of the mountain streams to many of them when the first appropriators could legally take every drop they were entitled to and leave the other owners nothing but the dry, sandy beds? The favored few might not need all their water, but they took every gallon coming to them, for water brought famine prices and not many could resist the temptation to make money out of the dire necessity of their neighbors.

The Katz-Walkinshaw Case

THE ground water, the moisture contained within the artesian basins underneath the valleys, offered the only hope. Well after well was sunk, pump after pump rigged up wherever the presence of artesian water was suspected. Day and night the chug-chug of the gasoline engines reverberated, the chorus grew louder as the water prices rose, and daily the water level in the wells grew lower. Farther and farther the pumps had to follow the moisture into the bowels of the earth, and many of the artesian wells, shafts that had spouted water without pumping for twenty years, ran dry.

Among those in the San Bernardino Valley who put down wells on their land, pumped more water than they could use and sold the surplus in orchards located on dry land far away, was Margaret Walkinshaw. Not far from her place an artesian well had been spouting water on the Katz ranch for twenty years. When that gusher went dry and scores of artesian wells in the vicinity were overtaken by the same fate, Katz and other owners of land over the subterranean basin became alarmed. Week after week they saw more gushers cease flowing, more of the water they depended upon for the life of their crops taken away by private persons and corporations to be sold at a profit in districts without artesian water. Haunted by the fear of losing their only supply for the benefit of those making money out of the sale of the concentrated rain stored underground, the ranchers united in an effort to keep the water at home. They brought suit to stop the sale to distant orchards of water pumped from their artesian basin. They selected the Walkinshaw wells as the point of attack. The Superior Court had no hope for them; precedents based on the common law were against them, and they lost. But the Supreme Court of California, recognizing the pressing necessity of radical action, cut loose from precedents, lightened ship by throwing overboard the common-law rules regarding ground water, put the helm down and started off on an independent course. By a bold stroke it changed the fundamental ground-water regulations and brought into being a new legal doctrine born of the distress of Katz and his fellow-ranchers, a doctrine that put a sudden stop to speculation in ground water and effectively protected the owners of land over artesian basins.

India, the home of irrigation, waters more land from wells than from running streams; the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas depend almost wholly upon artesian water for irrigation; throughout the region of deficient rainfall well water is coming into greater use and gaining in importance every year. When these facts are considered, when it is remembered that the water available for gravity systems, the flow of the streams in the West, has practically all passed into the hands of individuals and corporations, the full import of the protection afforded the poor man's rain in the West, the ground water, can be appreciated. The decision in the Katz-Walkinshaw case stayed the hand of the speculator and of the corporation eager for the possession of the vast underground water resources beyond the Missouri, and in the decades to come the new rule will prove of incalculable benefit in the orderly development of the country's arid half.

The law recognizes two distinct species of underground water: subterranean streams having defined, permanent channels through which the water flows in a definite course, and percolating or ground water, moisture seeping in from the surface and filling the voids between the particles of soil, sand and gravel, having no defined channel or definite direction of flow. To the first kind of underground water, to the subterranean streams, all the regulations governing the use of surface streams are applicable. No matter how deep these underground rivers go, they remain streams so long as they have a defined channel, banks and a definite course. Their water may be claimed by the first arrival on their banks, or it may be reserved for riparian proprietors. But for the use of percolating water, of water standing idly in the ground without a visible sign of moving on or striving toward a certain goal, for the use of such lazy, lifeless water a different rule has been devised by the English courts. Acting on the theory that the almost imperceptible movements of the ground water were occult, hidden from human understanding and could never be known, and that, therefore, this water was part of the soil, the English courts gave the owner of the soil the right to do with it what he chose. He could pump it and drink it, or bottle it, let it run to waste or sell it just as he could remove and sell sand, gravel, minerals, ore and oil out of the ground owned by him. The owner of the land was the owner of the percolating water "down to the center of the earth" in the language of the law, if he desired to go after it that far. Happily, the question whether he has the right to invade the *hinterland* of the antipodes has not been raised so far. With the Mayflower, and subsequent English importations, this legal rule came across the Atlantic. It held sway in the irrigation country for many a year, a more solid, more time-worn tool of the justice shops than the riparian right. Upon this doctrine Mrs. Walkinshaw relied when Katz attempted to keep her from pumping water out of her own land for sale at distant points having no supply of their own. Katz and his attorneys did not question the efficacy of the percolating-water doctrine. Its hold upon their minds was too firm to admit of any doubt of its sacred origin. They simply attempted to prove that the water Mrs. Walkinshaw took was not ground water, but part of a defined underground stream, and they invoked the equally sacred doctrine of riparian rights to stop her from selling the imaginary stream's water for use on distant, non-riparian lands.

The district judge, after listening for many days to the brilliant array of water experts, geologists and hydraulic engineers who swamped him with evidence concerning strata folds, faults, deposits of impervious clay and other theories, in an effort to prove or disprove, according to their respective interests, the existence of a defined stream, found that the moisture in the Walkinshaw land was percolating and not running water, and that, therefore, the owner had a perfect right to do with it as she pleased.

The Supreme Court Speaks

THE Supreme Court passed over the questions of fact, but when it arrived at the conclusions of law, the venerable tribunal took the bit in its teeth and kicked to pieces the lines and traces of mildewed legal precedents. When it finished and calmed down, the doctrine of the absolute ownership of percolating water was a wreck. Right out loud it declared its independence of the tight little isle in rules concerning ground water and framed a substitute for them to fit conditions on the limitless dry plains of the West.

Subjecting water to a critical examination the court found to its surprise that water differed radically from sand or gravel. It discovered that a man may remove sand and gravel by the ton from his land without affecting his neighbor's supply. The only result of the removal was a hole in the ground. The court also discovered that water, unlike sand, has a habit of seeking its level, and that it is extremely difficult to maintain a hole in a body of water. From these startling, novel facts the court concluded that the removal of water from one part of an underground reservoir, the English courts notwithstanding, must lower the water plane in other parts of the reservoir. Given a sufficiently powerful pumping plant, it was perfectly feasible for the owner of a few acres to drain the entire artesian basin, sell all the water, pocket the proceeds and leave all the other land above the empty reservoir high and dry. In the words of the Supreme Court: "It is an anomaly in the law if one person can, for his individual profit, destroy the community and render the neighborhood uninhabitable."

The lower court's decision was reversed. The Walkinshaw pumps might keep on sucking up moisture, but the water could not be sold outside of the limits of the artesian basin or its watershed. Many square miles of orchards

The Most Valuable Possession of the City of San Bernardino. Artesian Well Spouting 300 inches of Water Worth $300,000

worth millions of dollars were assured of a permanent supply and the doctrine of correlative rights in ground waters was established. Texas still clings to the absolute, irresponsible ownership of percolating water, but most of the other arid states have followed California's lead.

Legislation by the courts differs in one important aspect from statutory enactment: it is retroactive. Despite innumerable decisions upholding the landowner's right to do what he chose with his ground water, California water users were supposed to have been wiser than the Supreme Court. They were supposed to have known that the Supreme Court would change its mind some fine morning and tie the ground-water right to the land over the artesian basin. When this change of mind came over the tribunal, every irrigator obtaining his water from a distant artesian basin was at once placed on the defensive. They did not have to wait long for the attack. With the flow of the average artesian well worth four to eight thousand dollars, the wellowners did not hesitate to use the new rule against those carrying away their ground water to distant dry land. Litigation has no terror for California water-owners. They are used to it. Scarcely one water right in the Golden State has remained undisputed in the possession of its owner, thanks to the unstable condition of water laws and water regulations, and the new ground-water precedent simply increased the flood of litigation that is making the wheels of the justice mill creak and groan.

A Lawyers' Carnival

THE San Bernardino artesian basin, covering some thirty square miles, supplies a large portion of the famous Riverside orange district with water. Numerous water conduits, arteries carrying the life-giving fluid to the trees, connect the basin with the orchards, and these arteries the San Bernardino landowners tried to cut, using the Katz-Walkinshaw decision as the knife. They met with bitter resistance. Three thousand miner's inches of water worth three millions were at stake, and the existence of fifteen thousand acres of citrus groves with a value of a thousand dollars an acre depended upon the outcome of the battle. The fight lasted five years. This summer the Supreme Court rendered its decision protecting the supply of the Riverside orchards. If the Riversiders were supposed to have known that they were doing wrong in taking away the San Bernardino water, the San Bernardinans were presumed to have been equally wise. They did not protest when the wells were bored; they offered no resistance to the building of the conduits, considering such resistance hopeless under the old rule. Riverside for more than five years was left in undisputed possession of the water and, therefore, had acquired a vested right to it. San Bernardino's protest came too late, and the pumps are still sending water over the hill to the Riverside groves.

Despite this rebuff, despite the enormous expenses entailed by water litigation, the owners of land in other artesian basins continued fighting. One of these cases, the suit of the Yucaipe Land and Water Company against the Redlands Heights Water Company, lasted almost as long as the selection of a jury in the trial of a self-confessed San Francisco grafter. The presentation of the evidence required fifty-one days, and in retainers, in fees for water experts and other charges, the cost to the litigants exceeded five hundred dollars a day, or more than twenty-five thousand dollars. By the time the Supreme Court has rendered its decision the expense will have grown to thirty-five thousand or forty thousand dollars, and yet the object of the quarrel is but an insignificant flume carrying two hundred inches of water. During the trial the value of the conduit's flow was fixed at three hundred and ten thousand dollars, or sixteen hundred dollars an inch. At that rate the owners of the eight hundred acres of orange groves irrigated from the flume had invested four hundred dollars an acre solely for a water right that they were forced to defend at heavy cost.

A similar attack was made upon the conduit of the company furnishing water to Corona, a town of twenty-seven hundred souls supported by seven square miles of deciduous and citrus orchards. Though the Corona land is fertile and well located, it has little water, and the Perris Valley, a large depression containing much alkali and hardpan, was drawn upon to the extent of six hundred miner's inches valued at a million dollars, with another million added for an aqueduct forty miles long and for the distributing system. Ranchers in the Perris Valley tried to cut off the two-million-dollar Corona supply on the ground that the pumping interfered with the irrigation of the fifty-eight acres they were watering from the valley's underground reservoir. The attempt failed. The courts took the stand that the irrigation of but fifty-eight acres was not a beneficial use of the artesian basin and that the ranchers, failing to utilize the water themselves, could not play dog-in-the-manger and prevent its use by others who would lose millions were they deprived of it.

Spring water has been a prolific source of quarrels and lawsuits in the West. After feasting his eyes on its pure, cold flow, the owner of a spring might retire at night only to find it gone in the morning, caught by the settler on the land above. Owner number one had no redress. His neighbor was well within his rights when he dug trenches and tunnels on his own land, intercepted the ground water on its slow way to the spring below and used it. Neither had owner number two reason to complain when the settler on land still higher repeated the trick and, by the same means, gathered the percolating water to his bosom, only to see it pass in turn into the hands of settler number four on the highest point of the slope down which the water seeped, bound for the spring. Within the city of Pasadena five water-tunnels were dried up successively, the same water changing hands five times before the owner of the highest land gained permanent possession of it.

Previous to the Katz-Walkinshaw decision the owners of the Cucamonga springs, in Southern California, had to stand by idly and watch the flow of their springs decrease from four hundred inches to four, the moisture, worth three hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars, traveling to the orange orchards of the neighboring town of Ontario instead of irrigating the Cucamonga vineyards as theretofore. At least, the Cucamongans presumed that their water was going to Ontario's ditches. For many years their springs had furnished a supply unvarying in seasons of drought or deluge, steady and regular, until the company handling Ontario's water bought a tract of land not far from the springs, bored wells and began to pump. Simultaneously the Cucamonga springs showed signs of declining health and never recuperated. A lawsuit followed, of course. Its trial lasted two months and a half, with a prospect of several years more of litigation before the inevitable appeals are disposed of. Ontario denied that its wells were carrying off the lost, strayed or stolen water of the Cucamongans and, as usual, armies of water experts and geologists were rushed to the front by both sides. Under the old rule concerning ground water the chance of saving the springs was slim. The new doctrine may help to restore them to their former vigor.

The Los Angeles River in the San Fernando Valley

The Alchemist of the San José

ALCHEMY is an ancient art whose votaries sought to line their pockets by converting, through mystic agencies, base metal into the stuff whereof legal tender is made. The modern disciples of alchemy in the irrigation country practice their magic spells upon water, trying to transmute the flow of rivers and creeks into percolating or ground water. The sale of running water is subject to many restrictions; in states where the riparian right blossoms its sale is almost impossible, since the flow of the streams is reserved for the use of riparian owners, for the land bordering upon the banks of the water courses. Ground water enjoys greater freedom. Its exchange for the coin of the realm is—or rather was hampered by no strict rules. Hence the numerous attempts to keep water from running and make it percolate.

A certain rancher on the banks of San José Creek, in California, saw the possibilities of water alchemy when many settlers on dry land away from the stream ineffectually offered large sums for irrigation water from the creek. He resolved to help them and at the same time put by a little nest-egg for himself. Close to the creek and parallel with it he built his laboratory for the transmutation of the water, a long and deep tunnel. Just as the alchemist had expected, water from the creek percolated into the tunnel until he had a flow of a hundred inches, water worth a hundred thousand dollars and sufficient to irrigate five hundred acres of non-riparian land. The rancher had struck a fortune and he might be looking over the 1910 line of airships today if the other riparian owners had not objected. They accused him of selling water running in the creek and belonging to them, of depriving them of their supply for the benefit of his purse. Righteously indignant the alchemist defied his accusers to point out one particle of running water in his tunnel. Every drop seeped, percolated, trickled or filtered into it without the merest suspicion of a running stream. [illegible] water he could do what he pleased.

The courts thought otherwise. They opined that there was a slight hitch in the process because the water of a creek remains [illegible] even if it be made to flow surreptitiously out of its proper bed. They reminded him that it made no difference whether he scooped sugar out of the top of the bag by the pound, or whether he put a pan under a wee trickle issuing from a

(Concluded on Page 31)

PHOTO. BY C. PIERCE & CO. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

In a Valley That Has Lost Possession of its Waters. Its Dry Acres Produce but an Intermittent Grain Crop Worth $8.00 an Acre

THE TRIALS OF TONY

His Last Chance—By Storer Clouston

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"I Always Has 'ad—'as Had, I Should Say—a Partiality for the Nobility"

BELIEVE me, sir, believe me, you do Tony an injustice!"

Lord Raymes looked dryly at the fervent advocate and then glanced at his son. Through the arch that separated the smoking-room from the billiard-room he could see Tony practicing losing hazards into the middle pocket.

"I am glad to find he still has an admirer left," he replied.

"Meanin' me?" said Algie eagerly. "Gad, sir, he has! I put a deuced high value on Tony."

"I'll let you have him for two-and-six, clothes and all," smiled Tony's parent.

Algie's pink face grew pinker and his voice sank to an impassioned murmur:

"Excuse me sayin' so, sir, but aren't you just a little too sarcastic about dear old Tony—sometimes, you know? Of course, I know you're fond of him ——"

"In a purely paternal way, I assure you," his host gently interposed.

"But look here: it's not his fault he hasn't ——"

"Brains?"

"Luck, I was goin' to say."

"Ah, it's want of luck he suffers from, is it?"

"Chiefly."

"It's a devilish nasty complaint, Algernon," said the old gentleman. "They sometimes have to bury people for it."

Algie's appeal grew the more earnest:

"But couldn't you do something for him? Excuse my pressing you, but he's my oldest pal, you know."

Lord Raymes looked at him curiously. He was as charming an old nobleman as you could wish to meet, but among his engaging qualities enthusiasm had never been conspicuous. Yet even he was affected by Algie's ardor.

"You are a remarkable young man, Algie," he observed. "For your sake I am almost tempted to give him another inning."

"I knew you'd be a sportsman ——"

Lord Raymes interrupted him with a sedative gesture.

"Tony!" he called, "come here."

Anthony laid down his cue and came into the smoking-room.

"Dear old Algie bin puttin' in his oar?" he inquired amiably.

"Trying to, dear Tony," said his friend.

"Any luck?"

Algie glanced at Lord Raymes.

"You've a dear, kind, sportin' guv'nor; that's what you have, Tony."

Tony smiled open approval upon his father.

"It don't need a very extra big check; what?" he remarked pleasantly.

"The size makes no difference whatever."

"Good man!" said Tony.

"Because," continued Lord Raymes, "I have no intention of giving you another penny."

The two young men could not restrain an exclamation of disapproval. Yet that they did not mean to be unduly severe appeared from the charitable tenor of Anthony's next observation: "I say, Father, you can't be feelin' fit."

"I am suffering from an attack of your own complaint, Tony."

"Mine—what's that?"

"Want of luck, I understand."

Tony appeared seriously concerned.

"Anythin' happened?"

"You have, Tony; that's all."

"Me! Not—er—badly, you don't mean; what?"

"Yes, Tony, a sharp attack. I have glanced through your bills."

His son smiled reassuringly.

"Oh, the bills are nothin'. That kind of fellow is used to waitin'. It's only the I. O. U.'s that you need settle."

"I shall not settle them," replied his parent.

"Not settle a debt of honor?"

Algie appeared as horrified as his friend.

"Surely, sir," he exclaimed, "that isn't final?"

"Final," Lord Raymes pronounced with emphasis.

The two young men looked at one another miserably, and then in a subdued voice Algernon asked:

"But what's dear old Tony goin' to do?"

For a moment a sudden animation burned in the old gentleman's eye, and in a voice that rang with decision he pronounced the one word:

"Marry!"

Tony showed no answering enthusiasm.

"You've suggested that before."

"I suggest it again."

"But, dash it, I've had a go at it. I've actually been engaged once."

"Twice, Tony," corrected his friend.

"Oh, twice; so it was. That's not bad."

His father smiled acidly.

"And I bought you out of it each time."

A triumphant smile burst through the gloom of Anthony's countenance.

"Now, you see! There's an instance of my bad luck!"

"Two instances," said Lord Raymes gently; "do yourself justice, my boy."

"As to marryin' heiresses," Tony continued, "I don't know how it is, but, somehow, I never seem to get 'em in the right kind of corner. When I catch their hands I seem to lose their attention, and when I catch their attention I seem to lose their hands. There's a trick in it, I suppose."

His parent regarded him inscrutably. When he spoke it was with the same air of bland finality:

"Well, my boy, since you suffer from this distressing weakness it is clear that we must find you a problem so simple that you can't muddle it, even if you try."

"It mustn't be a woman, then."

"It is a woman."

The young men exclaimed together:

"What? You know one?"

"One," said his lordship with emphasis; "your last chance, Tony."

"Who?"

With tantalizing deliberation Lord Raymes selected a fresh cigar. Then, with a faint smile on his thin, clean-shaven lips, he inquired in a casual way:

"Did you ever by any chance happen to observe one of my female domestics who answers to the name of Mary?"

The two young men exchanged significant glances.

"I—er—have noticed her," confessed Tony; "but—er—why not stick to what we were talkin' ——"

"She leaves tomorrow."

"But, I say," expostulated Tony, "I assure you there's nothin'; I've only just spoken to her once—or twice—or certainly only two or three times; you really needn't sack her!"

"I am not sacking her," said his father; "she is retiring to the front stairs. It seems that this Mary Dishett was the fortunate possessor of an uncle in the State of Minnesota. He has just died, leaving her three hundred thousand pounds."

"Three hundred thousand pounds!" exclaimed Algie in an awed voice.

"And I haven't an uncle worth sixpence!" cried Tony bitterly. "What about luck now? Who can blame me after this? It's simply luck; there's nothing else the matter that I can see. Just give me a chance like that!"

His father looked at him steadily.

"I give you this chance."

For a moment they gazed at him with wonder in their amiable blue eyes, until at length his meaning penetrated to their understandings.

"What!" cried Tony, turning very pink indeed, "you don't mean to say she was the girl you meant? You wouldn't actually let me marry Mary!"

"If the law of England gave me sufficient authority I should make you."

"But—but," stammered the unhappy young man—"but wouldn't it be morganatic?"

"Not if it took place in church."

Algie looked exceedingly serious.

"Honestly, sir, would you ask our Tony, our own dear Tony, to marry a servant?" he demanded.

"In the first place," replied Lord Raymes, "she will cease to be a servant tomorrow morning. In the second, she is a decidedly superior and sensible girl—in that respect, at least, as well equipped as our dear Tony. In the third, I see no possible alternative. I have always known that Tony belonged to the unemployable; I had begun to suspect that he belonged, also, to the unmarryable. But Providence has sent Mary, and by a chance too fortunate to be called mere accident, she has already found favor in his eyes. I suggest that he marry her."

His lordship was possessed of a singularly-dignified presence, and these words, uttered with extreme gravity, evidently impressed Algernon.

"By Jove, you know!" he murmured.

"But haven't you any family pride, Father?"

"No, Tony. Not enough to split."

"Tony," his friend cried suddenly, "I agree with Lord Raymes! You have no choice left. It's best, dear boy; it's best. She's a ripper. And three hundred thousand pounds! I envy you, Tony!"

The friend of his youth looked at him plaintively. They were two to one against him now, and he had always disliked being in the minority. One met such queer company in minorities: fellows with dashed ideas and other forms of bounder. In a melancholy voice he made his first concession:

"I don't mind goin' the length of tossin' you for her."

"Good sportsman and all the rest of it!" cried Algie in uncontrollable admiration; "but supposin' you lost. Who's to pay your I. O. U.'s then; what?"

"I see your point," murmured Anthony.

His father watched him with a comprehending eye.

"My boy," said he, "let me advise you to go and shut yourself up for half an hour and think it over quietly. Just keep repeating to yourself, 'Three hundred thousand pounds and a pretty girl thrown in, or a pickaxe on the Yukon,' and make up your mind which alternative you prefer. There is no third choice, remember."

"You won't give me even—er well, I don't ask for more than a thousand pounds?"

"I shall pay your passage to

"Who Says I Can't Do the Sportin' Thing if I Make Up My Mind and All the Rest of it; What?"

(Continued on Page 38)

THE HIGHWAYMEN

A Three-Cornered Fight for Peace, for Power, for War—and a Girl

By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

LIFTING his head from the table at which he sat in the little cabin that was his prison, Hayden Colbert had caught sight of the metal cylinder on the pigeon's leg and, half rising, had stretched his hand cautiously between the bars and dragged in the bird. He detached the cylinder, shut the pigeon in the drawer of the table, and took from the little metal case Alice Endicott's note to Detective McBirnie. At sight of the signature he uttered an astonished exclamation.

"Alice at Pinetop!"

Then, as the import of the note—with the appeal of its last repeated words, "Send help—send help!" grew clear to him, he leaped to his feet and strode excitedly to the door. But with his hand upon the knob he halted. He had forgotten that he was a prisoner.

He bit his lip and returned to the table. He took the pigeon from the drawer, refastened the message to its leg, and liberated it through the window.

The cabin in which he was confined was about twelve feet square and solidly constructed; its door was locked on the outside, its three small windows were guarded with iron bars. For the tenth time since he had been shut up Colbert tried these iron bars one by one, but found all firm. His glance coursed rapidly over walls and floor for some tool with which to force an exit—a file, axe, chisel, saw; but there were no tools in the cabin. The situation required deliberation. He sat down, crossed one leg of his oil-flecked riding-breeches over the other, and took a short pipe from the pocket of his flannel shirt. But the white flash of the match which he struck on the edge of the table brought him suddenly to his feet, for he recognized in it the tool for which he had been seeking.

The table went first; he overturned it with its four legs against the wall of the cabin farthest from the door. Into the space between the table-legs he piled fragments of his chairs and pieces of paper from the drawer of the table. Over all he poured the contents of his kerosene lamp. He lighted the pile and drew back under the window in the farthest wall.

The cabin caught quickly and filled rapidly with smoke. From the window Colbert saw Racicot rush from the stable door; then others, wildly shouting.

"The key! *Mon Dieu*, the key!" cried Racicot.

They turned one to another, but the key was not forthcoming.

A man dashed off to get it. The white face of Alice Endicott showed suddenly at a window in the west wing, and was the last sight seen by Colbert before the rapid spread of the flames drove him from his place. Stifled, choking, blinded, he crawled to the center of the cabin, away from the blazing walls. He had miscalculated; for he had expected that when they saw the cabin afire they would unlock the door, and he was ready when the door swung open to make a break for liberty; but the absence of the key had defeated his plan. Suddenly heavy blows sounded on the door, which they were trying to beat in with an improvised battering-ram. But by now the little cabin was a mass of flame, and as the door crashed inward they drew back dismayed. Then Henri Racicot seized suddenly a coat from the nearest man, wrapped it around his head, fell upon his knees and crawled through the blazing doorway; and Colbert's last realization before the eddying smoke stifled all sensation in him was of the Frenchman frantically grasping at his shoulders while the shaking ceiling cascaded sparks upon them.

He came to himself in the open air, a jargon of foreign tongues about him, as the bearded men bent over him. Through his lashes he saw Racicot on his knees at his side.

"He comes awake presently," the Frenchman assured them with a sigh of satisfaction.

Colbert tried his limbs stealthily and found them whole. His fingers closed on Racicot's revolver, and, as the Frenchman rose, it came away and remained in his hand. The group uttered a cry of warning, but in that instant Colbert had regained his feet, swept aside a burly German who blocked his way, and broke for the house.

"Shoot not! Shoot not, Bonnefoi!" screamed Racicot, throwing himself bodily on one of the men who had drawn a revolver, and he forced up the gun, which was discharged in the air.

Colbert reached the steps and halted, turned and swept his pursuers threateningly with his revolver, and brought them to a momentary stand; then he turned again, dashed into the house and locked the door behind him. The silent German woman alone blocked his way; he grasped her keys from the hand she put forth to check

"And Now, Monsieur, Since Your Parole is Terminate', the Pistol in Your Pocket, Please!"

him, and he drove open with his foot the door to the west wing and sped down the white-walled corridor toward the room at the end, where he had seen Alice Endicott.

"Alice! Alice!" he beat loudly upon her door in his excitement. "You are still here? I have come in time? It is I, Hayden."

"Hayden?" he heard her answering cry of relief.

"Yes; I was in the little house where your pigeon stopped, and I read your note."

"That was you, then, and—you sent the letter on?"

"Yes, of course. But you are safe, Alice? I can come in?"

"I am safe; but you, Hayden? Come, of course!" she cried, tugging at the doorknob. "But they have locked me in. I have no key!"

"I have it!" He shot the bolt, entered and relocked the door.

"You are burned!" She caught him as, scorched and blackened, he turned to her.

"Only my clothes." He put her off and glanced quickly about the apartment. "It was the only way I could get out. But you are here alone, Alice?" he pressed quickly. "Where is your father?"

"Oh, I don't know, Hayden! Racicot, who carried me off, would tell me only that he has him locked up. He said he had you locked up, too—and Roland is locked up and the German who got him, Eller. And Racicot will not let me see father until ——"

She stopped and shuddered. "Racicot wants me to love him, Hayden!"

"Then he has taken a fine way to make you do it. So Racicot carried you off?" Colbert's face darkened under its soot. "Yet Racicot has just saved my life at the risk of his own—twice saved it, from the fire and when one of the others was going to shoot. Heaven knows why he should risk his life for me, Alice! Knowing his plans, I should think—but here he comes now, and perhaps he will explain!"

He swung from the girl as the door he had locked at the end of the corridor crashed in, there came a rush of steps down the passage and a loud knock at the room door.

"Monsieur Colbert!"

"Yes, Racicot!"

"You are most clever, Monsieur Colbert, and have fooled every one—especially me, who face' death to go into the fire and get you. In return for which you steal my pistol. Is that American gratitude? But I would like well to know how you hope to profit by it?"

"I can discuss gratitude, Racicot, after Miss Endicott is safe," Colbert returned; "and about that we will negotiate."

"Negotiate? No! I will break down the door, Monsieur Colbert - unless you surrender!"

Colbert pushed to one corner the girl, who had come beside him, and, turning the cylinder of the revolver, found the chambers full.

"I'll have three shots through the door while you're breaking it down, and three after it has fallen, Racicot. Think it over!" he called back coolly.

"That is true," the Frenchman admitted after an instant's hesitation. "Well—of negotiation, then! What must I give, Monsieur Colbert?"

"First," Colbert glanced at the girl, "Miss Endicott is to be taken at once to her father. Second, I'm to keep the revolver. Third, I'm to be lodged where I can stand guard over Mr. Endicott and Miss Endicott. That's all!"

"*Eh, bien!*—and in return?" the Frenchman queried.

"In return," Colbert replied, "I give you my word not to try to escape or to interfere in what you are doing, as long as she is safe, and to use the revolver only in defense of Mr. Endicott and his daughter or—myself."

"You must give me the revolver, Monsieur Colbert."

"You know you can trust me," Colbert objected. "You know I cannot trust you!"

"Ah, well!" the Frenchman said after a considerable pause. "It is my fault always to be too generous. I accept your terms. I leave you your arms and liberty, Monsieur Colbert, upon the promise to employ both in the protection of mademoiselle, and not to interfere with me as long as you are safe." He spoke hastily in French to his comrades. "Open now, monsieur," he called back to Colbert, "and follow with mademoiselle to Monsieur Endicott, the Secretary of War, her father!"

Colbert unlocked the door, revolver in hand, and stepped out into the corridor. The Frenchman, true to his word, had already retreated a little down the passage with his foreign allies, and now returned alone to take the Americans to the other wing of the house.

"I *am* grateful to you, Racicot," Colbert pocketed the pistol and held out his hand, "for saving my life at that risk. I want you to know it; but will you satisfy a perhaps pardonable curiosity as to why you did it?"

"It requires not gratitude, Monsieur Colbert!" Racicot grinned and shrugged his shoulders, eying Alice, who had followed Colbert out into the hall. "Recall the first Napoleon, who loved not his own brothers, but who preserved Fouché, who plotted against him. Now, for the same reason that the first Napoleon spared Fouché, his minister of police, I have preserve' you."

"What was that reason, Racicot?" Colbert inquired, half smothering a smile as he followed down the corridor.

"Because he had need of him." The Frenchman dismissed the matter with an airy flourish. "But enter now, mademoiselle!" He unlocked and threw open a door before which a silent foreigner had been standing guard; "enter and find your father!"

Colbert appreciated at once that the long, low, heavy-paneled English breakfast-room into which the Frenchman ushered them had been turned into a temporary prison. The high, narrow, leaded windows, which in the ordinary state would scarcely have permitted a man's body to squeeze through, had been hastily secured on the outside by the nailing across of thick wood slats; and outside the windows a companion to the silent guard in the hall was tramping to and fro. All this Colbert's mind took in mechanically; for the whole of his conscious attention was centered upon the three men at a table, surprised by the hasty opening of the door, at their mid-morning meal.

The one nearest the door, he saw at once, was Travis; the second the German, Eller; the third—and though he sat facing the door Colbert scarcely recognized him as the man he had called upon in Washington five days before—was the American Secretary of War.

"What? Alice! You here!" Travis leaped to his feet, bewildered at the sight of the group in the door. But the girl, as Racicot stood out of her way, sped past him and threw her arms about her father. The bearded German, napkin in hand, stood a moment, then reseated himself and stolidly resumed his eating.

"Alice!" Travis cried. "What are you doing here? How did you get here? This, I suppose"—he swung

bitterly now upon Colbert—"is some more of your work!"

"My work? No; Racicot brought her here last night," Colbert returned brusquely, replying as much to the father's glance as to Travis' direct challenge. "And, Mr. Endicott, I hope they told you—or that you could understand it, at least—that immediately after locking you here they locked me up, too, and that I have had no part in this plot against you. I came for you that night and brought you here, as I then told you, believing that—unless you could persuade or prevent them—these foreigners would make off at once to Europe with my machines to sell them for war purposes to the highest bidder. When Racicot betrayed me and seized the machine himself to wage world war, holding you here for ransom to provide funds for his project, I hope I do not have to assure you that I had as little part in that as in bringing Alice here!"

"Racicot himself boasted to me," the Secretary answered over the shoulder of the girl clinging to him, "that he had locked you up."

"And I gave Racicot the opportunity which he used to carry me off," Alice Endicott defended, "because he told me in a letter that you, Father, were in danger!"

"In danger?" The Secretary faced the Frenchman.

"It was a decoy only, monsieur," Racicot shrugged with upheld palms deprecatingly. "Believe me, it would desolate me if harm happen' Monsieur Endicott; so I have endanger' you only in my note for the pleasure of Mademoiselle Alice's presence!"

"Racicot, you are a scoundrel!"

"It may be, monsieur; but I will have much company among the great ones. Is it because I carried off Mademoiselle Alice that I am a scoundrel? All goes in love and —pouf! it is too old a saying! Or is it because I ask a ransom? Monsieur Endicott, my negotiations go not rapidly enough with your Government; would it not be well if you, in your own name, send them a message asking that the ransom be paid?"

"Never!" cried the Secretary of War promptly.

"Perhaps Monsieur Endicott does not appreciate the need of his presence in Washington. Let me tell, then: I, like other Governments, have in Washington my representative—not recognized, it is true, by the American Government, but very useful for all that; for he sends me messages—the Italian, Caviale. I will tell you the message he sent this morning: Yesterday, in the German Reichstag a test vote was taken. It was on some matter unimportant, *insignificant*—it concerned, if I recall, farm lands—but, the German Government having introduce' the measure, it serve' to test the popularity of the Government. The vote is—how do you say?—overwhelming; never has the German Government been so popular as now, when it has almost forced England into war. And it is expect' now everywhere—in Europe, in America, in Asia—that tomorrow or the next day Germany will declare war upon England."

"Racicot! Racicot!" a cry arose suddenly without.

"It is Bonnefoi!" the Frenchman interrupted himself. "Think well, Monsieur Endicott, whether you will not send that message to your Government advising them to pay the ransom!" He saluted them hastily and went out. Through the leaded, barred windows Colbert watched him curiously, running after Bonnefoi up the rocky path that led, he knew, toward the "wireless" tower. Then the young American swung back to the girl and her father.

"My personal danger in this is nothing, I suppose you understand," the Secretary of War said to him sternly, "compared to the national peril—I might better say, international peril to peace, Colbert, which my absence from Washington involves at this crisis. I can pardon freely and gladly, Hayden," he tried to add more kindly, "all the personal indignities. But I cannot acquit you, as the President cannot acquit me, of the public results of my detention here. Today my note in reply to the German-English dispute was to be made public!"

"A pretty mess you have got me into, too, Hayden!" Travis turned fiercely upon Colbert also.

"I got you into a mess, Travis?" Colbert shot back to him, clenching his fist.

"Yes, you!" Travis returned even more hotly, while the German beside him arose again and stood as though on the watch for a physical encounter; but the young millionaire turned to the Secretary of War. "I have spent the last three years and more than eight hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Endicott, in experiments and in assembling to work together all the men from all countries who have had part in the development of flying machines. I engage Bonnefoi, who assisted Wright in France; Meldazis, who was one of Santos Dumont's assistants; Eller, here, of Berlin; Pocrass; Loderbauer; Caviale; Racicot; and—I hire and pay him, too—you, Colbert. And I keep you all working together under my pay until at last I take the aeroplane out of the class of proving-ground experiments and the flying machine, made by my money, is as safe as the railroad, simpler than the automobile, and faster and good for better distances than either; and then you ——"

"*You* take the aeroplane out of the experimental class!" Colbert burst in upon him. "I beg your pardon, Alice—Mr. Endicott," he cried. "But you, Travis—ah, yes, I grant," he conceded, "that the machines were made by your money; but by whose ideas and designs?"

"By whose?" Travis took him back again as bitterly. "By the ideas and designs of you all together—you with the rest—I included you!"

"No; not with the rest, as you very well know, Travis!" Colbert returned. "Rather against all the rest and in spite of their ideas; the ideas which I alone represented made these machines possible."

"You? And what were you? You were broke when the New Netherlands Trust busted! You didn't know where your next meal was coming from! I took you out of the gutter ——"

"You got your money's worth, wherever you took me from! If it were not so, or if any of the others or all of them together were promising practical results, why did you pack them all over here after me when I decided to finish the work this side of the water? When Caviale wanted the final work to be done outside of Rome, when Racicot wanted it brought nearer Paris, and your own Eller wanted the first perfected machine to be tried over the parade grounds about Berlin—why did you move your foreigners after me when I said I would turn out the finished machine near no capital but Washington? Because you knew that the automatic control—which I was able to perfect—was the essential secret of keeping the aeroplane balanced in the air, and that the internal-combustion fuel—my secret formula—was the only thing which could keep the motors running steadily without missing or heating and keep the machines safely in the air over long distances. I demanded to finish the work near Washington, as I began it in Alsace, under the distinct understanding that the aeroplane—if we perfected it—would be given to no Government before our own!"

"I appreciate all that, Colbert!" Travis put in hastily, flushing strangely. "But, having given in to you as you have wanted things, it only makes it worse for you for letting this crazy Frenchman get it away from you and make monkeys of us all!"

"I would a hundred times rather have it *stolen* than *sold* from me, Travis!"

"Its Terrible Power Must be Confined to a Safe Hand, and There is None Safer Than That of the United States"

"Why do you look at me when you say that, Colbert?"

"Do you dare to ask an explanation? Mr. Endicott"—Colbert turned to make his reply to the Secretary of War—"you remember, five days ago when I came for you, I told you how—when I saw that my fuel formula held the secret of the really successful flying machine—I kept it a secret to myself. I told you that night how the German, Eller, had stolen that secret from me and Racicot had taken it again from him, and that only by at once preventing these men from taking that secret abroad could the aeroplane be saved! I told you that the formula was stolen by Eller from the safe, in some inexplicable way; for I did not know then, as I have found out since I have been locked up here, that Eller was all the time the secret confidant and merely the agent for Travis; that at the same time Travis gave me the keys to the strong-boxes here—in which to keep my secrets—he gave duplicates—as I know now—to Eller to steal them and take them to sell to Germany! And but for Racicot capturing Eller with them and locking him up here they would surely be so sold today!"

"To sell to Germany!" Alice Endicott was the first to cry out as Colbert swung back to face the man against whom he raised this charge. "Oh, Roland, can it be true—you meant to—to sell the machines to Germany—for war?"

"Only such a fool as Colbert would think it," Travis denied indignantly. "But if you mean, did I mean to give the aeroplane to the Government that would use it for real power and give to me part of the power which comes from it—to Germany? Yes. Why should I, Alice, give this to the raw United States? Fulton gave it his steamship; and what honor did this Government do him? Morse gave it the telegraph; and what power or position did this Government give him? Ericsson gave the United States the Monitor and turret and—when he died they returned his body to Sweden. Even the Wrights, when they were the first to fly even for a few moments, had to go abroad for their real reward and recognition. Did you think, Alice, when I told you last fall of the power and position I meant to win for you from my work I was crazy enough to think this ungrateful republic would ever give us either, no matter what I gave them? No; but I have both already promised for us in Germany, where, if it interests you"—he swung now in prouder defiance from the girl to the others—"I have put the Government in possession of the working models and every principle of my aeroplane, except those which my employee, Colbert, has kept secret not only from his fellow-workmen but dishonestly kept from me, also!"

"I knew"—Colbert clenched his hands—"that up to the time we left Alsace you had kept the German Government informed of what we were doing; but I did not know, though I took the precaution of transferring the work to America and of keeping secret the most important part of what I had discovered—I did not know, until I discovered that Eller was your agent, that, in spite of our original agreement and your repeated promises to me, you were continuing to furnish information to Germany!"

"Germany is a goot country," Eller put in phlegmatically.

"There is no difference, ethically," Travis asserted, "between giving the aeroplane to Germany or to the United States; and I did not know," his lip curled contemptuously, "when I got Colbert into this affair, that he was such a patriot."

"Patriot? Call it patriotism, if you wish, but it is not blind patriotism! Mr. Endicott!"—Colbert swung again to the Secretary of War—"you, as American delegate more than once to the Peace Conference at The Hague, know that ninety per cent of the claims arbitrated there concern, as at least one party to the dispute, the English-speaking nations. Most of all, the people of the United States stand for the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration. They stand for peace; while the peoples of continental Europe are still unable to shake themselves free of the ever-present idea of an appeal to war, which their huge standing armies indicate. I am not willing, Mr. Endicott—yes, I would go to any lengths to prevent the aeroplane which my ideas have made perfect from becoming the war engine that it must become in European hands. No, no!" he stretched out his arms toward the Secretary passionately, "it must put an end to the struggles of the nations, not serve to make them

still more horrible! Its terrible power must be confined to a safe hand, and there is none safer than that of the United States—this broad land in which the immigrant men of Europe have laid aside their Old World hates and ancient rancors to build together a nation whose ideal is peace and whose conquests are social, commercial and pacific!"

"I appreciate your position, Colbert," the Secretary of War answered with quick sympathy.

"And I, too, Hayden!" the girl cried, turning on the young American a shining face. "Your ideas are true and beautiful—are they not, Father?"

But the American Secretary of War was pacing the room nervously now, his high-bred, kindly face drawn and white with a fuller realization of his responsibilities and the terrible consciousness that—due to his detention—his Government must be acting through one of the most critical international complications of its history without knowledge of the circumstances.

"That accounts for everything!" He turned back to them almost terribly. "Germany has stopped its other war preparations, of course, to devote all its armories to making these engines of war, so dreadful that a single one could destroy a hostile capital. It lacks only the secrets Colbert has retained to make it the invincible war lord of Europe, of the world—and it is in hourly expectation of receiving these from Travis!" He whitened at the realization and—disregarding Travis as though he were not present—he caught Colbert's arm. "Racicot was right! I must get back to Washington at once—in any way—at any cost, Colbert!" he cried tensely.

He had swung back to the window and, in excitement, was gazing out through the slats over the Virginia mountains toward Washington. Suddenly, with a swift shudder of hope, his fingers bore deeper into the young man's arm.

"Look!" He pointed to the now unsentineled space beneath the window. "Pocrass, the Pole, who was set to guard us, is gone. See, there is some excitement in the wireless tower, and he has gone there after Racicot. Without him here," the Secretary put his hand upon the back of a heavy chair and caught it toward him, "we can beat out these slats and escape! And once out," his eyes caught the pistol in Colbert's pocket, "you are armed! Somehow you can stop them—hold them back so that I can get to Washington! Quick—quick!" The Secretary himself had picked up the chair as he spoke and crashed it through the window.

The leads and glass burst out in flying fragments; but the square legs of the chair bruised themselves, scarcely shaking the beams that barred the opening. Again he raised the chair and beat it through the wrecked window, with only the same effect.

"Here, Hayden!"—with tingling hands he thrust the heavy chair toward the young man—"strike now—strike! You have the strength!"

"And break the way for the two behind us to escape and communicate with Berlin while you are getting to Washington?" Colbert caught the elder man in his grasp. "What gain would it be to get your information to Washington if at the same time Travis could send Berlin the last secret of the machines? Besides, I am on parole," he confessed, "neither to try to escape nor aid you in escaping. It is the only way I could protect Alice."

"You mean you cannot help me? Quickly—quickly, Hayden! What else can we do? In another moment our chance must be gone. Oh, see!" he sank back hopelessly, "they send another guard already!" He pointed out the window to a man with a gun who was coming on the run to replace Pocrass.

"Loderbauer! It is Loderbauer! Py Gott! and all the rest are away!" Eller, the German, sprang suddenly toward the window, but Travis pulled him back.

"It is the Spaniard—Meldazis, you fool!" Travis checked his ally angrily.

"So Loderbauer, being a German, is also on your side—secretly, Travis?" Colbert searched their faces with a quick glance. "I might have guessed; and it is worth while to know that! But, Mr. Endicott, since it is the Spaniard and not Loderbauer who is coming, perhaps we can do something yet! Racicot asked you half an hour ago to send a message to Washington. If you will write to the President a warning of what you have learned here perhaps Racicot, in his eagerness for the ransom, may be prevailed upon to send it, if only as an evidence to the Government that he holds you here. At least, I can urge him to send it without breaking my parole."

"Your parole, señor?" The Spaniard outside echoed the word as he stuck his rifle through the window. "Is it in this way you keep your parole?—breaking windows, trying to escape!"

"You are wrong, Meldazis," Colbert answered curtly. "I did not break the window; and I have just prevailed upon Mr. Endicott to send a message to Washington, as Racicot asked him to this morning."

"Ah! The message!" The Spaniard's face lighted eagerly. "Racicot will be glad to get that message. Give it to me through the window."

"We must see Racicot first."

"He is busy in the wireless tower. I will take the Secretary Endicott to him with the message."

"And leave his daughter here—without him? It is impossible, Meldazis."

"How then?" asked the Spaniard, frowning. "Come! Arrange it!"

"Mr. Endicott will give me the message, and I will go with you to Racicot. Write, Mr. Endicott, write at once." Colbert spun quickly back to the Secretary, who took a pencil from his pocket and wrote speedily upon the back of an envelope.

"*Muchas gracias*, Señor Colbert." The Spaniard examined carefully the condition of the window-bars, and made for the door of the hallway leading to the room.

"Even if Racicot will not send the message," Colbert stepped to Alice's side and whispered rapidly, "it will gain time. Before now your pigeon—which I have not forgotten—must have reached Washington, and help must be on the way. Tell your father that when you get a chance."

The girl raised her eyes steadily to his and nodded. He touched her hand for the fraction of an instant, then turned; but Travis, who had stood back unwillingly while Colbert was speaking to the girl, now came forward boldly as Endicott handed him the paper.

"I must see that message, Colbert!" he commanded tensely. "This is no personal matter of Mr. Endicott's or Alice's; it is political—and it concerns me! You won't? Then I must take it! Eller!" he called the burly German to his aid as he sprang toward Colbert.

But while Endicott, at the same moment that the German leaped forward, moved toward the belligerents, too, the Spaniard shot back the bolts of the door and, entering, pushed his rifle-barrel between the men. He parted them with an astonished succession of oaths, dragged Colbert not unwillingly from the room, and hastened to bolt and secure the door, at the other side of which Travis and his ally beat loudly.

"So, señor, you are not the happy family in your captivity, I see!" the Spaniard panted. "I must return quickly—quickly, señor!" He pointed Colbert down the corridor, dashed open the outer door and hurried him up the rocky path to the wireless tower, where Racicot and two of the other confederates had disappeared.

The three men within, as Colbert made out even before they came to the steps leading up to the operating-room of the tower, were engaged in angry discussion. As the Spaniard pushed his prisoner into the room, trying to make his explanation heard over the recriminations of the others, all three—Racicot, Bonnefoi and Pocrass, the giant Pole—whirled to them with faces distorted by the rage and disappointment each had been trying to unload upon the other.

"What! again I see you, Monsieur Colbert!" Racicot, the first to turn, screamed with exasperation. "I sicken at the sight of you. You have break your parole!"

"No; he comes with the message from Endicott to his Government," Meldazis interposed.

"To his Government? Pouf! to the devil with such Government! Of what use is the message now?" the Frenchman shrieked. "But let us see!" He seized the message, scanned it with bloodshot eyes, tore it across, crumpled it in his hand and hurled it from him. "As I thought, words only—words—words! *Diable! Sacré!*" He seized Colbert by the arm. "Figure to yourself. By courage I obtain to your Secretary of War. Who but I could have done it? Therefore, I ask a ransom one million dollars—one little, insignificant million! What is that to so great a country?—a bagatelle! On my word, I had thought first to ask fifty million! Yesterday, the day before—even earlier this morning, they were ready enough to consider and question of it. But now, all at once, they have thrown over—refuse' all by wireless message! Monsieur Endicott is so quickly worth nothing to the American Government that they will send not one cent now for their Secretary of War!"

"Not one cent to us now, Racicot!" the giant Pocrass sneered bitterly, "but many soldiers since you have so fool and betray us!"

"Betray, Pocrass?"

"Betray; *exactement!*" Bonnefoi, at the wireless key, now sprang up to reënforce Pocrass excitedly. "It is from your expedition for the daughter Endicott that we are discover'! What a fool! She comes, he have boasted, for love of him; but it was to betray him and discover us that she come! For, as we have just heard from Caviale, at this instant trains full of soldiers make for us here, summoned by a *pigeon voyageur* which she carried and loosed! *Sot!*" The Pole also clenched his fists angrily.

"It cannot be so!" Racicot denied hotly; but as Bonnefoi continued to point to the recording tape of the wireless instrument, with its communication from Caviale, he swung in apparent appeal to Colbert.

"Tell me, monsieur," he demanded, "is it true that mademoiselle came carrying a pigeon to loose upon arrival and betray me?"

"The bird was loosed at seven o'clock this morning," Colbert replied. "As it is now well after ten," he led their eyes to the clock, "it is time the soldiers would be starting in answer to its summons."

Meldazis and the other two glanced swiftly at each other; but, before their eyes could catch the glint of a new leader or a plan, Racicot astounded them.

"Felicitate me! What a woman to win with an empire!" His instantaneous delight aroused their admiration against their will. "What a one to hold with us the capitals of the world under the ransom of the aeroplane! Meldazis, Pocrass, Bonnefoi! you have forgot yourselves for a moment. We have, at the smallest, two hours before troops can reach us," he clapped them on the chests with a self-confidence which carried no conviction to Colbert, though it impressed the others. "With our two aeroplanes can we not in two hours be two hundred miles from here if we wish it?"

"With two aeroplanes, each carrying three, six can go," Bonnefoi assented pointedly.

"Is it that we four shall not be among those six?" Racicot completed his audacity. "Come, messieurs, to your places!" He threw open the door before they could protest, and dismissed them in a body.

"So, Racicot"—Colbert watched the three at the foot

(Continued on Page 49)

"So Great That No Man Has the Mind to Grasp the Thought of it Except Napoleon and Me!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG U S PAT OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 23, 1909

The News of the Day

THERE were newspapers in New York a hundred years ago. No doubt they were as anxious to report the important happenings of the day as are their modern successors. But, among all the Hudson-Fulton reminiscences, none is more significant than this: only one New York paper mentioned the departure of Fulton's steam-propelled boat up the river, and that one gave less than a dozen lines to the affair. The alert city editor of 1809 evidently regarded steam navigation as a sort of mildly amusing minor show, somewhat as we regard a monkey riding a bicycle.

Just now, of course, a really dramatic mechanical invention would get a scarehead on the front page. Witness the amount of choice space devoted this year to the aeroplane and dirigible balloon. Not necessarily that we are wiser; but the emphasis falls on a different place. Taught by a century of experience every one knows that things of high moment to man may come out of a new machine or the improvement of an old one. Two or three hours clipped from the trans-Atlantic record is live news.

Yet the thing they will be celebrating in 2009 may have happened yesterday with the most cursory notice or no notice at all. Who knows? No doubt the dramatic critic of about 1600 would have reported that Hamlet bade fair to take its place among the tolerably popular plays of the year.

Who knows? Be serious over questions of the hour, by all means; but never too serious.

Picking Out a Mayor

IF, FOR example, the presidency of the Pennsylvania Railroad was vacant, we don't suppose the stockholders would be asked to elect any candidate on the ground that he was a man of fine Christian character who never stole a dollar in his life and always told the truth in important matters. The fact that a candidate had a good record as an educator, or even as an editor, would hardly strike the stockholders as relevant. They would, naturally, like to know what the candidate's experience and reputation were with special reference to the particular job in hand.

That is exactly what, when it comes to choosing their chief executive, the electors of a big city can seldom know. New York spends a hundred and eighty millions a year—about as much as the Pennsylvania Railroad system. In the main, the administration will serve the people well or ill accordingly as it spends this money well or ill. To spend it well requires high executive ability and particular knowledge which no man can acquire without much special study and experience.

One candidate for mayor is a banker; the other is a lawyer. We may give both the highest praise for integrity and good intentions, and yet say that both are unknown quantities with reference to this special job of running a big city.

The essentially untried candidate is, practically, a standing condition in large American towns. Often, of course, a tried candidate—one whose special fitness for the mayoralty can be judged by his own record offers himself. And it is a melancholy commentary upon the sort of men we often choose that about two times out of three, when the people know by experience how a man will run the city, they know they don't want him to do it again. This country really needs a class of professional city politicians—partly for the purpose of superseding the class, going by the same name, which it has long had.

An Old Railroad Puzzle

IN MISSOURI the act prescribing two cents a mile as the maximum passenger rate has been set aside. Suits attacking the two-cent acts in Kansas and Oklahoma are pending. Speaking of this the Santa Fe, in its recent annual report, says: "There is no railroad in the West the passenger traffic of which approximates paying its proper share of the operating expenses and fixed charges of the road, even on a maximum rate of three cents a mile, and this can be conclusively shown to the satisfaction of the courts."

We feel bound to accept this as an authoritative statement. Western roads generally derive about a quarter of their total revenue from passengers. That is the condition on the Santa Fe, and, as its average rate is but little over two cents a mile, it must be doing an important part of its total business at an unreasonably small profit. Authoritatively, also, the statement has been made that the roads derive little or no profit from hauling mail; and we do not at the moment recall a case in which a particular freight rate was attacked where the roads have not been able to show that such rate was, at most, only moderately profitable.

In short, every particular service that the railroads perform, when considered separately, seems to yield no profit at all, or an unjustly small profit. Yet, in the mass, these various services yield a quite handsome profit. The Santa Fe, for example, after paying expenses and charges and five per cent on its preferred stock, had a surplus equal to twelve per cent on its common stock—in a fiscal year half of which fell in a period of trade depression.

It undoubtedly would be a great comfort if some expert would point out where the roads make their money. They certainly do make money, yet if you accuse them of making it here or there they can always show that you are mistaken.

Tariffs and Turnpikes

TIME was when the making of good country roads was vigorously opposed. Farmers near town said they would lose all the advantages of their position if turnpikes were built to remoter districts, for farmers who lived far away—even twenty or thirty miles—could then bring their produce to town easily and cheaply, thereby taking the market away from the near-by ones to whom it naturally belonged, or forcing them to compete for the market.

That, as every one will recognize, is a good, solid, high-protection argument. Probably the near-by farmers ornamented it with reference to the pauper labor of the remoter districts and insisted that the town's true interest lay in building up trade with its immediate neighborhood. This turnpike controversy happened long ago—even long before the publication of The Wealth of Nations, in which the intimate relationship between monopoly and extortion was so convincingly exposed. And the singular thing is that in that simple, comparatively benighted day the town people detected the fallacy of the argument and rejected it. They insisted on building the turnpikes. They wanted the farmers who lived as much as twenty miles away to bring in their produce easily and cheaply—actually knowing, in spite of their general economic ignorance, that their interest, both as buyers and as sellers, lay in having many farmers come to market rather than few.

President Taft thinks the new tariff act extends our international turnpike as much as ten or twelve rods which, counting from the date of the Dingley Bill, would be at the rate of a rod a year. But other surveyors say the road is actually several miles shorter than it was before.

A Working-Woman's Case

WE MENTIONED, not long ago, that some Illinois manufacturers proposed to fight the new law which limits the work of factory women to ten hours a day. They have had their way. A circuit judge has declared the act unconstitutional, thereby suspending a regulation which the United States Supreme Court described as "largely for the benefit of all."

A woman employed in a box factory joined her employer in the complaint upon which the judge acted. She set forth that she had worked in the same factory thirty-two consecutive years, ever since she was thirteen years old; that she was one of the most skillful hands in her department; that she worked overtime three days a week, and, during the busy season, up to nine at night; that she would be unable to support herself if her labor were restricted to ten hours a day.

All of this testimony enjoys, inferentially, the cordial indorsement of her employer.

Presumably, the box factory does not make extraordinary profits. Its competitors, no doubt, work their women until nine o'clock, so that one factory has no advantage over the others, and is no better off than it would be if all of them adopted a ten-hour day. The public, perhaps, gets its boxes a trifle cheaper—and pays at the other end by that physical deterioration of its overworked women to which the Supreme Court referred. When a skillful woman in the prime of life, with thirty-two years' continuous experience, cannot support herself except by working overtime, it is high time for a ten-hour law.

A Chance to Get Off the Earth

AEROPLANES are at last beginning to come within the reach of all. Advertisements of them, addressed to the public at large, have already appeared. Shortly, no doubt, a man will be able to provide himself with a flying machine as easily as with a buggy or a phonograph. He will simply look over the current week's offerings, and drop a check to the maker who appeals most forcibly to his taste.

Therefrom a very comforting thought may be derived. So many important inventions, that ought to benefit everybody, have been hogged in one degree or another. The cotton gin, we know, prolonged and intensified chattel slavery. The rise of machine industry brought abominable child-labor abuses. Even that pleasant invention, the automobile, was seized upon by speed maniacs and road hogs. At every extension of human power some people have insisted upon getting all four feet into the new trough.

What a splendid field for undiluted egotism the flying machine will offer! There is nothing in the way up there. We have always had misgivings about Herr Nietzsche's celebrated Superman. On a habited earth his selfishness was bound to be inconvenient to others. Provided with a biplane and careering at his own sweet will through interstellar space we think he would be quite admirable.

Gilding and Comfort

IN THE informal prospectus of a hotel, not situated in New York, we notice, with pain, the following: "If a person can pay fifty dollars a day for a suite of rooms, we believe he can pay twenty dollars a cover for a dinner served on gold plates by gold-braided waiters in a special dining-room."

This represents high-water mark of the great error that what people want in a hotel is gilt rather than comfort. It is the farthest extension of the deplorable idea that, if the dining-room frescos, the china and the waiters are sufficiently elaborate, it doesn't much matter how indifferent the food is; that, if the office and parlors are truly nobby, no guest will object to paying four dollars a day for a cubby just large enough to put a bed, bureau and chair in, with an unventilated bandbox bath into which he can project only one leg at a time.

Generally speaking, some of the best hotels in this country are found in towns containing from one thousand up to a hundred thousand inhabitants, the cost of living therein ranging from a dollar and a quarter to five dollars a day. Such hotels, in order to succeed, are obliged to make their patrons comfortable and give them good food. In more populous centers there seems to be always a gambler's chance of running a bunco game in the way of attracting innocent patrons by the simple expedient of charging high prices and letting them discover by experience how much they are paying simply for the privilege of paying.

The Bull and the Farmer

WHEAT advanced fourteen cents a bushel in about as many minutes at Chicago the other day, selling up to a dollar and twenty cents. But the next day it sold below a dollar. Oats at the same time sold up to fifty cents a bushel, and the next day at thirty-eight cents. This carries its own commentary upon the stock argument that speculation tends to make an equable price, preventing violent fluctuations.

Almost coincidentally Mr. Patten was stating his opinion that this year's cotton crop would sell at seventeen cents a pound—nearly double the price at which it sold a year ago, and much higher than any price which has been long maintained in recent years. The crop is admittedly small, the demand large, and Mr. Patten's opinion is entitled to respectful consideration—especially on the part of gentlemen who happen to be "short" of a commodity which he is bulling. Such a price would put money into the pockets of the growers and of the Cotton Exchange bulls; but the former are obliged to stay with the cotton market one year after another, while the latter are under no such necessity.

In 1903 a short crop and speculation put the price unusually high. In 1904 growers raised one-third more cotton than in 1903, but the total money value of the crop, according to the Department of Agriculture, was actually smaller.

The bull will cheerfully share the farmer's feasts, but he lets the farmer have the famines all to himself.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Smiling Sphinx

SOMETIMES words are invented to fit men; and then again, men seem made to fit words. Occasionally it goes both ways—only occasionally; but I know one case where it is like the paper on the wall. The man is Judge Robert Scott Lovett, the new head of the Harriman railroads; and the word is, suave.

The Judge fits the word, and the word fits the Judge. It is a fine combination. Mayhap, those language sharps who reached over into the Latin and the Spanish and the Portuguese and abstracted suave for our gnarled and knotty language did not have Judge Lovett in mind as the human symbol for their addition to the speech, but if not they didn't know their business. The Judge is suave to a suasive suaveness—likewise bland as blandurilla.

Moreover, when it comes to saying nothing and sawing wood the Judge has most of his compeers splitting and piling for him. He surely is a polite and smiling sphinx. He has nothing to say on almost every topic connected with his business, and he says it with a most ingratiating smile and such an air of polite finality that, having asked much and heard nothing, you fall into the spell of it and wonder why it is so many other captains of industry go around blabbing their heads off, as many of them do, provided there are any engineers of publicity within blabbing distance.

Until a few years before his death Mr. Harriman was silent, but not noticeably suave about it. Then, suddenly, so far as communication with the public is concerned, he became the most responsive of men. He mellowed, so to speak, and, when the mood was on him, threw the net over any reporter who happened his way and talked epigrams to him until it was time to go to press. Although he never said so, the explanation of this change was that Mr. Harriman decided it was just as well to have his side of the story put into the papers now and again as it was to sit back in haughty seclusion and let the other fellows get in all the licks. Anyhow, to interview Mr. Harriman, which in former years had been one of the hardest things, in recent years became one of the easiest.

During these years of free communication Judge Lovett was closest to and most admired by Mr. Harriman. He was his chief adviser, his first-chop legal representative and the repository of his gigantic plans. He traveled a good deal with Harriman, planned and executed for him; but no person ever heard Judge Lovett say anything about what was going on. He would talk charmingly and with a wonderful breadth of information about literature, art, Nature, even politics; but the only railroad utterance that seeped out of him was a genial, but somehow conclusive "As to that I have nothing to say."

Now that Mr. Harriman is dead and Judge Lovett is chairman of the Union Pacific board and of the Southern Pacific board and Harriman's successor—so far as any one man can be—we may look for another nothing-to-say era, but it will not be a nothing-to-say era with a grouch. It will be the politest, suavest—see how well that word chimes in?—most affable, but most uncommunicative era you can imagine. Suave, but silent—understand?

Early Days in Texas

LOVETT is a Texan. He was born in San Jacinto in 1860, and ever since he began to work, which was pretty early in his life, he has been in the railroad business. He is a railroad lawyer, but, also, he knows the other side of railroading, for he has helped build and has helped operate. His father was a farmer, and young Lovett worked on the farm, and worked hard, too. All home plans were laid to make him a doctor, but he wanted to be a lawyer. When he was fifteen, still persisting in his determination and even then studying at night, he found he and his father never would agree, so he went to a neighboring farm and hired out.

Presently they began building the Houston East and West Texas Railroad through the country where Lovett was laboring on the farm. There was plenty of work, and the men on the farms found they could get better pay working for the road than they could from the farmers, so they applied for jobs and got them. Young Lovett asked for a job. They gave him a grub-axe and set him to digging up stumps and stones and helping with the preliminary grading. He was a husky young chap and soon joined the tie gang, cutting ties. After that he went on the higher grade work of helping with the final preparation of the roadbed.

He saved his money and went to Houston for a year in the Houston High School. All the time he kept at his law books. When his savings were gone he went back to his own country and got a job as clerk in the general store of a man named Smith at Shepherd. His pay was ten dollars a month and board. His principal work was to drive down after the freight that came for the store on the new railroad, the Houston East and West Texas. Finally, he was made station agent at Shepherd, with all the duties of the station agent at a small place—selling tickets, handling freight, taking care of express matter and all that. He was a good station agent, active, alert and accommodating, and the road soon picked him out as a comer and wired him to go to Houston and take a job as bill clerk in the general freight office.

Lovett studied law at night and clerked in the daytime. When he was admitted to the bar he quit clerking and entered the law firm of Charles Stewart, then a member of Congress. It wasn't long until he was country counsel for the Houston East and West Texas and began traveling back and forth, trying cow cases mostly. He progressed steadily until he was appointed, in 1889, assistant general counsel for the Texas and Pacific. He became general counsel for that road in 1891 and moved to Dallas.

He was working for Jay Gould then, and Gould liked him. However, he saw an opportunity to branch out and soon quit the Gould lines and went into the law firm of Baker, Botts, Baker & Lovett, at Dallas. One of the clients of this firm was the Southern Pacific road, and Collis P. Huntington soon became acquainted with the clear-eyed, hard-working, capable young junior partner, and picked him to do the heavy lawing for the Southern Pacific in Texas. It was heavy lawing, too, for the Southern Pacific was in constant warfare with the State of Texas, and there were some tremendous legal fights.

It wasn't long until Huntington made Lovett general counsel for all the Southern Pacific lines in Texas, and when Mr. Harriman took over the Southern Pacific and was examining into its organization he asked Lovett to come to New York to see him. Lovett came, and Harriman looked him over. The inspection was satisfactory, for Lovett returned to Texas as general counsel for the Southern Pacific. That was in 1901.

Meantime, Harriman kept an eye on Lovett. He, little wizard, liked this affable, courteous, silent railroad lawyer, and in 1904 he asked him to come to New York to be general counsel for the entire Harriman system. In less than thirty years the man who began railroading by grubbing stumps came to be the head of the legal department of one of the world's greatest transportation systems, with an active voice in management. Now, only thirty-five years from the stump-grubbing days, he is the actual head of that system. Moreover, by the shiftings of circumstance he is president of the road on which he cut ties and shoveled dirt.

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"Suave? Huh! Suavissimus!"

Lovett was a sort of a complement for Harriman. The wizard was bold, dashing, energetic, dominating. Lovett is cool, quiet, cautious and methodical. He has a most acute legal mind, an experience as wide as his knowledge, and he was of invaluable assistance to Harriman in carrying out his marvelous plans. Now the burden has fallen on him, and there is no necessity for saying he is better equipped for the task than any man whatsoever, for Harriman knew, and Harriman designated him to go on with the work.

He is about five feet ten, with muscular shoulders and a well-rounded chest. His voice is soft and pleasant, his eyes twinkle genially, his lips are constantly breaking into a smile. His handclasp is warm and his manner most courteous. Occasionally he takes a little travel play-spell; but, mostly, he works hour after hour in his office on lower Broadway. He doesn't bother with automobiling, or yachting, or farming, or any of the sports and pastimes of the rich.

And when it comes to getting him to communicate anything he thinks it isn't up to him to communicate, you couldn't chop a word out of him with an axe. Still, not even the most savage seeker after information would try, or even think of it, for he is so suave.

Suave? Huh! Suavissimus! Just like that.

Spoiling for a Row

TWO Irishmen went into a place of refreshment in Chicago and one of them stayed behind, after the other had left, and got into a row. He was badly mauled. Later, he found his friend and told him of his treatment, and the friend, an aggressive little chap, rushed back, dashed in, threw his coat on the floor, danced a jig on it, brandished his fists in the air and shouted: "Where is th' mon who licked my friend? Show him t' me."

A longshoreman, as big as the side of a house, loomed up. "I did," he growled. "Whatchu got to say about it?"

The little Irishman looked up at the huge bulk of the longshoreman.

"So you're the mon, are you? Well, well, be gobs, you nearly kilt him, didn't you?"

The Hall of Fame

℄ Postmaster-General Hitchcock gets his recreation in automobiling.

℄ E. Phillips Oppenheim, the novelist, is in the leather business on the side.

℄ Every time Charles Frohman gets some money ahead he buys another annuity.

℄ Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the New York World, spends much of his time at sea.

℄ Ban Johnson, president of the American League, used to be a baseball reporter.

℄ Frank McKee, the big theatrical manager, began in the business as advance agent for Haverly's Minstrels.

℄ Richard Watson Gilder, the poet and magazine editor, used to be a newspaper editor in Newark, New Jersey.

℄ John Dalzell, the great Pittsburgh protectionist in the House of Representatives, was born in New York City.

℄ Senator Johnson, of North Dakota, took up a tract of Government land in Dakota in 1882 and still lives on it.

℄ E. J. Ridgeway, publisher of Everybody's Magazine, has a private golf-links on his estate near Elizabethtown, New York.

℄ Burr McIntosh, the actor, is probably the most expert man at card tricks in the country. He showed King Edward how once.

℄ W. Seward Webb, who married a Vanderbilt and has an enormous estate on Lake Champlain, sails a catamaran when he isn't busy at something else. It's a big one, too.

℄ Senator C. S. Page, of Vermont, is one of the biggest dealers in raw calfskins in the country. In the trade he is known as Calf Skin Page, but his front names are Carroll Smalley.

℄ Representative J. Warren Keifer, of Ohio, former Speaker, General in two wars, and over seventy years an old-fashioned spiketail coat and refuses to go to bed so long as he can find any one to sit up with him.

TENDERFOOT TALK

A Reply to Mr. Hughes—By Charles H. Ranlett

I HAVE had more than an ordinary opportunity to observe the militia of this country, and sufficient experience myself to judge broadly without being blind to faults. After six years of military school and college life I entered West Point with the class of '98 in 1894, and remained with that class something over two years and a half. I was then discharged for physical disability contracted in line of duty, and received a special certificate from the Academy under date of March 4, 1897. My standing in my class at the time I was obliged to go on sick leave was number twenty-eight. I mention this, incidentally, merely to show that I was not a foundling for failure. Unable to get into the military service in the Spanish War because of my recent injuries at the Point, I sought and obtained a war correspondent's job on the Boston Journal. Through it I was privileged to observe the mobilization of our forces at that time.

After the war I worked for a while with the New York Times and then for three years on the Boston Transcript as military reporter. From 1902 to 1904 I was Commandant of Cadets at a military academy at Warrenton, Virginia; then at another military school at Billerica, Massachusetts. At present I hold a commission in the Eighth Massachusetts Infantry. Throughout the years since I left West Point I have at all times been closely studying the militia. I left the Academy with all the old-time West Pointer's prejudice against the "milish." Today I am proud to hold a position in the Eighth Massachusetts. In one capacity or another, either as a correspondent or as an officer, I have been present at all the important manœuvers in this country for the past ten years. I have, through this period, been familiar with both the regular's and the militiaman's problems and through personal acquaintances with their points of view as well.

Good Work at Manœuvers

In the manœuvers at Manassas, Virginia, in 1904, no man present had any better opportunity to observe all that took place than I, for probably no man was better mounted, or had in reserve on the grounds a stable full of remounts. No one person can be everywhere at once, but I rode all the lines of each army each day, and carefully observed the condition of the troops. At that time it was apparent that in the National Guard insufficient attention had been given to personal hygiene and certain details of field work. The shoeing of some militia regiments was very bad. One militia cavalry outfit came with barefoot horses, and had to borrow every spare shoe of the Seventh United States Cavalry to shoe up. In outpost duty, patrol duty and advance and rear guard work the militiamen were weak; but, even at that, astonishingly good when one considers the difficulties under which they labored. There were cases of military absurdities; but, in the main, the work was excellent and instructive.

The work at Pine Plains last year was a vast improvement, I thought, over Manassas; but my own opportunity to observe was limited, for a line officer can at most times see but little beyond his own command.

It was evident, however, that most of the National Guard troops had better shoes and equipment, and were better fitted for their work than formerly.

The manœuvers recently completed in Massachusetts are easily the best and most instructive that I have ever had an opportunity to see. The hardships, described by Mr. Hughes as unendurable, did not seem very severe to the men in my regiment. Personally, I think they were not as severe as some I have endured for the fun of it on a shooting trip in the Maine woods. We had one wet camp, Tuesday night, but we always had plenty of food. The same was true throughout the Blue army.

At the close of the active manœuvering on Thursday I was appointed Provost Marshal of the Second Blue Brigade, at South Hanover. With a good mount I rode around a bit in connection with my duty, and took a look at the various regimental camps. The men appeared tired and resting, but some were engaged in baseball games or in swimming. It was a long way from being an exhausted force. Friday morning, after one good night's sleep, it was as fit as ever.

Mr. Hughes is not familiar with the present armory work in the militia. It includes quite as much instruction in Field Service Regulations as in close-order drill. There are very many commissioned officers in the National Guard today who have served with volunteers in Cuba or the Philippines, or who are ex-regulars. These men are keenly alive to the necessities of the situation. They realize, as a class, that practical field effort is the only way in which practical field work can be learned; and, to a man, they stand in favor of annual manœuvers before the old-time camps of position. Soldier learning in the field is necessarily hard, and there is no royal road to its acquirement. In my regiment we regard the recent week's manœuvers as of inestimable value; infinitely superior in usefulness to any previous encampment. Through rank and file, from start to finish, there was, and is, nothing but enthusiasm over them. We applied practically the lessons of the service school.

Men who had learned in the winter armory work how to write a patrol message had a chance to do so in the field. They saw, and were a part of, the formations for advance and rear guard that they had tried in miniature on the armory floor. They dug trenches. They had to get out and do familiar things in unfamiliar surroundings—in brief, they got field practice, and were much improved by it.

Years ago, when I started for West Point, my father, who went out a private and came home an officer in a fighting Civil War regiment, said to me: "Now face the fact calmly and make up your mind that you are going to bear your trials without a murmur. You are entering a desperate profession. You may go on for years in quiet enough circumstances, but sooner or later you are certain to see war, and it is a horrible business. When you are up against the iron don't kick. You're going into it with your eyes wide open."

That was sound advice, and on occasions of more or less physical discomfort in the field it recurs to me. Men who go into soldiering have got to face some strenuous times. They will never learn this in armories or comfortable instruction camps. There is just one way to make them realize it, and that is to get out in the field and hustle. Then they learn how to take care of themselves in the cold and rain, or in heat and dust. It is as absurd to imagine that a practical field soldier can be made by any amount of home instruction as to think you can make a lumberman by reading how to swing an axe and heave a peavey.

The Value of Close-Order Drill

In the opinion of those who may be presumed best qualified to know the present armory work, combining drill and lectures in fair proportion is well calculated to train the militiaman. A service school for the officers is constantly raising the standard of efficiency. The armory drills include tent-pitching—with floor frames for pegs—and other practical processes. As for the close-order drill which Mr. Hughes has so violently assailed, it has its place and value still. It is in well-executed close-order work that the soldier appears best to his local public, which aids recruiting. In the precise execution of this drill a mental habit of military system is instilled. In taking position in battle the principles of the drill must be understood. Without good mass formations an army would become a mob. It is disciplinary and, in short, of as much psychological as mechanical advantage. If Mr. Hughes will suggest something to supplant it he will be the greatest military inventor of all time.

The greater part of Mr. Hughes' article, from a soldier's point of view, is pure "rookie"—recruit—talk. Take the following paragraphs, for example:

> When they reached camp they were sorry they were not dead, for there was nothing to eat there, thanks to a commissary who had been used to getting his meals by telephone from the delicatessen. And their shelters, mere canvas kennels for water spaniels, were so full of rain that they were more like tubs than tents.
>
> Every man in the regiment had shoes full of blisters, legs full of rheumatism, backs full of lumbago, and lungs full of pneumococci. Everything was full of something except their stomachs.
>
> Surely it takes no practice to lie down in a mud puddle, stick a gun-barrel though a wet bush and fire a blank cartridge at nothing in particular. It takes no practice to shiver all night in wet clothes, with insufficient cover, and to rise when the bugle blows at daybreak; it takes no practice to gulp chunks of bread and pints of that field swill they call coffee.

This is just the kind of language one hears from the untried boy out in the field for the first time, who thinks some private dispensation should supply him with pink silk pajamas and a feather bed like mother used to make. Poor boy! Later he will learn to laugh at the tenderfoot he was. He will jauntily lay himself down in the mud to sleep, and he will thank God for "that field swill they call coffee."

Learning the Game by Playing It

Whenever an army takes the field there must necessarily be a period of rawness and inaccuracies. It is only by making mistakes that officers come to realize the vital necessity of knowing their business. A major who has marched into a trap once, through lack of proper advance-guard, will not do so twice. In short, there is just one way to learn the essentials of this awful game called war, and that is to get out and play it. A week of daily practice in the field is worth six months of armory work.

Nor can any amount of easy home training give the morale to a regiment that hardships endured in the field give it. Truly, if we only had a snap all the time, if our hardest service was at the rifle range, we would indeed be but "marching clubs." But after soaking, sweating and cursing heartily together for a few days—when the quitters have dropped out—we become as the ship that has found itself. Perhaps Private Jones has always thought Lieutenant Smith a perky-dressed little whippersnapper. However, when he has followed him on patrol, by compass course, through miles of tangled cedar swamp, plunging into muck holes, hacking with bayonets through labyrinths of bull-brier and clematis vine, and shinning trees to get a look around, he thinks rather differently of Lieutenant Smith. Thereafter he will "follow him home."

Character and force are not, never were and never will be given to military bodies by easy living. The spirit that exists in a regular regiment can only be given to militia regiments by imposing some of the hard work that will knit them into unity; make the sub-units, down to the individual privates, cohesive.

The National Guard, or Militia, is rapidly becoming a well-organized, well-equipped and useful military body. It is progressing steadily to a state of efficiency. It is working hard to attain the best results on the most practical lines, and it welcomes honest and well-informed criticism.

Its chief enemies are the folks who, knowing really nothing of its work or serious self-sacrificing effort, sit in comfortable chairs at home and comfortable covered automobiles at the front, and, with but a modicum of military education behind their opinions, adopt a supercilious or patronizing expression and, when they see a few minor errors, commence to knock! knock!! knock!!!

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CANNED LAUGHTER

By John R. Hale

MUSICAL comedy ought to be musical and it ought to be comic. But usually it's neither. It ought to be artistic and in the writing of it brains should be an essential. But as a matter of fact it is almost always a happy-go-lucky gamble, unintelligent and dull. If it's the man behind the gun that does the work, he apparently shuts his eyes, pulls the trigger and blindly hopes to make a hit. When he misses he wonders why; but you cannot shoot straight if you do not know what you're aiming at. The managerial percentage of bull's-eyes is, therefore, no larger than it ought to be. Even luck sometimes has to have a little gentle coaxing.

The real trouble with musical comedy is that it is so often tragedy. A genuinely-funny, clever, tuneful musical play is always a success, and that is why there have been so few successes of late years. Musical comedies are being produced constantly, yet scarcely one of them, except occasional tremendous hits, such as Havana and The Merry Widow, ever makes money for its producer. Metropolitan theaters receive fifty per cent of the gross receipts for rent, and so, though the theaters make money from musical plays, the producing manager, having only fifty per cent to cover all his lavish expenditures, seldom realizes a tangible profit.

It is a very well-known fact, despite occasional loud cries of Art for Art's sake, that managers are not producing plays for the promotion of their physical well-being, nor for the mere joy of the game. Then, if musical comedies are seldom profitable, why do managers keep on presenting them? Nobody knows, not even the managers themselves. But if they continue their musical productions at a loss, whence comes the money to produce new pieces? That question is more easily answered, for the funds for musical productions are usually derived from the profitable dramatic plays that are making money for the manager.

The manager earns dollars with Peter to waste on Pauline. The production of musical comedy seems to be a form of speculative dissipation that holds its victim as securely as stock speculation, horse-racing or any other kind of exciting gamble. One may often hear a manager, after his musical comedy has proved a tragedy not only to the public taste but to his purse as well, aver that henceforth the presentation of dramatic plays with one set of scenery and seven or eight characters is to be his specialty. "No more musical comedy for mine!" he cries. Yet when the wreckage is cleared away and paid for, you will find him busily planning another piece, to be called The Queen of Broadway—which, by the way, is an uncopyrighted suggestion and may be had for the taking.

Throwing Money Away

American musical comedy—a poor thing, but our own—might, perhaps, bad as it is, be made to pay handsomely were it not that insane extravagance of late years has put so severe a ban on profits that an end-of-the-season balance-sheet that is not a managerial eyesore is almost unknown. Those who have made a study of musical plays realize that the qualities on which success depends are music, plot, wit and competent interpretation. If you have these you do not need scenery and costumes, and if you do not have them fifty thousand dollars' worth of lights and scenes and dresses and properties won't draw a thousand dollars' worth of people into the theater. Yet, nowadays, so high a standard of waste have the managers set themselves, in the belief that the public heeds or cares, that they really are uninterested in a production in which they are not spending from thirty to fifty thousand dollars. Their personal pride is touched if the leading lady's dress doesn't cost a thousand dollars, and the meanest of the chorus must wear a gown representing an investment of at least one hundred dollars—it was not like this in the olden days when they wore tights—and no self-respecting leading lady would consent to wear less than three or four dresses in one play, while the chorus must have seven or eight changes at the very least. And other expenditures, scenically and sartorially, are in proportion. Yet it is a fact, madam, that your oldest and cheapest gown, if you merely press out the wrinkles, under the softening glow of stage lights will assume a pristine freshness and smartness that is amazing. It is these same lights that smooth out wrinkles and the tattletale signs of age and make you say, "How old she looks off the stage!" It is a fact that none but the most expert can, from the front, distinguish between dresses that are expensive or cheap, and it is not the experts that constitute paying audiences. It may be pleasant, and it may give managers that Napoleonic, pouter-pigeon air they so much affect, to know they have spent fifteen thousand dollars on costumes when five thousand dollars would have given the same illusion—for the stage demands not reality, but the illusion of it. If you were a cigar dealer and sold five-cent cigars at two dollars and fifty cents for fifty in a hand-painted box that cost you two dollars it might be artistic, but it would seem foolish and certainly would not be good business. Idiotic extravagance is, perhaps, a mild description of the present managerial attitude toward the production end of the game.

The Old, Familiar Plot

And this attitude has a wider effect than at first seems apparent. There are in this country not over half a dozen well-known firms which produce musical plays of the first class, and they all work on the same lavish scale. Since they maintain this standard for themselves, showing thereby their belief in it, naturally they maintain the same standard for others who may wish to produce musical pieces. And since these six firms control by ownership, lease or contract all the important city theaters in the United States, naturally they are not opening these theaters to musical plays that are not built along lines which they approve. The little fellow, therefore, who wants to produce a musical play that might prove to be full of tune and wit and charm, all done inexpensively, does not get a possible opportunity to let the public decide as to whether his judgment is wrong or right. "Oh," says the Musical Comedy Firms, "the public won't stand for that kind of thing any more. You've got to have a big show." The little fellow's decision is made for him, and so, until some accidental production of a different kind of musical play opens the door for new ideas, we shall have the same old thing in the same old way, with different dresses, different scenes and different actors—but the same old thing, none the less.

As a matter of fact, one of the strongest indictments to be brought against the musical manager is his resentment of novelty, his firm resolve to do again what he did before. In the first act there is the girl who has a maid; there is the boy, a lieutenant in the navy, who has brought home a number of his fellow-officers on a vacation; there is the cross father of the girl; a society mother; and there is, perhaps, the hero's valet, who is the low comedian. The father forbids the daughter to marry "that young puppy"; the daughter disguises herself as her maid, and elopes with the lieutenant. Then follows the discovery by the father that it is the maid, not the daughter, who remains. Curtain, with everybody rushing about, singing something that nobody in the audience understands or wants to understand. Finales, in fact, are merely a signal to begin to crawl past the lady next to you, go out for a quiet smoke and hope that the next act will be better. In the second act everybody is stranded on an island somewhere; the hero's valet has kidnaped the king and pretends that he is the potentate, meanwhile making love to the king's eleven wives. Then comes the song, How'd You Like to Have a Harem? Father decides that his daughter must marry the son of his old friend, a youth whom you vaguely saw in the first act. The maid disguises herself as the heroine, is married to the young man—the father little suspecting—whom, of course, she really loves. The heroine sees a dusky South Sea princess—again a song—throw herself into the lieutenant's arms. He gallantly holds her, the heroine spurns him, and he sings a song, Why are You So Cold? On the encore the low comedian and the fattest of the eleven wives sing their answer, Because the Janitor Wouldn't Buy Coal.

But why go on? Eventually the real king escapes, attacks the visitors and is about to have them all jocosely killed. A trumpet sounds off stage and cheers are heard on and off stage. The sailors and marines from the lieutenant's ship rush on. Rescue! Finale, while you grow red in the face picking up the hatpins for the lady next to you.

Amplify this scenario somewhat, put in a spectacular scene in the act on the island showing the subway at the rush hour, call it The King of Bang or The Girl and the Lieutenant, and if you have *any* reputation as a librettist you can sell it immediately. P. S.—No doubt you wonder how they all happened to get on the island. That was explained in the opening chorus of the second act, which you couldn't understand.

Perhaps you think all this is an exaggeration; but it isn't. Some one put on a dancing number called The Pony Ballet. Every subsequent musical piece for months had its ponies—the "original" pony ballet, too, invariably. An English musical play had, as a special feature, a song where girls in swings swung out over the heads of the first two or three rows of the audience. Three productions in one season in New York adopted that swing song, each reviling the other as a conscienceless imitator. Somebody writes a song in which the leading lady selects a victim in the audience to sing to, usually embarrassing him to the vast delight of the other spectators. "Aha!" said the managers, and soon every leading lady was singing to a bald-headed person in front. Somebody introduces a song with college yells; there are forty yelling songs immediately. And so it goes.

Forty-Second Street Financiers

This mimicry is so unintelligent, one would hardly think it possible; but one has only to remember the musical plays he has seen for the last few years to prove its truth for himself. And the public—the decent, theater-going public, that wants to laugh and be pleasantly amused—has, it seems, grown weary of the same old thing, despite new dresses and new scenery. At bottom the fault is the manager's, for the fact is that most of them live so much in all that pertains to the theater that theatrical matters become their world. They lose their perspective.

Occasionally, when there is a play that deals, let's say, with Wall Street, it is almost invariably written by a librettist whose nearest approach to that financial center has been Forty-second Street. If he writes about Japan the chances are that he knows no more about it than you do about Heligoland. If he deals with Fifth Avenue he probably lives in Third; if he talks about girls' schools he has probably never been nearer one than to pass by on a train; if an act is laid in Paris, "musseer," "bun soar," "Maxim's," "boulevard" and "mademoselle," likely constitute his local color. Unfortunately, unless you're a genius you can't write about what you don't know—and geniuses, alas, don't seem to be writing musical comedies these days. A burlesque of a burlesque isn't funny; satire must satirize the real thing, not an imitation of it. Broadway is sometimes amusing, but not as a permanent standpoint from which to judge men and affairs.

But perhaps this is the fault of the authors as well as of the managers, and so, to a certain extent, it is. There are now in this country some seven or eight hack librettists who will turn out a libretto over night, exactly according to specifications. It won't be new, it won't have a real idea in it, but it will be practical and playable and like its predecessors. If it were not it wouldn't be produced, and your librettist

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doesn't write for art or glory, but for money; so that, even if he had intelligence enough to break away from tradition he would have sense enough to realize that novelty in bulk is unsalable to musical-comedy producers. And he isn't trying to change conditions, but to meet them; and, furthermore, he probably couldn't get his point of view farther from Forty-second Street than the Times Building, even if he wanted to.

The old question of the cost of musical comedy, not only in its production, but in its operating expenses, after the first curtain is rung up, comes into this matter of the librettist as well. If the manager spends forty thousand dollars on getting ready and stands to lose three thousand or four thousand dollars a week if he has a failure, naturally he wishes to play the safest bet possible. It is but human that he should bank on the man who has already written librettos rather than take a chance on a new man. Because of the risk involved the manager doesn't want to trust his own judgment. He would rather rely on the past performances of his author and of the latter's material.

Rush Work for All Hands

"Do you think that scene will succeed?" said a librettist to an unprofessional friend at a dress rehearsal.

"It ought to," said the friend; "it always has."

With dramatic plays involving an expense of only a few thousand dollars it is entirely a different proposition. Nowadays, to be a new, untried author of a drama is an asset in selling it, because in the last two or three seasons so many young authors have scored heavily that the superstitious manager is willing to bet on the new playwright; and if his subject is a novelty, like mental telepathy, spiritualism, psychic power or any theme that would have been tabooed not so many years ago, that will help sell it. But the investment in musical comedy is so heavy that the modern American manager is afraid to speculate with the new man and the new idea. When you're bailing out money to this dressmaker and that scenic artist it is a sort of anchor to windward to realize that your librettist is tried and true and has been there before—it makes you sleep better, but the sedative is purely one of imagination. If the manager really knew how to run his boat he'd stop bailing out dollars and throw away his anchor and get a brand-new one, which might not be easy on the real ocean, but is very simple in the troubled waters of musical comedy. And then, too, to continue a somewhat mixed metaphor, if you keep using the same old anchor it gets rusty and worn out and insecure, and though it may seem like a true friend it is very likely to let you drift into a bad financial storm. The hack librettists long ago exhausted their last speck of originality. The only novelties they get are those they gently lift from European successes on their annual—or, if they are very prolific librettists, semi-annual—trips abroad.

For they do musical plays over there far better than we do here. Their pieces have wit and charm and sparkle; they are beautifully done with finish and snap, and they are not slapped on helter-skelter with appalling, idiotic inconsistencies. Their music has real melody, their lyrics have real quality, and are not dependent on half a dozen stock rhymes, such as girl and pearl, love and dove, blue and true and you.

It is rather interesting to note that real, smashing successes of recent years were all importations: Florodora, A Chinese Honeymoon, The Merry Widow and Havana. Yet, Florodora was not much of a success in London, and there every American manager who saw it refused it for this country, until finally a comparatively unknown American firm secured it. It was a failure the first ten days in New York, and the managers borrowed sufficient funds to continue it for another week. During that week it swung into success and, later, ran a year in New York.

Sometimes a manager will secure an absolutely completed libretto before he starts to produce it, but more often his musical plays are written to order to suit the personalities of such stars or actors as he may have under contract or may be able to contract for. It is very seldom that a musical manager fits his people to his material; he rather has his material cut to fit his actors, and your hack librettist nowadays does not seem to be a very good tailor. That is why there are so many misfit librettos.

The usual course of procedure with the average manager is to summon his pet caged librettist and say: "Now, old man, I've got Blanche Bracelet, Violet DeVou and Tommy Rot, and I want a good, lively show; I'm sending over a stage manager to see what's doing in London and Paris. We'll open in six weeks, so get your first act done in time to start rehearsals a week from Monday. I think we'd better have the opening act on the roof of the Singer Building, the second down on Long Island and the third in Paris, where we can have the Eiffel Tower lit up on the back drop. Go in to see the scenic artist and let him get started. You'd better write the opening chorus and the finale of the first act tonight, so I can get some music written for 'em and parts made for chorus rehearsals on Tuesday. The rest of the music'll be some interpolated numbers I've bought cheap at fifty dollars apiece, and, anyhow, my partner is in Paris and he's mailed me a bunch of the latest French songs. Of course, we'll have to change the words. Now, so long; see you Monday, and be sure and have the first act finished."

That is the beginning. By Monday a sort of skeleton first act is in the stage manager's hands. Then everybody puts a finger in the libretto. The comedian suggests one thing, the leading lady another, the manager has an idea, the stage manager remembers something he once saw in 'Frisco, the librettist appears with a budget of new jokes culled from old manuscripts, the composer suggests a new specialty to introduce a song he's just composed, the stage manager discovers that the librettist must write in some more dialogue here to give the chorus time to change their costumes, the low comedian insists that if they would let him do so and so it would be sure fire. It is chaos!

Out of it emerges, in a couple of weeks, a more or less disconnected act just about the time the author appears with the manuscript of the second act. Then chaos again reigns, with the burden of it all resting mainly on the shoulders of the producing stage manager, for sometimes the author is so hurried and worried and uninventive that he will give the producer little more than mere directions.

After the play opens the librettist is almost invariably called upon to make changes. Very often he tries to make them and, in the judgment of the powers that be, fails. Then the powers call in another hack librettist to "fix the show," and perhaps they try a new stage producer as well. Everybody, of course, is full of suggestions, and everybody interferes with everybody else. Perhaps there is a fearfully solemn spot in the second act that must be made funny. The low comedian says that when he was in Erminie they did a scene like this, and it ought to go; so they adopt that. A chorus girl coyly volunteers the information that at home they consider her a perfectly splendid mimic, so they let her give imitations of George Cohan, Ethel Barrymore and Eddie Foy, the three most imitated actors. Somebody else says, "When I was in vaudeville I did a specialty," and the specialty is tried. It succeeds amid much rejoicing in Rochester, and the next night in Syracuse it fails dismally. Every one is puzzled, so they determine to give it another chance. It scores in Utica, so, of course, that ends the suspense—they keep it in; parenthetically, be it said, it later dies dismally in New York with never a single laugh.

The End of a Losing Show

The manager, coming on to see a one-night-stand performance, decides that you've got to have big names when you come into New York, and so he replaces an unknown girl who is making a hit at a salary of $45 a week with a celebrity at $250 a week, who cannot possibly play the part.

A week before the opening night in New York some friend of the comedian assures him that in the scene with the comedienne she gets all the fat lines and that, in stage parlance, he only "feeds" her. Promptly Mr. Comedian becomes indignant and demands that tomorrow night he has her lines given to him or he won't play. Of course, the lines do not fit his personality when they were written for hers, and so the revised scene fails; the comedian says it never was funny, anyhow, and demands that it be eliminated. Out it goes.

Some adoring friend of the leading lady tells her that in her duet with the tenor her voice doesn't appear to good advantage: the melody doesn't suit her temperament. Hysterics, tirades, tears—the duet goes out, too. And thus the only two good things in the piece are removed.

The play comes to New York to be welcomed uproariously by an audience composed entirely of friends of the management, principals and chorus. The press the next morning pronounces it "another dull, stupid, reminiscent, musical-comedy nightmare." The second night there is a remnant of friends to make it seem to succeed, but by the third performance the ranks of the pleasantly-disposed are exhausted, and there remain, thereafter, only audiences of Missourians. And as they are not being "shown" the piece closes at a loss of thousands and the manager wonders why, and rails at Fate, critics, authors, composers and the world's injustice.

WOMEN OF THE OLD WORLD

(Continued from Page 5)

which locally was known as "gyps." There was a lake of this gypsum not far from where we lived. It would come off on a blue flannel shirt. As a matter of scientific deduction I would be disposed to think that a similar lake exists not far from the much-vaunted city of Paris.

What we call style, grace, distinction and air, the Parisienne surely has. She is dainty and somewhat indescribable, that is true; but she does not look useful, wholesome and human. Let us be just to her. The Parisian girl is not half so wicked as she is painted, neither is she so immodest as, perhaps, you have thought. The controlling trait of the French people is economy. The middle-class Parisian young woman dresses well, indeed with distinction, but she dresses economically. The shopgirl who of a rainy afternoon lifts her skirts a trifle higher than you approve does so unconsciously and with but the impulse of economy. She wears dainty lingerie, and is anxious to keep it unsullied. No doubt the average young woman of Paris is as good as the average young woman of most great capitals of the world. It is easy to get wrong impressions from old stories, and one does not learn all about a city by simply passing through. Only, it seems scientifically fair to say that the air of the fair Parisienne is that of challenge, of artificiality, and of self-consciousness. In Vienna you feel as if yonder passing beauty might, perhaps, take you into her plans. In Paris you feel that, no matter how humble be your station or your appearance, the Parisienne has taken you into her plans already. But that is Paris, keen, shrewd, economical and calculating. If the original Mr. Paris were alive today he would not pass the apple to the city which was named after him. The Parisienne is beautiful? Yes. All women are beautiful. But some are more beautiful than others. With regret the truly impartial and earnest scientist must give Paris a low mark in the scale of feminine charm.

But, forsooth, there lies to the north of Paris that region of the world known as Great Britain, where, in the belief of the inhabitants, all things are as they should be. England is the home of things ancient and unchanging. If you do not believe this take a look at the clothes you see on the streets of London. Look, also, at the hopeless and ungainly walk of the men and women, who shuffle and slop and, like the folk of Germany, seem always to feel the ground beneath them. The young gazelle whose feet spurn the earth seems absent these days from the soil of Albion. Sober, absorbed, straightforward, intent, intelligent, ill-clad, the woman of England gives herself no sort of chance. True, much of the unseemliness of English dress is attributable to the climate, or absence of climate; but this should apply rather to the garb of the out-of-doors. The English are the worst dressed and the most dressed people in the world, and their social life is the most formal in the world. Yet even in her

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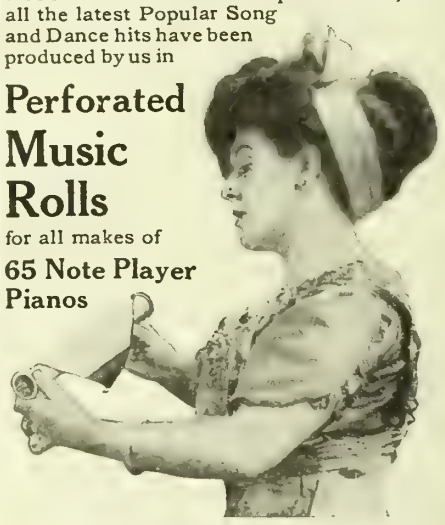
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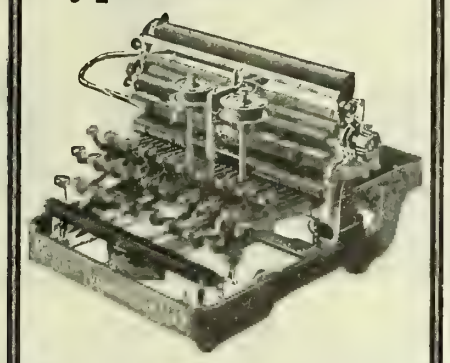

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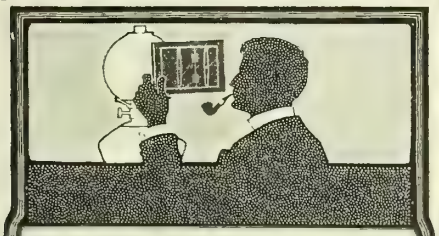

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gladdest garments the English woman subjects herself to the most horrible handicaps in gowns. She is apt to be more *décolletée* than the Parisienne, but rarely is she half so well dressed. Taste in line and color seems not to be hers by instinct. It is true that an Englishman's home is so gloomy inside that he has to live out-of-doors, but even this fact does not quite excuse the fairer sex for some of the things it overlooks.

The typical English woman is tall rather than under medium height. The middle-class middle-aged woman averages purple and blowzy. The average of the femininity of Great Britain is disposed, at least in youth, to be rather tall and angular, with a bony, durable look, as if it might run even a section boarding-house. You cannot go through the portrait galleries of England and say that beautiful women never lived here, for hundreds of them certainly did, and certainly do today; but you cannot evade a feeling of irritation that the art of dressing and of carriage seems to have passed with the days of portrait painting. Of course, you first endure, then pity, and then describe, if you are a scientist.

There have been some howling professional beauties reared on the soil of England, in this and other generations, and it is to be said of these that they had more wit, more brains, more commanding quality, more intelligence, education and personal charm than the softer and more sensuous types of southern and southeastern Europe, where woman reaches political power only by the favorite's route. Many of the most beautiful noblewomen of England today, of course, are Americans. Also, Scotch lasses drift to the southward, and just across the channel lies Ireland, where even yet the old Breton influence may be seen in the blue-black hair, violet eyes and matchless skin of the Irish girl. But here, in the upper classes, and in the lower classes as well, even where exist the untold thousands of the unemployed and the hopeless, the flower of beauty now and then breaks through the soil, whether cultured or uncared for.

At least, in Great Britain one sees fewer women condemned to the ranks of menial and degrading toil. I have never seen a woman hitched up with a dog or an ox in England. Perhaps in some communities they are brick-carriers, scavengers, laborers, but, at least, one has been mercifully spared that sight in Great Britain.

The woman of Scandinavia or Holland, or of Belgium, is, speaking for the middle classes, much a creature of toil. With them beauty is almost the one hope of salvation, even as it is among the Albanian women, who long to be sold into slavery so that they may eat three square meals a day.

Here and there, out of the parched soil of an old civilization, breaks ever and again the flower of beauty, hope of the world, which some call mockery and delusion, but which is simply the sign given us from the upper spheres whereby we may hope and advance and achieve. But, in these old lands, woman as woman is not loved as here. Abundant, here or there, she becomes a commodity. In a country where this is the truth, would you expect to find woman at her very best?

The Vital Difference

The coat of arms of one of our Western states, if one remembers correctly, has an inscription which says: "If you seek a pleasant country, look about you." Suppose that Wilbur looked about him right here at home. He would see, in the first place, not only assembled types born in every corner of Europe, but, better than that, he would see the product of this North American environment, which has a wondrous way of producing its own types and working out its own ways. We think that the great average stature of men and women of Kentucky is proof of their English ancestry. As a matter of fact, the early Kentuckians were rather more German and Dutch than English. The soil, the air, the water, the environment have to do with the result, which is entirely distinct from any product of the Old World. As much might be said for many another section of America. There are as many distinct types of beauty in the United States as there are in all of Europe, and they are easily to be distinguished. Yet any one of these, set down in a foreign country, would cause your American eye to brighten. "That's an American girl!" you would say, without hesitation. There is a difference.

In the first place, the American woman is the best-dressed woman in the world. This fiction about the visions of feminine apparel in Paris and London is today pretty much out of date. The dress show on the state occasions in our great cities surpasses anything of the sort you can see in any assemblage in Europe, so far as the women are concerned. Of course, the men of America do not go in much for uniforms, gold lace and feathers, so that the total color effect is, perhaps, not so brilliant as it is when the party of the second part joins that of the first part on dress parade. There are more Paris gowns in New York than there are in Paris, and better tailor-made maidens in Chicago than in all London. It is true that this country is not yet so formal and conventional in all its ranks as is the old country, where the first act of an inferior is to ape his superior in life, and to hope he looks the real thing. We have a wide class in America, both of men and of women, who dress sensibly in view of their calling and without reference to the ways of an alleged or so-called or imaginary aristocracy. Even so, taking the sex throughout, the statement still stands that the American woman is the best-dressed woman of the world.

But what constitutes that air of difference which enables you to tell an American woman wherever you see her? Take the great beauty show of Fifth Avenue or Broadway in New York on Easter or opera days or nights, and allow that somewhat conceited metropolis to assume the credit for producing all the beauties who came there from every corner of the country. You would not call them more *chic* and distinct than some you might see in Paris. You would find no more languid and self-assured appeal to the senses than you would find many a time in Italy or Spain. You might find as much challenge in Vienna or in Berlin. But always you would feel that in this crowd there was a difference. What is that difference?

Southern Chivalry in Scotland

Once, up in the Trossachs in Scotland, I was trying to get a seat on a much-crowded tallyho for a lady of my company. On the back seat of one coach were two young men, and I asked them if they could make room for a lady.

"Certainly, suh," said one of them. "Go and get her, and I reckon we'll hold this seat against all comers."

"What part of the South do you come from?" I asked.

"Memphis," was the answer.

The lady got her seat. But had it been left to the courtesy of any of that struggling crowd she would not have got it. There is little chivalry in European travel. This little incident will do to show why that look of something different exists on the face of every American well-born girl.

The splendid, robust women of the Pacific slope, their more slender and soft-spoken sisters of the South, the alert and vigorous girl of the West, the well-groomed and self-possessed demoiselle of the East—these all are ours, and each of these has something different in her beauty from anything you will find in the Old World. She is not trading on her beauty alone, but counting on herself. Her mentality, her intelligence come into the question as well. Intrigue is not her sole hope, nor matrimony her sole salvation, if it comes to that. She has soul, as well as certain enveloping tissue covering a bony framework. She is a woman as well as a creature, and there is hope for her in this generation and, let us pray, for many a generation to come.

Such a fool'shness on the part of Wilbur! He might have found right here at home, in any little village of any state of this America, examples of beauty that would compare all to the good, as the vernacular hath it, with anything the best beauty shows of the Old World can produce. Moreover, good looks and distinction and quality are a common or average possession in this country. Selection and environment are still working well on this continent. This is not simply a ragged field with, here and there, a poppy flower showing above the dullness. It is a field abounding in poppies—that is to say, in peaches. Even the most impartial soul, governed wholly by scientific reasons, might, in so difficult a scientific investigation, be expected to get his metaphors entangled now and then.

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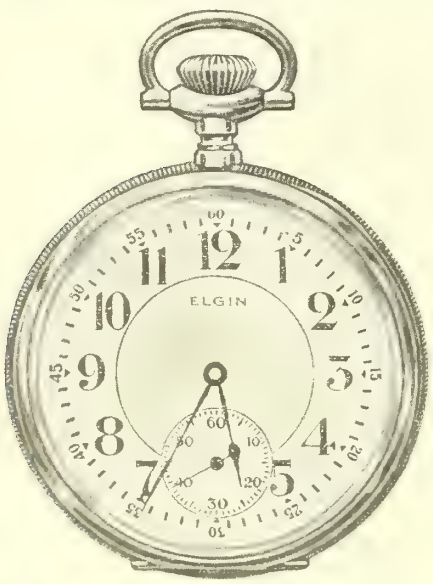

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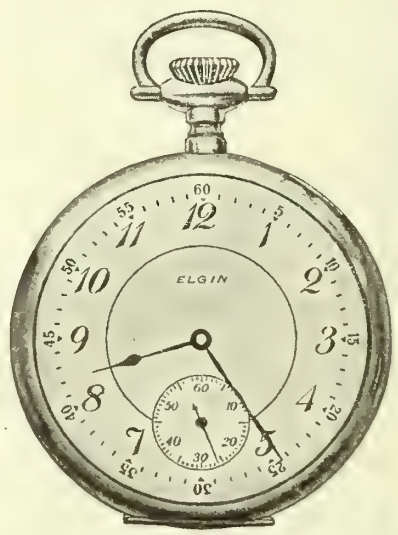

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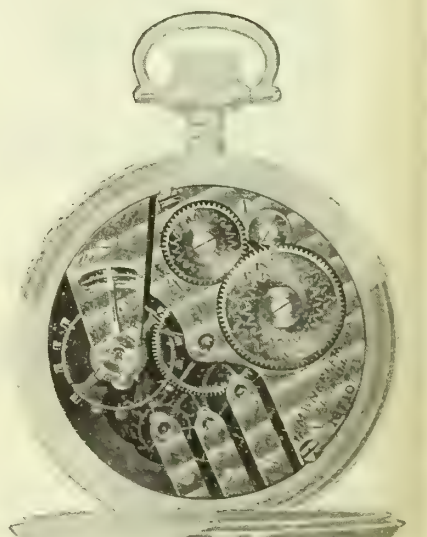

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No. 78 Dial

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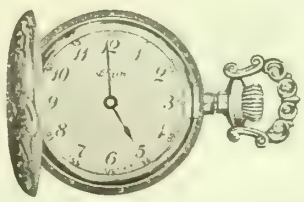
We especially recommend the G. M. Wheeler movement in either 18, 16 or 12 size as exceptionally good value—a thoroughly fine timepiece at a moderate price. Also the Lord Elgin Thin Model for those who like a thin watch, and the Lady Elgin, the smallest American watch, for women's use.

Purchasers of Elgin Watches are given a choice of dial designs. The No. 78 Dial, the newest design, combines grace and legibility to an unusual degree. This dial is made in all sizes and may be had on all models.



No. 78 Dial

Wheeler Model
ne Office Man
12 Size

Seventeen jewels. Ruby and sapphire balance and center jewels. Compensating balance. Breguet hair-spring, with micrometric regulator. Adjusted to temperature, isochronism, three positions. Self-locking setting device. Engraving inlaid with gold. Open face and hunting cases.
In Filled Gold Cases, $30 and up.
In Solid Gold Cases, $50 and up.

Lord Elgin Thin Model

Fifteen or seventeen jewels. Ruby and sapphire balance and center jewels. Compensating balance. Breguet hair-spring, with micrometric regulator. Adjusted to temperature. Self-locking setting device. Cased and timed in case at factory. Open face only.
In Filled Gold Cases, $21 and up.
In Solid Gold Cases, $35 and up.

Lady Elgin
America's Smallest Real Watch

Seventeen or fifteen ruby and sapphire jewels. Gold jewel setting. Breguet hair-spring. Cased and timed in case at factory. The open face [illegible] only convenient for use with [illegible]
In Open Face Cases, $40 and $45
In Hunting Cases, $45 and $50.

The corset gives the lines that make the dress a success or a failure

Warner's Corsets are conceived by our designers in the fashion ateliers of Paris simultaneously with advance dress fashions and are the foundation upon which the great fashion makers build their dress styles.

The distinctive feature of Warner's Corsets is their simplicity. Each model is simply a perfect piece of corset designing and making, and the moulding of the form into the correct figure lines is accomplished by the shaping of the corset itself.

Warner's Corsets are noted for their lightness. There is no part that presses or pinches, nor do the hose supporters twist or pull. Walking, sitting or standing, the wearer of a Warner's looks as if she enjoyed her corsets.

Made to a fashionable fit, to wear—not to rust, break or tear. The hose supporters are the famous

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Hose Supporters

They too are guaranteed.

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Write for Booklet "P" telling how to fit and lace your corsets.

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Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

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9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
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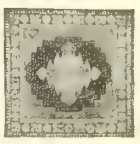
9 x 15 ft.	6.50



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EDWARD B. MOON, 8 West Randolph St., Chicago

Sense and Nonsense

REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN

"She Said When We Married She Idolized Every Hair on My Head and Now—Look at Me—Her Love is Gone"

The Law of Chances

A LITTLE man with a lot of money sat into a poker game on a Mississippi River steamboat in the days when there were big poker games there.

It was a crooked game, and the little man was robbed right and left. Presently he went up on deck and stood moodily by the rail. Anxious not to lose the good thing until they had all his money the crooked gamblers followed him to try and get him back into the game.

"No," he said, "I've got enough. I'm through."

"Oh, come on. Be a sport. The game's open yet. Be a sport."

"Oh, I'm a sport all right, and to prove it I'll bet you I can make a louder noise than that whistle up there."

"You'll do what?"

"I'll bet you a thousand dollars I can make a louder noise than that whistle."

The gamblers talked it over. It seemed a straight proposition, so they made the bet and, after details were arranged, gave the word to the pilot to let the whistle go.

"Wh-oo-oo-op!" went the whistle, and you could hear it five miles away.

"Now," said the gamblers, turning to the little man.

"Ch-e-e-ep!" he said, hardly loud enough to be heard to the bow.

"Say," said one of the gamblers, after he'd collected the money, "what did you make that bet for? You didn't have a chance."

"Mebbe not," replied the little man, "but I had more of a chance than I had in that poker game."

One Way of Doing Business

BILLY EMERSON, the minstrel, took a company of black-face artists to Australia in the old days, and had hard luck. On the way back he landed at Shanghai and gave a show.

Emerson saw there was a good house. "Doing pretty well," he said to the box-office man.

"Fine," that official replied; "we've got in four hundred dollars in money and fourteen hundred dollars in *chits*."

"In what?" gasped Emerson.

"In *chits*."

"What are *chits*?"

"Why, promises to pay. Everybody uses *chits* here. Give a *chit* and settle at the end of the month."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have let fourteen hundred dollars' worth of seats go for them *chits*, as you call them?"

"Sure; why not?"

"And those people just signed their names and didn't pay cash?"

"Certainly."

"What a business I could do in the States!" groaned Emerson.

A Toronto Flat-Iron

A PARTY of Americans, including Franklin Adams, of the Bureau of American Republics, were taking in the sights of Toronto in an automobile, and a man familiar with the city was making fun for everybody by describing things through a small megaphone. Before swinging around a corner he announced: "You will shortly see our famous Flat-Iron building. Note the peculiar construction."

"I didn't know they had a Flat-Iron building in Toronto," said each of the Americans.

"Here it is!" shouted the guide, as they came around the corner, and he pointed to a small wooden house on which was the sign: "Hop Sing, Chinese Laundry."

The Point of View

Because each rose must have its thorn,
The pessimist Fate's plan opposes;
The optimist, more gladly born,
Is glad because the thorns have roses.
—*Nixon Waterman.*

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¢ Two's company and three divorce.

¢ The North Pole! The South Pole?

¢ Presidents swing the circle to square things.

¢ He is a wise self-made man who takes the tag off.

¢ Modern elevation of the stage has elevated only the prices.

¢ Politeness pays, but it often has to pay also for the other fellow.

¢ If women vote, husband and wife will be one plus sixes and sevens.

¢ Honor may be among some thieves, but it soon finds better company.

¢ Those good sermons in the Bible are well within the thirty-minutes' limit.

¢ Notwithstanding the polar craze our familiar old friend, the Equator, is still around.

¢ Certain wearisome persons who complain of mental cobwebs should try those new vacuum cleaners.

¢ Shakspere used the double superlative, and so long as the American widow holds her sway so shall we.

¢ Spare the rod and spoil the child is obsolete. To take away his auto for a day is now the limit of punishment.

¢ One-half the world does not know how the other half lives because it reads nothing but the sensational papers.

¢ Good intentions are creditable, but they are not credit; they must be indorsed by action before they can be cashed.

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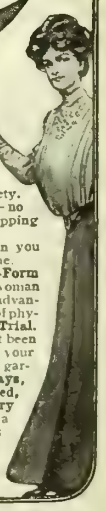

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The Choicest Candy in a New Package

This new package is the hit of the year. Nothing like it has ever been brought out. It is arranged like a trunk with three trays—a different style chocolate in each tray.

You now can have an assortment of my delicious confections in one package.

80 cents—at your dealer's. If he can't supply send direct to me.

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White Cherries in Maraschino Chocolate Dipped
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My chocolates are the best that money and skill can create. My newly enlarged candy factory is spotlessly clean—a model of its kind.

Try my exquisite chocolates—learn how good, good chocolates can be.

You can secure any of the above named chocolates in handsome individual packages, sizes from 10c to $2.50, of your dealer, or direct from me if he cannot supply you. [1]

JOHNSTON
Milwaukee, Wis.

Mothers of Puny Babies Try Holstein Milk

¶ You are anxious about your baby and would do most anything if you could only see the color come into baby's face and its strength increase. Just try plain fresh Holstein Milk. It is simpler, safer and far more beneficial to give your child Holstein Milk, either with or without modification, than to try various artificial foods or "formulæ." Most any baby can digest Holstein Milk who can digest mother's milk, for Holstein Milk acts much the same in the stomach as the milk of the normal human mother. YOUR baby will probably thrive on Holstein Milk in a way that would surprise you. Your milkman can get Holstein Milk for you. If he cannot supply it, write us, and give us his name and address as well as your own, and we will send you a booklet about infant feeding and help you to get Holstein Milk in your own town.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION
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CLASS PINS
WRITE FOR CATALOG
THE D. L. AULD CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO, U.S.A.

WATER AS WEALTH

(Concluded from Page 17)

minute hole in the bottom of the bag; that in either instance the stolen stuff was sugar. Granting, for argument's sake, that running water had been changed into ground water, they called the rancher's attention to the fact that, under the new rule of correlative rights, he could not sell it to outsiders. He has forsworn alchemy, and instead of digging under the ground he is hoeing the top of it.

When the ownership of water in the arid region is in dispute Justice must take off her goggles and peep at the disputants before she tips the scales one way or the other. She may blindly follow the letter of the law in deciding quarrels over less important objects, but in distributing the insufficient rain of the dry country she must examine the claimants before deciding, to see whose needs are the most pressing.

When Los Angeles needed more water for her growing population the California courts deprived an entire valley of a hundred and fifty squa · miles of its underground water, holding that this water was tributary to a stream owned by the city. The Utah courts, on the contrary, awarded the water of a diminutive swamp overflowing into a creek to the owner of the land, deciding that the swamp contained ground water, and that this ground water, though it flowed into the creek, was not tributary to it.

The owner of the land in the Utah case was a lone woman who, defying the odds against her, had taken up a quarter-section of stone-dry land in San Pete County. Like manna to the Israelites in the desert, moisture began to appear on a small plot of her homestead, and a bog, less than an acre in extent, slowly developed, sending its surplus water over the intervening dry ground into Willow Creek. The owners of the creek, a mutual association of ranchers, attempted to take the widow's water-cruse from her, alleging that the rivulet flowing from the bog to the creek had been dammed by the courageous woman and that the association thereby had been deprived of the tributary's flow. The courts, considering the needs of the association and of the lone widow, decided that the swamp contained nothing but ground water and that, therefore, the owner of the land could do with it as she pleased.

The Service of the Courts

The courts of law in the Western states have rendered invaluable service in preventing water monopolies, curbing water speculation and protecting the supply of the small irrigator. For many years the courts alone stood between the West's water resources and the gangs of greedy speculators, fighting single-handed without assistance from the executive or legislative branches; but the ultimate solution of the problem lies not with them. Water is too erratic an element to be compressed into calfskin tomes. It will not abide, either in quantity, course or behavior, by legal rules and precedents, and its rapid changes are ever eluding the breathless efforts of Justice to catch up.

Effective, centralized control and supervision over the water resources of the Western states by bodies of hydraulic experts with quasi-judicial powers is the favorite remedy proposed by those intimately familiar with irrigation needs. Wyoming initiated the control of its water resources by such a board and other Western states followed its lead, but the decisions of these various water boards and their subordinate local branches are not considered final.

Whoever is not satisfied with their findings may appeal to the courts, and the losers in water disputes almost invariably exercise this privilege. The right of court reviews will have to be limited, the power and jurisdiction of the water commissions will have to be greatly enlarged before the exclusive, private ownership of one of the elements will have disappeared, before the concentrated rain of the Western irrigation ditch obeys Nature's and not the common law's dictum and becomes again inseparably attached to the soil, part and parcel of the land upon which it is used to raise crops.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles dealing with the subject of irrigation and water rights in the West.

All of the Sea Flavor Saved

By the time most oysters get inland, they taste more of the railroad than of the sea. Their natural delicate flavor is washed away by frequent re-icing.

They are soggy instead of firm; watery instead of meaty; insipid instead of tempting.

Except Sealshipt Oysters, which taste the same and *are* the same—*everywhere and always*—as the day they were dredged from the deep.

Sealshipt Oysters

The Full Flavor of the Oyster and Nothing Else

The only known way of shipping oysters in bulk besides the Sealshipt way, is to ship them in open tubs.

The ice is in the tub with the oysters. When it melts the expressman, with his naked hands, puts in more—railroad ice.

What the "Liquor" Is

The "liquor" which you buy with oysters is merely this melted ice. It sloshes around and washes the goodness out of the oyster.

No wonder perfectly good Blue Points become Railroad Oysters before you get them.

No wonder they are soggy and taste of the railroad ice and the tub.

No wonder the fine flavor of the oyster is gone when the oysters get to you.

But Sealshipt Oysters are different. A Sealshipt Oyster in Denver, Colorado, tastes the same as it does when it is hauled out of the sea, because it *is* the same.

Sealed at the Seaside

Sealshipt Oysters go into air-tight, germ-proof containers and these in turn are packed in ice in our patent Sealshiptors. These containers are sealed *at the seaside.* Your dealer is the first to break that seal.

In transit, the ice goes outside of the container. No water or liquor can get in. No human hand can touch the oyster.

And when your dealer breaks the seal, *his* responsibility begins—responsibility to us.

He must keep Sealshipt Oysters in our blue and white porcelain Sealshipticase. He sells Sealshipt Oysters under license—a part of the Sealshipt System.

For both shipper and dealer are under contract. They can handle Sealshipt Oysters only in the Sealshipt way, which prevents any possibility of adulterations.

And the Sealshipt way embraces every move of the oyster from the oyster bed till it is handed you in a Sealshipt pail.

To insure consumers receiving the genuine Sealshipt oysters we [illegible] the cleanly white [illegible] case, used by [illegible] contents. [illegible] for [illegible] agent [illegible]

"Seaside Oyster Dishes" Free

If you want to know the flavor of the real sea oyster, write us [illegible] oyster dealer. We will send you, free, our book "40 New Sealshipt Oyster Dishes" which gives many shore recipes, unknown inland. Address, Department [illegible]

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All men who smoke cigars

are trying to save money on their cigars. But when a man gets accustomed to a certain grade, he does not want to smoke an inferior cigar to save his money. He wants to get the best cigar obtainable for less money.

That is the equation upon which I started to sell Shivers' Cigars by mail direct to the smoker upon a free trial offer and a strong guarantee.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

In ordering please enclose business card or give personal references and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

My Panatela has a filler of clear, clean, long Havana leaf, *grown in Cuba*—and nothing else. This I guarantee, and will prove to anyone on request. The wrapper of my Panatela is genuine Sumatra, and the cigars are hand-made throughout by expert men cigar-makers.

If you are at all skeptical, it costs nothing to either prove or dispel your doubts.

The cigars must make good and sell themselves. For eight years, I have been manufacturing here in Philadelphia the best cigars I know how from the best tobacco procurable, made by the most skillful workmen. For eight years, I have daily sent out thousands of cigars free on trial all over the country on the above offer. The very fact that the number of my customers increases every day must prove one thing—Shivers' Cigars make good. The great majority of men who first send for 50 or 100 of these cigars on trial, remain my steady customers. In fact, to many of them I ship regularly a specified number and assortment of cigars on given dates like the 1st and 15th of every month. This is simply a matter of convenience.

The whole proposition is simply this. I tell you exactly how I make the cigars, out of what tobacco, and gladly show you through my factory, so that you can see for yourself how it is done, and then sell the cigars direct, and so cut out the jobbers' and retailers' profits. In this way, I give you a better cigar for the money than you can buy anywhere else.

Will you try 100 at my risk? They will be sent to you free on trial.

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $1½ MILLIONS.

AN UP-TO-DATE FELLER

(Continued from Page 7)

such a thing as combining business and pleasure; but, as I told Mr. Tuchman when he insisted on taking me up to the Heatherbloom Inn, the Board of Trustees control the placing of the orders. I have only a perfunctory duty to perform when I examine the finished clothing."

"Board of Trustees!" Morris exclaimed.

"Yes, the Board of Trustees of the Home for Female Orphans of Veterans, at Oceanhurst, Long Island. I am the superintendent—Miss Taylor—and I had an appointment at Lapidus & Elenbogen's to inspect a thousand blue-serge suits. Lapidus & Elenbogen were the successful bidders, you know. And there was really no reason for Mr. Tuchman's hospitality, since I had nothing whatever to do with their receiving the contract, nor could I possibly influence the placing of any future orders."

Morris nodded slowly. "So you ain't Miss Atkinson, then, lady?" he said.

The lady laughed again. "I'm very sorry if I'm the innocent recipient under false pretenses of a lunch and an automobile ride," she said, rising. "And you'll excuse me if I must hurry away to keep my appointment at Lapidus & Elenbogen's? I have to catch a train back to Oceanhurst at five o'clock, too."

She held out her hand and Morris took it sheepishly.

"I hope you'll forgive me," she said.

"I can't blame *you*, lady," Morris replied as they went toward the front door. "It ain't *your* fault, lady."

He held the door open for her. "And as for that Max Tuchman," he said, "I hope they send him up for life."

Abe stood in the sample-room doorway as Morris returned from the front of the store and fixed his partner with a terrible glare. "Yes, Mawruss," he said, "you're a fine piece of work, I must say."

Morris shrugged his shoulders and sat down. "That's what comes of not minding your own business," he retorted. "I'm the inside, Abe, and you're the outside, and it's your business to look after the out-of-town trade. I told you I don't know nothing about this here lady-buyer business. You ordered the oitermobile. I ain't got nothing to do with it, and, anyhow, I don't want to hear no more about it."

A pulse was beating in Abe's cheeks as he paced up and down before replying.

"*You* don't want to hear no more about it, Mawruss, I know," he said; "but *I* want to hear about it. I got a *right* to hear about it, Mawruss. I got a right to hear it how a man could make such a fool out of himself. Tell me, Mawruss, what name did you ask it for when you went to the clerk at the Prince William Hotel?"

Morris jumped to his feet. "Lillian Russell!" he roared, and banged the sample-room door behind him.

IV

FOR the remainder of the day Morris and Abe avoided each other, and it was not until the next morning that Morris ventured to address his partner.

"Did you get it any word from Marcus Bramson?" he asked.

"I ain't seen nor heard nothing," Abe replied. "I can't understand it, Mawruss; the man promised me, mind you, he would be here sure. Maybe you seen him up to the hotel, Mawruss?"

"I seen him," Morris replied, "but not at the hotel, Abe. I seen him up at that Heatherbloom Inn, Abe—with a lady."

"With a lady?" Abe cried. "Are you sure it was a lady, Mawruss? Maybe she was a relation."

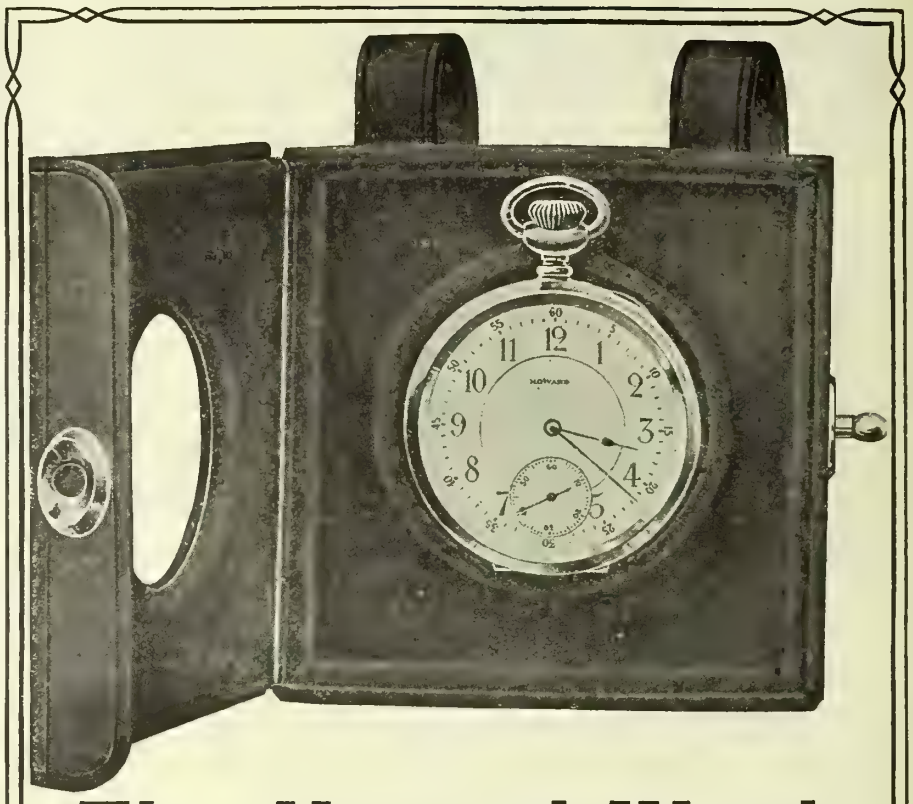
"Relations you don't take it to expensive places like the Heatherbloom Inn, Abe," Morris replied. "And, anyhow, this wasn't no relation, Abe; this was a lady. Why should a man blush for a relation, ain't it?"

"Did he blush?" Abe asked; but the question remained unanswered, for as Morris was about to reply the store door opened and Marcus Bramson entered.

"Ah, Mr. Bramson," Abe cried, "ain't it a beautiful weather?"

He seized the newcomer by the hand and shook it up and down. Mr. Bramson received the greeting solemnly.

"Abe," he said, "I am a man of my word, ain't it? And so I am come here to buy



The Howard Watch

THIS is a photograph of the HOWARD Watch adopted by Orville Wright in his record flights before the U. S. Government at Fort Myer.

The Watch is shown in the leather case or cradle, specially designed to hold the watch convenient to the aeroplanist's view.

The Wright Brothers at Le Mans, France, had most unsatisfactory experiences with all the watches they tried. They came back from Europe determined to buy HOWARDS.

The experiences of Orville Wright demonstrate beyond question that the HOWARD is the watch for the aviator.

At Fort Myer the HOWARD upheld its sixty-seven years' reputation as a practical time-piece. Its special hard-tempered balance beat true despite the vibration and tilting of the aeroplane. The HOWARD adjustment proved itself *permanent*—even after the shock of a landing that threw the watch to the ground.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD Watch, from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14K. solid gold case at $150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed price ticket attached.

Drop us a postal card, Dept. N, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS.

LeMar Cravats

IF "LE MAR" is *on* your cravat, Quality is *in* it. Make your half-dollar go *farther* than it ever went and bring back *more*.

LeMar Cravats

outwear, *outstyle* and *outlook* any other fifty-cent scarf—lend to it the "dollar-air." No amount of knotting can rob the silk of its crinkle and lustre.

Your dealer *has* or *can get* LeMar Cravats for you, if you persist. Be firm and *get what you ask for*. "The Well-Cravatted Man," a dainty book for your shaving or dressing table, sent *free*. Address Dept. "B."

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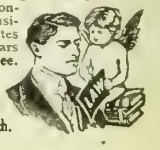

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goods; but, all the same, I tell you the truth: I was pretty near going to Lapidus & Elenbogen's."

"Lapidus & Elenbogen's!" Abe cried. "Why so?"

At this juncture Morris appeared at the sample-room door and beamed at Mr. Bramson, who looked straight over his head in cold indifference; whereupon Morris found some business to attend to in the rear of the store.

"That's what I said," Mr. Bramson replied, "Lapidus & Elenbogen's; and you would of deserved it."

"Mr. Bramson," Abe protested, "did I ever done you something that you should talk that way?"

"*Me* you never done nothing to, Abe," said Mr. Bramson, "but to treat a lady what *is* a lady, Abe, like a dawg, Abe, I must say it I'm surprised."

"*I* never treated no lady like a dawg, Mr. Bramson," Abe replied. "You must be mistaken."

"Well, maybe it wasn't you, Abe," Mr. Bramson went on; "but if it wasn't you it was your partner there, that Mawruss Perlmutter. Yesterday I seen him up to the Heatherbloom Inn, Abe, and I assure you, Abe, I was never before in my life in such a high-price place—coffee and cake, Abe, believe me, one dollar and a quarter."

He paused to let the information sink in. "But what could I do?" he asked. "I was walking through the side entrance of the Prince William Hotel yesterday, Abe, just on my way down to see you, when I seen it a lady sitting on a bench, looking like she would like to cry only for shame for the people. Well, Abe, I looked again, Abe, and would you believe it, Abe, it was Miss Atkinson, what used to work for me as saleswoman and got a job by The Golden Rule Store, Elmira, as assistant buyer, and is now buyer by Moe Gerschel, The Emporium, Duluth."

Abe nodded; he knew what was coming.

"So, naturally, I asks her what it is the matter with her, and she says Potash & Perlmutter had an appointment to take her out in an oitermobile at two o'clock, and here it was three o'clock already and they ain't showed up yet. Potash & Perlmutter is friends of mine, Miss Atkinson, I says, and I'm sure something must have happened, or otherwise they would not of failed to be here. So I says for her to ring you up, Abe, and find out. But she says she would see you first in—she wouldn't ring you up for all the oitermobiles in New York. So I says, well, I says, if you don't want to ring 'em up *I'll* ring 'em up; and she says I should mind my own business. So then I says, if *you* wouldn't ring 'em up and *I* wouldn't ring 'em up I'll do *this* for you, Miss Atkinson: You and me will go for an oitermobile ride, I says, and we'll have just so good a time as if Potash & Perlmutter was paying for it. And so we did, Abe. I took Miss Atkinson up to the Heatherbloom Inn, and it costed me thirty dollars, Abe, including a cigar, which I wouldn't charge you nothing for."

"Charge *me* nothing!" Abe cried. "Of course you wouldn't charge me nothing. You wouldn't charge me nothing, Mr. Bramson, because I wouldn't *pay* you nothing. *I* didn't ask you to take Miss Atkinson out in an oitermobile."

"I know you didn't, Abe," Mr. Bramson replied firmly, "but either *you* will pay for it or I will go over to Lapidus & Elenbogen's and *they* will pay for it. They'll be only too glad to pay for it, Abe, because I bet yer Miss Atkinson she give 'em a pretty big order already, Abe."

Abe frowned and then shrugged. "All right," he said; "if I must I must. So come on now, Mr. Bramson, and look over the line."

In the mean time Morris had repaired to the bookkeeper's desk and was looking over the daybook with an unseeing eye. His mind was occupied with bitter reflections when Ralph Tuchman interrupted him.

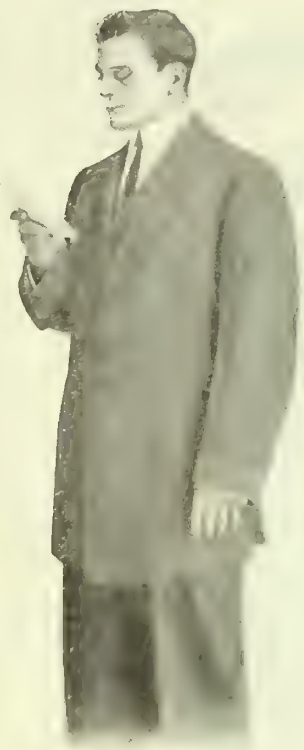
"Mr. Perlmutter," he said, "I'm going to leave."

"Going to leave?" Morris cried. "What for?"

"Well, in the first place, I don't like it to be called out of my name," he continued. "Mr. Potash calls me Ike, and my name is Ralph. If a man's name is Ralph, Mr. Perlmutter, he naturally don't like it to be called Ike."

"I know it," Morris agreed, "but some people ain't got a good memory for names,

You or The President



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Ralph. Even myself I forget it names, too, oncet in a while, occasionally."

"But that ain't all, Mr. Perlmutter," Ralph went on. "Yesterday, while you was out, Mr. Potash accuses me something terrible."

"Accuse you?" Morris said. "What does he accuse you for?"

"He accuse me that I ring up my Uncle Max Tuchman and tell him about a Miss Atkinson at the Prince William Hotel," Ralph continued. "I didn't do it, Mr. Perlmutter; believe me. Uncle Max rung me up, and I was going to tell you and Mr. Potash what he rung me up for if you didn't looked at me like I was a pickpocket when I was coming away from the 'phone yesterday."

"I didn't look at you like a pickpocket, Ralph," Morris said. "What did your Uncle Max ring you up for?"

"Why, he wanted me to tell you that so long as you was so kind and gives me this here vacation job I should do you a good turn, too. He says that Miss Atkinson tells him yesterday she was going out oitermobile riding with you, and so he says I should tell you not to go to any expense by Miss Atkinson, on account that she already bought her fall line from Uncle Max when he was in Duluth three weeks ago already; and that she is now in New York strictly on her vacation only, and *not* to buy goods."

Morris nodded slowly.

"Well, Ralph," he said, "you're a good, smart boy, and I want you to stay until Miss Cohen comes back and maybe we'll raise you a couple of dollars a week till then."

He bit the end off a Heatherbloom Inn cigar. "When a man gets played it good for a sucker like we was," he mused, "a couple of dollars more or less won't harm him none."

"That's what my Uncle Max says when he seen you up at the Heatherbloom Inn yesterday," Ralph commented.

"*He* seen me up at the Heatherbloom Inn!" Morris cried. "How should he seen me up at the Heatherbloom Inn? I thought he was made it arrested."

"Sure he was made it arrested," Ralph said. "But he fixed it up all right at the station-house, and the sergeant lets him out. So he goes up to the Heatherbloom Inn because when he went right back to the hotel to see after that Miss Taylor the carriage agent tells him a feller chases him up in an oitermobile to the Heatherbloom Inn. But when Uncle Max gets up there you look like you was having such a good time already he hates to interrupt you, so he goes back to the store again."

Morris puffed violently at his cigar.

"That's a fine piece of work," he said, "that Max Tuchman is."

Ralph nodded.

"Sure he is," he replied. "Uncle Max is an up-to-date feller."

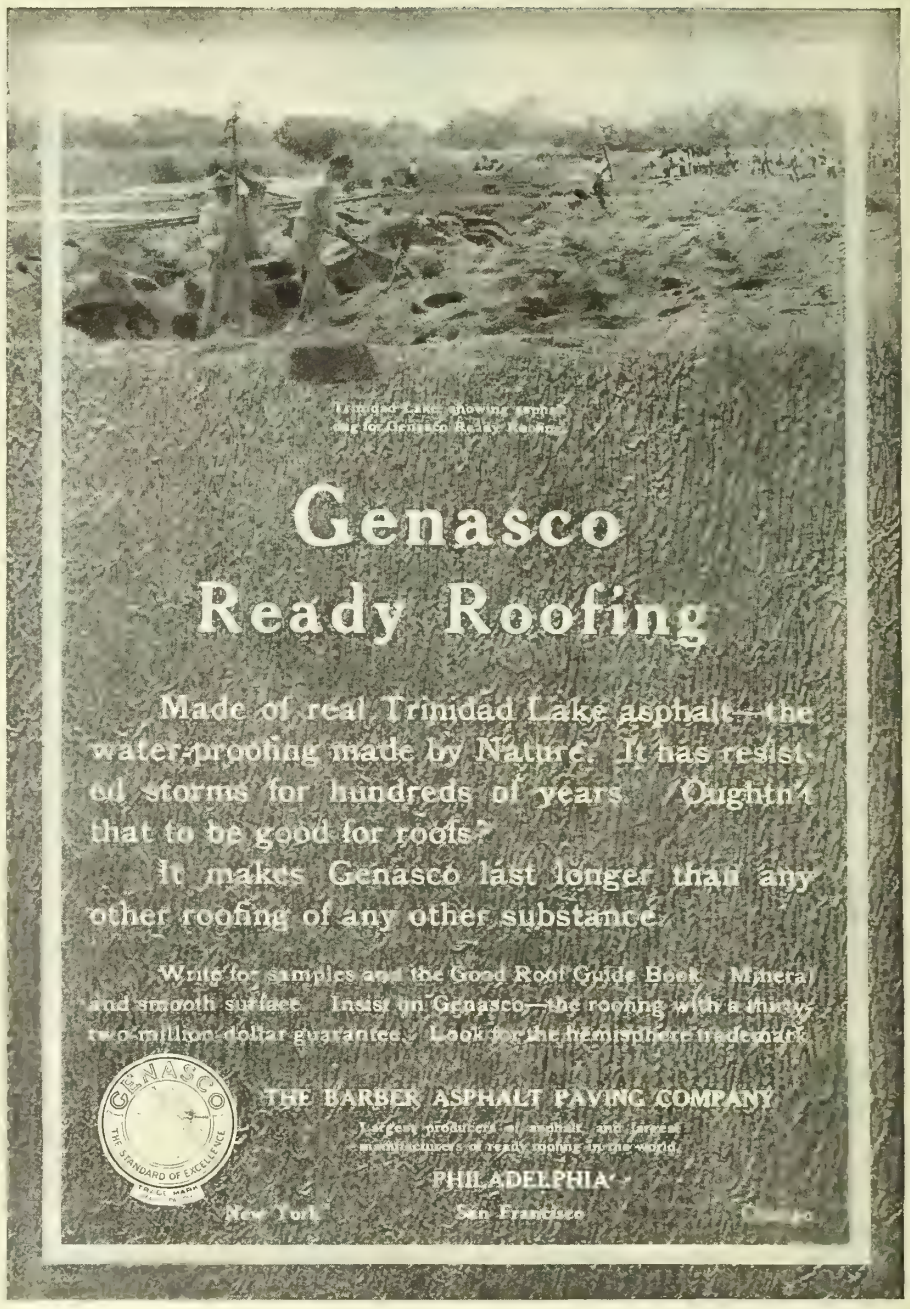
The Leasebreakers

BROADWAY has a society known as the Leasebreakers, made up of men and women well known along that thoroughfare. When a member of the society, or a friend of a member, wants to move and cannot get rid of his lease, he gives a party and invites the Leasebreakers. They come and stay for four or five hours, and next morning there is a general complaint from all the other tenants of the building, and before nine o'clock the landlord comes around and serves a dispossess notice on the man who wants his lease broken, alleging he cannot have such carryings-on in his place.

There is a near-Bohemian in New York who wants very much to be a real Bohemian. He has a knack for fixing up an apartment. After a long search he found some rooms that exactly suited him and he spent two whole years in getting just the right furniture, in selecting the proper hangings, in tearing out partitions and rebuilding rooms until he had a perfect jewel-box of a place. He guarded it jealously until all was ready. Then he sent out invitations to all the Broadway set to come over and help him at his housewarming.

Among those invited were half a dozen members of the Leasebreakers. They thought their host wanted to get rid of his lease. They attended and did their liveliest leasebreaking stunts. It was a great night.

Before nine o'clock the next morning, the near-Bohemian was notified to get out.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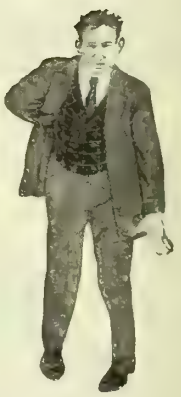

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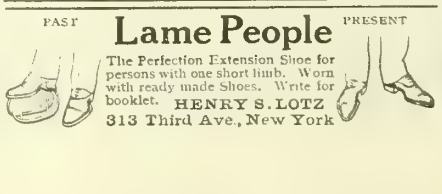

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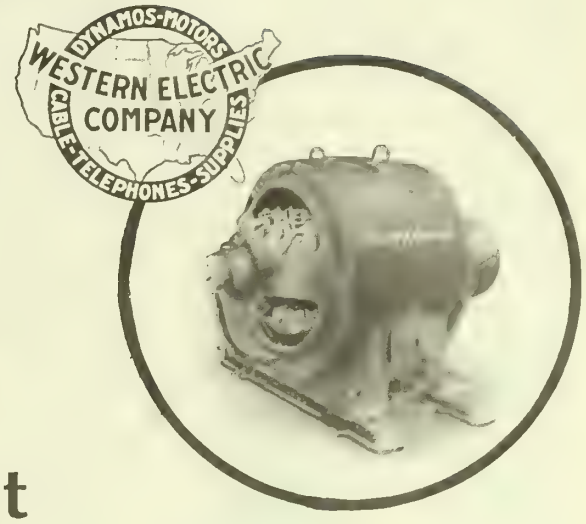

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CATALOG C

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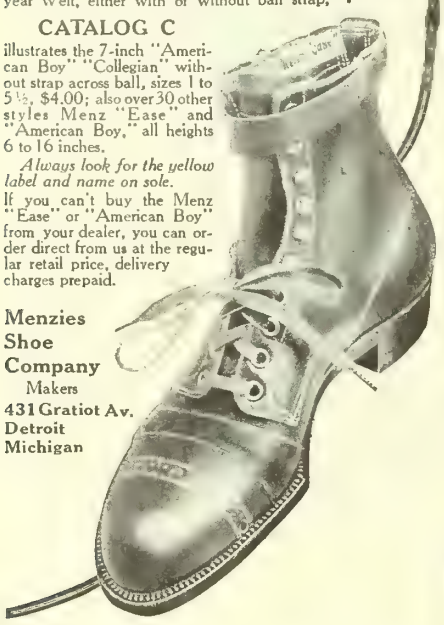

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THE FINAL SCORE

(Continued from Page 13)

the river front and with the frequent cries of derision from stevedores and truck drivers sounding from behind. He made the other get into water so cold that it made him red and white, and then he really tore the less rigorous man's skin with a Turkish towel that had knots on it about as hard as the knots on a walnut shell. He insisted on long nights of sleep and that Sundays be spent at the summer home of the Cloakers up the Hudson. He made Bradford settle up for his share of the household expenses every week.

The time came when Bradford broke over. There are only three men in the world who, till now, know how Jim met him when the poor devil came slinking for the first time into the apartment with his white, twitching face, and how Jim went up to him and put his arm around him and said: "Poor old Brad! poor old Brad! we've got to buck the line again now. They've thrown us for a loss, haven't they?"

It was not the last time, but Jim seemed to have endless hope, inexhaustible patience. "What shall I tell her?" asked Bradford once, holding up an unopened envelope addressed in the bold handwriting. It had lain on the cigar cabinet for two days during one of Bradford's absences.

"Is that from your wife?" asked Jim steadily. "I have never been sure as to whether that was her writing."

"She has never written you?" the other said, not with curiosity, but with surprise.

"No," said Jim. "Just tell her that everything is going to be fine. Say that you have nearly paid off the—the loan the insurance people made you. Tell her that next winter she can come up here. Tell her that she will be responsible for a big victory!"

So, on and on the two men went through the almost unbearable New York summer. As Bradford slid away from his first gathering of strength, Jim, in spite of his fierce interest in his new plaything, the corporation, threw into the game of Bradford's personality an extra measure of persistent and apparently affectionate labor. If Jim's own headstrong, willful temper ever showed in the progress of slow-coming defeat he concealed it by long marches into the woods far beyond the sound of the ferry whistles.

At last the fight was at an end. Bradford died.

The doctor had been right. Jim remembered that long before the other man himself had spoken of a disease of his arteries. And now a one last half-foolish evening had closed his career. It was not dramatic. He had fallen over suddenly into the bottom of a hack, and the driver, finding him so when he opened the door, was frightened into a grotesque return to his native Welsh dialect. Jim heard the news over the telephone.

After a time Jim put on his hat and went out. His very first errand was to find a reporter on an evening paper named Riggs, who had been a friend of Bradford's, and to plan to notify Mrs. Bradford's sister.

"And then," said Jim, "fix the whole thing, will you? You know—the arrangements."

"Aren't you going to be there?" asked the other man, drawing absurd faces on a block of cheap yellow paper with his pencil.

"No," Jim said. "There are reasons why I shouldn't. I'm going on my vacation."

Riggs flushed angrily. "You must have been a real good friend of his!" he said with sarcastic resentment. "This is the most cold-blooded conduct I ever——" He closed his fist.

"Well," said Jim patiently, "I am not sure that he would have liked to hear you talk that way about me." And saying this he turned out into the narrow hallway with its smell of printing-ink and cigarette smoke.

He went away from New York to the Canadian woods. Indeed, it was eight months before he came back. He drove up to the apartment the first day of his return and spent the afternoon in directing his servant, old Jules, in the work of packing up his belongings. The wisps of excelsior already scattered on the rugs in the half-stripped rooms showed that most of the things owned by the other man had been taken by some one who could identify them. She had been there. On the table, among the other personal letters sent up from the office, was one note addressed to Jim in a now familiar handwriting. On the sheet written it merely stated that Mrs. Bradford

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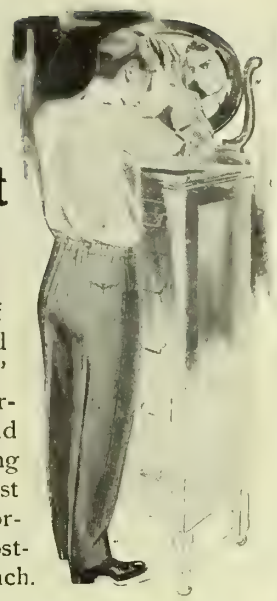

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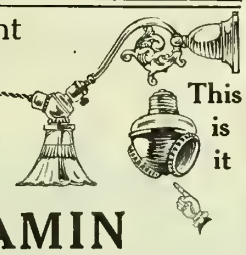

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would make her home for a year or two with her sister in the West Indies. Jim looked at it several times, and turned it over as if he had expected to find something else.

"Of course she couldn't know," he said half aloud. "She has no way of knowing."

Nevertheless, he folded the paper and put it in his pocket; then, drawing a chair toward the window, he rapidly opened and tossed aside a dozen invitations and announcements. Among the other letters was one addressed in a fine, stilted hand.

"My dear Mr. Cloaker," it read, "I am inclosing a copy of a letter received by my sister, Elizabeth Bradford, from her husband. It was written after his physician had told him that his life would not last long, and was held by a friend to be mailed in case he should die. I am not sure what Elizabeth would say to my sending you this letter. I have copied it and inclosed it without her knowledge. Somehow, I thought from all that I could gather that it was best for you to see it."

"The sister with headaches!" said Jim aloud, remembering old Conger's phrase.

The inclosed letter was in Bradford's familiar style.

"My dear wife," it began, "there is little use, after all, because, even though I could do and be all that you have tried to make me do and be, I could only do it a short while. The doctor said today that I must put my affairs in shape.

"I know that it will not be so terrible a blow to you as it would be had I been the right kind of man. I recognize that I have done all the common and some of the extraordinary things which a man may do to lose a woman's respect and love.

"Living with Jim Cloaker has taught me a whole lot about gentlemen and sportsmen. He has fought his way out of all dissipation and idleness in a way to make a whole man stand on his chair and holler! I couldn't do as well. It wasn't in me. I see my father constantly appearing in myself and I have a new sympathy for his tragic life.

"Jim began because of you. I know this is true, though no word of you has ever passed between us. I tell you that I know—perhaps by absorbing the idea day by day from his moods and his inner thoughts—that he thinks you are different from any woman he has known, and yet I know just as you know that he has been too good a sportsman ever to tell you of it. The only comment he ever made about you was that you were playing a great game, and that only the finest of women could play so strong and well. 'Great enough,' he said, 'to make men of twenty derelicts.'

"I believe, too, that you indirectly or perhaps directly were really the cause of all the change in him. He has been tremendously successful. I have envied his growth. His body and mind both have been trained down. I saw him swim across the lake at Carriten last Sunday. He is as hard as nails and brown with the sun. And it is so with his mind. It is more sinewy, has endurance, control!

"You cannot know how gentle and kind and courageous and true he has been in helping me. I know that if anything happens to me—that when it does—he will seek you out of his own free will. We owe much to him. Perhaps you will want him to help you. He would come. I believe you must know that yourself. It is only fair that, after all he has done, you should let him know, after life has settled back into its ordinary course, just where you are. He may wish to go to you. He would go to you. I suspect that he could not help it."

Jim looked up from the letter and slowly folded it. He sat there a long while until at last his breath seemed to come again and his whole big body relaxed. "He must have known. Old Brad was yellow, but he must have known," he whispered to himself, and walked to the window. There he stood a long time, looking out. After a time he unfolded her brief note. She had sent him word.

He pressed his teeth together. His eyes moistened until her writing had become blurred like something seen through corrugated glass. But now at last she understood it all—the whole story—he was sure. He could go to her!

He turned back into the room.

Old Jules was straightening his old back above a packing-box. He squinted at Cloaker with his wrinkled old eyes.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "there's a bit of blood from a cut on your lip, sir."

The Value of the PIANOLA Trade-Mark

IT is pretty safe to say that every one who owns a piano now, will some day, either own a PIANOLA to go with it, or a PIANOLA Piano to take the old piano's place.

The fact that practically all piano manufacturers are now imitating these two instruments, proves that *almost everyone who sees the PIANOLA and PIANOLA piano wants one or the other.*

If you should buy an imitation instrument, it would prove you did not know the meaning and value of the PIANOLA trade-mark.

"PIANOLA" is the name of one specific Piano-player—the one manufactured by the Aeolian Co. No other instrument has the right to be sold under the name, and no imitation equals the PIANOLA in its artistic qualities or in excellence of construction.

There is infinitely more difference between the PIANOLA and PIANOLA Piano and the other instruments of their type, than there is between pianos of different makes. Pianos have been made so long that their structural features are similar.

The PIANOLA and PIANOLA Piano on the other hand possess features that the patent laws will protect from imitation for many years to come.

These features, such as the *Metrostyle*, *Themodist*, etc., have secured for the PIANOLA the recognition of such famous musicians as Grieg, Paderewski, Strauss, Humperdinck, Hofmann, Rosenthal, Moszkowski and others.

The leading musical authorities of the world, have stated that without the *Metrostyle* and *Themodist*, it is impossible for anyone to give a *really artistic performance*, with a Piano-player.

It will save you from absolutely certain disappointment to bear in mind when investigating such instruments, that the word PIANOLA is a trade-mark—that all Piano-players are *not* PIANOLAS—that only the PIANOLA has the *Metrostyle* and *Themodist* and that no piano that does not have the word PIANOLA plainly on it, is a PIANOLA Piano containing the genuine PIANOLA.

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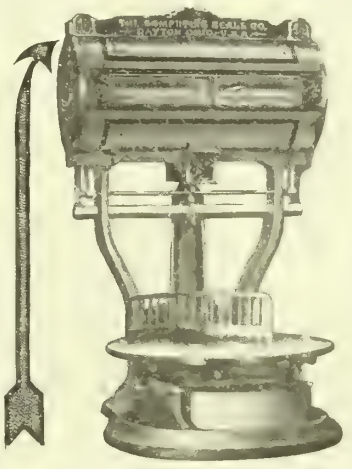

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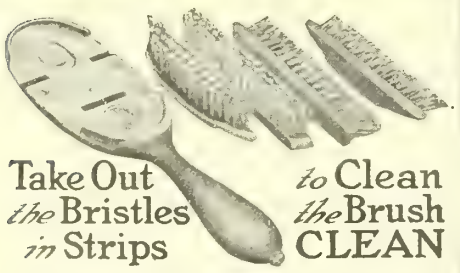

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THE TRIALS OF TONY

(Continued from Page 18)

Alaska and that's the last penny I shall spend on you."

"Payin' it to Monte Carlo would cost you less," his son suggested.

"I am in an extravagant humor, Tony."

Tony was struck with a bright idea.

"Well, look here, then: you fork out the passage money to Alaska and leave the spendin' of it to me."

"Lead him away, Algernon."

Algie took his friend's arm and drew him toward the door, encouraging him thus:

"She's a ripper, Tony, a regular ripper! And I'll be your best man; I'll see you through it. Dear old boy, England can't afford to lose you. It's worth making any sacrifice to avoid that. You can arrange for a divorce afterward; but nail the boodle now, Tony, nail the boodle now!"

The thin, suave voice of Lord Raymes followed them.

"Three hundred thousand pounds, Tony, and a devilish worthy young woman. I couldn't do more for you if I were your tailor."

Anthony seemed sensible of his kindness.

"It is deuced good of you," he confessed.

"You are my Benjamin," replied his parent; and to this duet of mutual affection the young man retired to meditate.

"Ring the bell, will you, Algie?" requested his host, and smiled down amiably at his cigar.

"On the whole," he explained, "it might be safer to say a word to this young lady ourselves before we let Tony loose on her. He seems lacking in method."

"He is full of beans, sir, I assure you."

"I wish to prevent their becoming might-have-beens."

In a moment a footman entered.

"Tell Mary I should like to see her for a few minutes," said Lord Raymes.

"Mary Dishett, my lord, or Mary Frisk?"

"Ah, two Marys, are there? I mean the heiress, Mary Dishett."

He turned to his young guest with a smile more amiable than ever.

"Well, Algie, do you think we are going to break Tony's run of ill luck at last?"

"I hope so, sir. He's had a very tryin' life of it, has Tony."

"So has his father," observed Lord Raymes.

Algie looked pained.

"But isn't that, sir," he urged—"I say it with all deference—isn't that partly because you don't quite appreciate dear Tony?"

Lord Raymes seemed struck with the cogency of this argument.

"I believe you are right," he said deliberately. "How you illuminate a subject, Algernon!"

The door opened, and he turned with his most courteous smile.

"Ah, Mary, good-evening!"

At a glance it was apparent that Miss Dishett embodied respectability. Her age was nine and twenty, her face a guarantee of sound principles, her expression chastely reserved, and her demeanor decorous. With lowered eyes and lips respectfully compressed she articulated not without elegance:

"Thank you, my lord."

Lord Raymes indicated the most inviting chair in the room.

"Again I thank you, my lord," said this exemplary young woman, "but till tomorrow morning, which time I leaves your lordship's service, I should feel more comfortable in the species of chair I fills at prayers."

And so saying she seated herself in a fashion appropriate to the pious reminiscence.

During this brief passage the most remarkable disturbances had agitated Algie's comely countenance. Seizing the old gentleman's arm he whispered distractedly:

"Good Heavens! I say, this isn't the same girl!"

"Eh!"

"This is not the same Mary that Tony fancied!"

Lord Raymes remained calm—even complacent, it seemed.

"I am glad to hear it," he replied. "Tony's taste is atrocious."

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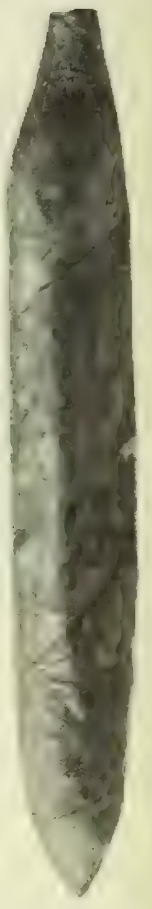
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For $2.00 extra we will send a mahogany chest instead of oak; or for $3.00 extra, one of Circassian Walnut.

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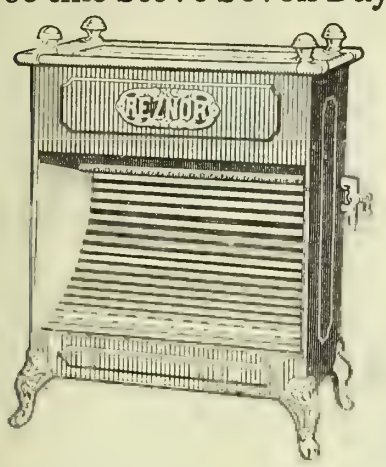

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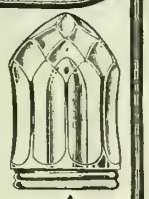

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Algie was silenced, though not quite reassured.

"Hitherto, Mary," Lord Raymes resumed, "I have not had the opportunity of congratulating you upon the good fortune that has befallen you. I am sure it could not have happened to a more deserving—er—young lady. My only regret is that it is going to deprive me of the pleasure of your society."

"In a sense, my lord," replied Miss Dishett politely, "I regret it also. I always has 'ad—'as had, I should say—a partiality for the nobility."

This answer appeared to afford his lordship considerable satisfaction. His manner grew more confidential.

"Well, my dear girl," he inquired genially, "and what do you propose to do with three hundred thousand pounds?"

"My lord, I have a brother in need of pecuniary assistance."

My lord's face clouded.

"It is not for me to advise you, Mary; but as an elderly man with some experience of the world, I say: 'Think twice, think twice,' Mary!"

She deliberated.

"He asks for a hundred pounds, my lord."

My lord's face cleared.

"A hundred pounds? Certainly, my dear girl, certainly send him a hundred pounds, and—er—let him understand that he must in future—ah—depend on his own exertions; as a young man should, Mary, as a young man certainly should."

"My lord, I shall take the liberty of accepting of your advice."

My lord smiled benevolently.

"Very charming of you, Mary; very charming. And now, what do you mean to do with the rest of your fortune?"

An expression of remarkable determination came into Miss Dishett's face.

"Your lordship, if I says it who shouldn't, it do seem a pity to throw away so much knowledge of the ways of the servant classes. I think of having such a 'ouse—'aving such a house—my lord, as will require the keeping of numerous domestics of both sexes."

His lordship smiled sympathetically.

"With a view to improving their conditions—that sort of thing, eh?"

A gleam of austere purpose kindled in Miss Dishett's eye.

"With a view, my lord, of learning 'em to avoid many errors into which they falls under gentlemen and ladies unacquainted with their natural sinfulness."

"Gad!" cried he. "It might be myself speaking of the House of Lords!"

Regarding her with evidently increased respect he inquired:

"And have you got your eye on a suitable mansion?"

Her glance again sought the floor, and a little smile broke the rigidity of her lips.

"Begging your pardon, my lord, but—your lordship wasn't wanting to let, was you?"

His lordship controlled his emotions with difficulty.

"To ——! Er—well, my dear girl ——"

"Of course, we all knows you are 'ard up."

"Oh, you do, do you?"

He pondered.

"Then you think my little place might suit you?"

"In most ways, my lord, certainly. The steepness of the back stairs I have sometimes in the past complained of. In the future, if I was thinking of making any alterations ——"

"You'd pitch 'em steeper, I suppose?"

Miss Dishett looked grave.

"Well, my lord, the footmen do need something to take the exuberance out of them."

"One lives and learns, Algie," murmured Lord Raymes.

He turned upon Mary a smile more beneficent than ever.

"Let us suppose we have established you in some suitable and—er chaste mansion; the next thing is, how are we going to furnish it, eh?"

"I have already, my lord, decided there will be a grand piano, but no statuary."

"Capital, capital! But, my dear child, I am thinking of an article of furniture even more important than a grand piano. The happy man, Mary! You must find him; eh?"

Miss Dishett lowered her eyes.

"Such sentiments 'ave been far from my thoughts. Do I understand your lordship to mean ——"

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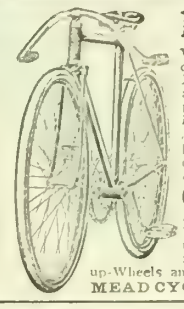

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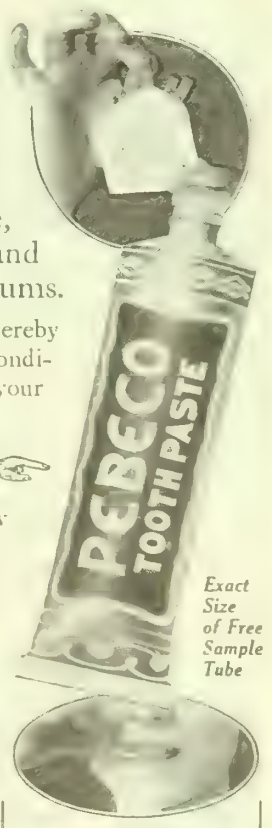

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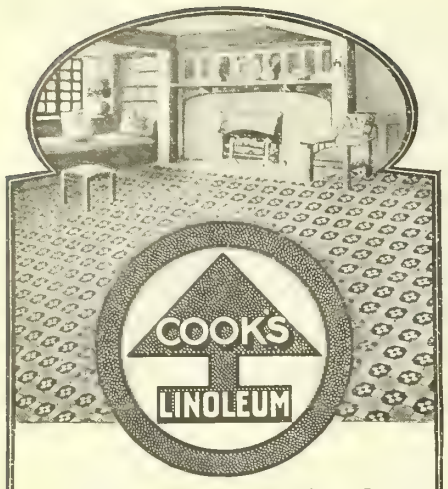

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HOOSIER STOVE FACTORY, 217 State St., Marion, Ind.

"A young fellow to share this mansion. Ha, ha! What?"

Miss Dishett looked up again.

"A young gentleman, my lord; I will have nothing less."

"Precisely, precisely, my dear girl; but why not have something more?"

The heiress permitted her virgin eyes to study his countenance for a moment. Apparently the inspection was satisfactory, for when she replied it was with an air of reciprocal confidence.

"Well, my lord, 'aving enjoyed the hospitality of the aristocracy for so long, I can't help feeling it my duty to give the titled classes the first chance."

With charming coyness she added:

"Has your lordship any names to suggest?"

Lord Raymes bent affectionately over his late housemaid and, delicately raising one of her hands, pressed it gently between his own.

"I offer you my only unmarried child."

"Gu-gu?" she exclaimed.

"Eh?"

"I beg your lordship's pardon. The name slipped out quite unintentional. It was how he was known amongst us—in what is now former days, my lord."

He smiled indulgently.

"Well, Mary, and what do you say to Gu-gu?"

"One of the best, Miss Dishett!" cried Algie. "A ripper—simply a ripper!"

Miss Dishett meditated.

"I'd have to choose the housemaids accordingly. I had promised that Mary Frisk a place, but that would have to be off."

Then, with an expression at once businesslike and demure, she addressed her prospective father-in-law:

"My lord, may I be plain with you?"

"You can never be plain, Mary," he answered gallantly, "but you may be as plain as you can. What is it? My dear boy's character? His accomplishments?"

She shook her head.

"Those do not worry me. I had not heard of them one way nor the other. It is this: Does a Honorable's coachman wear a cockade in his 'at—in 'is hat—my lord?"

"The coachman of three hundred thousand pounds wears whatever three hundred thousand pounds chooses," he replied with conviction.

"Then, my lord, I do accept of him."

"Good sportsman!" cried Algie. "Gad, you're a brace of rippers—born for one another, if you ask me."

It was this moment of triumph that the genius of Anthony selected for his reëntry. By one moist hand he led a girl radiant in blushes and golden curls and decked in the same uniform as Miss Dishett.

"Father," he cried, "Mary has consented! Who says I can't do the sportin' thing if I make up my mind and all the rest of it; what?"

Miss Dishett rose.

"My lord," she said with finality, though without emotion, "you 'ave done your best, but some luxuries is too expensive at any price, and some presents isn't worth the postage. I return 'im to you with thanks."

. . . . . .

Algie always quotes this incident as the breaking point of his friend's bad luck. Things had to mend after that; and we are happy to record that they did. His Mary's abilities proved as remarkable as the other Mary's good fortune. She is now proprietress of the most extensive steam laundry in London—an undertaking so prosperous that Tony has recently purchased his first dirigible balloon.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of short stories narrating the adventures of Tony.

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"Them's mighty good fighters, every one of 'em," he said, "but they was all lost on the way back. I don't reckon they ever did get home."

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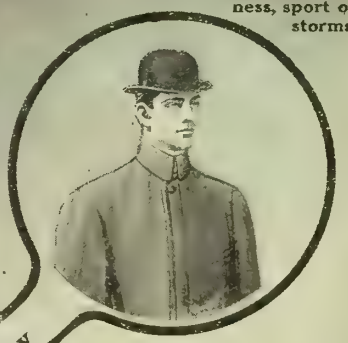

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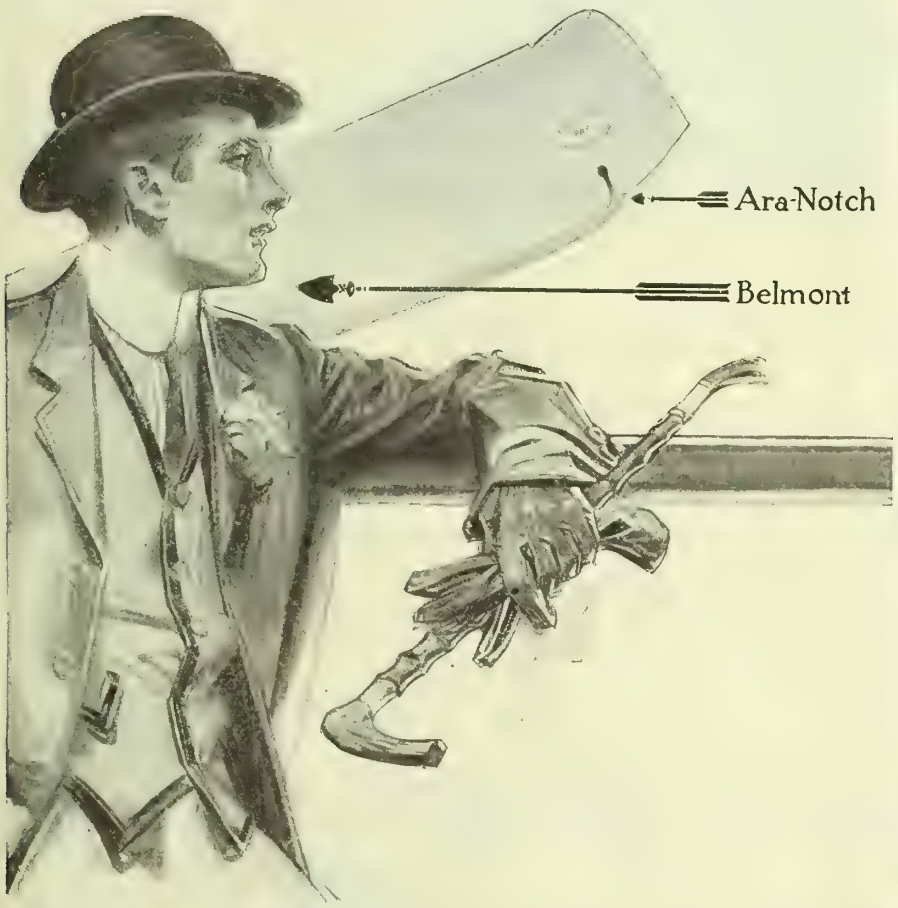

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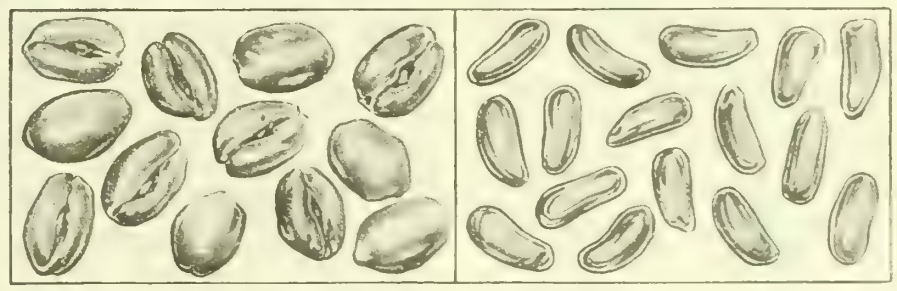

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THE LOSING GAME

(Continued from Page 15)

and a faro bank to town. One of the first persons to whom Lewis introduced the general agent was Mr. S. Bloom, Jr.

Earlier in the day Hamilton's thrifty eye had fallen upon the establishment of S. Bloom & Co.—dry-goods, clothing, hats, caps, boots, shoes—occupying the first and second floors of the largest brick building in town. The hotel clerk had told him, indeed, that it was the largest brick building in the county, and the same friendly informant had pointed out S. Bloom, Sr.—a short, round, sad-looking man of fifty, whose dim eyes seemed weary, and whose fat shoulders stooped as though he bore heavy burdens.

Not the least of the burdens of S. Bloom, Sr., was S. Bloom, Jr., whom Lewis and the others in the sample room called Solly. He was a chubby, debonair young man in loud clothes. A pearl of size adorned his necktie, and on each hand he wore a solitaire diamond ring. Hamilton knew instantly that Solly was Bremen's leading sport. To Hamilton he spoke familiarly of various resorts of the sporty in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and he took care early to let the general agent know that he had been in New York—in Wall Street, and even in the Stock Exchange itself. Indeed, as the sampling progressed he spoke in an offhand, familiar way of Morgan, Rockefeller and other potentates of the "Street." Hamilton good-naturedly indulged Solly's innnocent affectation of being on the inside. He judged that Solly alone could be depended upon to pay the wire rental and running expenses.

The next forenoon Hamilton went over to the bank.

"Well, Mr. Barlow," said the general agent from the threshold, as though he were merely passing, "those linemen are slow. They're just getting into town with our wire now. Guess it will be too late to do any business today by the time they get us connected up."

"Just getting into town, eh?" said Mr. Barlow. "Well, you can't hurry them big corporations. They take their own time. Come in."

The general agent sat down opposite the banker. Presently, following Mr. Barlow's cautious leads, he was vigorously expounding his views of the stock market—lugging in that wise-sounding and easily-acquired patter of the trade which any bright office boy can soon learn to reel off by the yard.

"Now, Mr. Hamilton," Mr. Barlow said presently, looking the agent in the eye, "here's what I'd like to have explained to me. Your concern is a bucketshop." He pronounced the word firmly, as though he defied contradiction. "You don't really execute, on the stock exchange, the orders you receive. If I buy a hundred shares of Northern Pacific, you just put that order on your books, and take the chances that Northern Pacific will go down, and I'll lose my money. But if Northern Pacific goes up, you lose; you have to pay me whatever amount the stock advances. Now, suppose a whole lot of people buy stocks of you, and those stocks go up, as you say they're bound to. That will let you in for a tremendous loss. How can you stand it?"

Hamilton craned his neck to look into the outer room, as though he feared they might be overheard.

"The truth is, Mr. Barlow," he said—strictly between themselves—"a bucketshop that's managed properly is the safest thing in the world. In the first place, about two-thirds of our orders just cancel each other, because, while some buy, others sell. You buy a hundred shares of Northern Pacific; but Mr. Miles in there sells a hundred shares. If you win, he loses; if he wins, you lose. In one case we just hand your money over to him; in the other we simply hand his money over to you. But we charge a commission of twenty-five cents a share. We charge you twenty-five dollars commission on the hundred shares you buy, and we charge him twenty-five dollars commission on the hundred shares he sells. So at the end of the deal we're just fifty dollars ahead. Confidentially, that's the way it works. Look at all the trades on the New York Stock Exchange. Every time one man buys another man must sell, or there couldn't be any trade. That's why we want so many branch offices, do you see?

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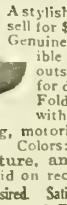

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For, while most of the people in one locality may be bullish, most of them in another locality will be bearish. But suppose we find we're getting overloaded on one side or the other. Our books, for example, show at a certain time that our bullish customers have bought fifty thousand shares of Northern Pacific with us, while our bearish customers have sold only thirty thousand shares. If Northern Pacific should go up we'd be let in for a big loss on that uncovered twenty thousand shares. So we simply hedge it—that is, we send down to New York and buy for our own account twenty thousand shares of Northern Pacific on the stock exchange. A little figuring will show you that we make our commission of twenty-five cents a share on the thirty thousand shares that our customers buy and the thirty thousand that they sell, and as we've hedged the odd twenty thousand shares we can't possibly lose enough to hurt us. Between ourselves, it's the surest business in the world."

Later in the day, in relating this conversation to Brewer—who was perfectly well aware that over nine-tenths of a bucketshop's country customers invariably bought, or "went long," and that a bucketshop almost never hedged—Hamilton observed: "And the sucker actually swallowed that yarn, bait, hook and sinker. It's really these wise boys, who think they know a lot, that make the best picking."

The general agent's imaginative explanation seemed, indeed, to resolve Mr. Barlow's doubts. He began speaking discursively about the great rise in stocks during the last two or three years.

Presently, in a reminiscent sort of way that was half-fond, half-sad, he remarked: "I know a man—cousin of my wife's, in fact. He was doing a little chattel loan business down in Kansas. Never seemed to me he had any great business ability, either." He smiled deprecatingly. "Well, sir, along in '98, somehow that fellow got a notion of buying Atchison preferred; bought it around twenty-five and hung on to it, and doubled up. He sold out his Atchison a little while ago around ninety; cleaned up ninety thousand dollars. He and his wife's gone to Europe now." Mr. Barlow smiled again, humbly confessing his own comparative failure.

He then opened a drawer in his desk and took out a well-filled box of prime five-cent cigars. This was his extremest form of geniality. Hamilton winced, but took one of the cigars and lighted it, while Mr. Barlow lighted another, leaned back and puffed deliberately. Thus, so to speak, letting himself go, he inquired with a rather incidental air: "What do you think about this Amalgamated Copper?"

Hamilton had never thought anything about it before; but he now discovered that he held an extremely high opinion of it.

"Reason I ask," Mr. Barlow said, "is that a friend of mine—one of the bank's best customers—has been talking to me about it." He glanced at the door and studied the end of his cigar; also, he gently cleared his throat. "I wouldn't wonder," he continued slowly, avoiding the general agent's eye—"I wouldn't wonder if he might buy a little of it—provided you could fix it for him someway so's he could deal direct with the home office. You see," he explained, "he's a particular sort of man; very close-mouthed. He wouldn't care to have George Lewis or anybody else know what he was doing. Not that there's anything wrong about it, you understand," said the banker, in a louder and firmer tone; "only he kind of likes to keep his business to himself; wouldn't want to take any chances of anybody gossiping around town what he was doing."

"Nothing easier," Hamilton replied cheerfully, looking Mr. Barlow's secretive friend genially in the eye. "Here's our own telegraph operator—Mr. Brewer. He's a confidential man. You could just have your friend tell you what he wanted to buy, you see, and deposit the margin money with you, and then Brewer would drop in at the bank and you could give him the order and he'd wire it right to the main office."

In that later conversation with Brewer Hamilton explained this arrangement. "Be sure you don't give it away, now," he cautioned. "We don't land a bank president every day."

The general agent was in an exceedingly pleasant frame of mind. He thought

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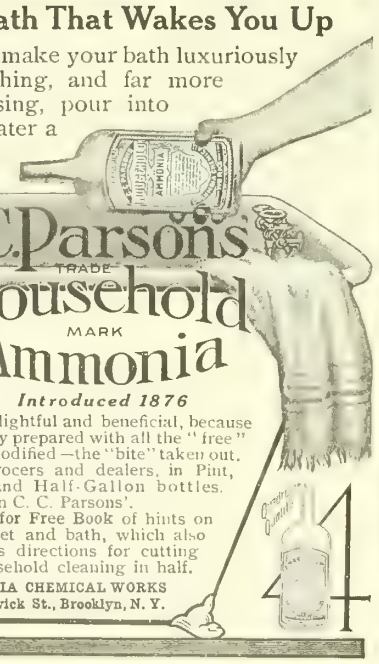

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Specialty Manufacturing Co., Box 1, Decatur, Ill.

Bremen was going to pan out handsomely. His eyes twinkled as he thoughtfully worried the red mustache, looking across the street at the neat structure of the First National. "Fine little bank, Billy," he commented genially. "You want to keep your eye on it. Don't let anybody scratch up the bricks or break the windows or bend the brass wickets. Because it's going to belong to us by-and-by, and we want it handed over in first-class condition."

Hamilton spent several days in Bremen, then proceeded to Cold Springs, Prairie Center and Luperville. Into each of these thriving country towns he carried a telegraph operator and a roll of cloth for the office blackboard. He rented an office, picked out a local manager, saw the private wire installed, made acquaintances, got the game fairly started, and then pushed on to a new station.

Pound, in St. Paul, urged him along; was actually hungry, it seemed, to span the earth with his private wire and dot it with his branch offices.

Now, all this time—indeed, all that winter and far into the spring—stocks continued, on the whole, to rise. More than nine-tenths of the country speculators who were drawn in by the branch offices "went long"—that is, bet that stocks would rise. So, on the whole, they won pretty steadily, and the bucketshop pretty steadily lost. And to begin with, it had only eight thousand dollars to lose, of which nearly half had been paid over to the telegraph company for the private wire.

"Let 'em win all they can," Pound said. "The more they win, the better—so long as they don't draw out their winnings, but keep on putting them back into the game. One of our cornfed bulls buys twenty-five shares of something. It goes up a couple of points, so he wins fifty dollars. But he don't draw out the fifty. On the contrary, he leaves it with us and digs up fifty more and buys twice as many shares. Then he tells half a dozen of his friends what luck he's having, and one or two of them digs up fifty and buys something. We keep taking in more money than we pay out, and that's the only thing I care a rap about. There's the sporty young Jew at Bremen that Hamilton told us about. He's won eight hundred dollars; but instead of drawing any out, he keeps putting in fresh money, and he goes around bragging how much he's won. That's the best sort of an advertisement for us. That's the beauty of this country trade. One of these days the market will have a fine smash that will wipe 'em all out."

Acting on this theory, Pound began sending out glowing market letters advising everybody to buy stocks, and supplied the local managers with bullish tips to distribute among their customers.

Emma helped. She had Hamilton collect for her the names of two or three promising persons in each town where they had a branch office. Presently, each of these persons received a very confidential letter signed by Emma Raymond, whose address was a certain post-office box. The writer explained that she was the personal stenographer of a gentleman of great wealth and national fame who, from time to time, carried on large stock-market operations in association with the most powerful magnates of Wall Street. Naturally, she often came into possession of exceedingly valuable foreknowledge of market movements. She proposed to favor the addressee with this advance information, her compensation to consist of one-fifth of his winnings, as to the due payment of which she would, of course, have to depend solely upon his honor.

Her first tip to Mr. Barlow brought results in the form of an order from his mysterious friend to buy another hundred shares of Copper. When that stock had advanced two points Mr. Barlow sent Emma a five-dollar bill. Solly Bloom, however, honorably sent her a check for forty dollars. Indeed, this device not only brought additional business to the bucket-shop, but furnished Emma with quite a bit of pin money, for she always advised her correspondents to buy.

In one respect, however, Pound became dissatisfied. His country offices were flourishing; but he was getting very little city business there in St. Paul. He set about to remedy that.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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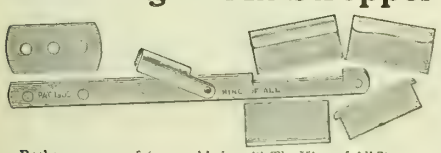

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THRIFT

When a Woman Will, She Will

A GROCERY clerk fell in love with a working-girl, and during several years' courtship they both saved money. Upon marrying there was enough capital to set up a small grocery business. A large flat in the same block was rented, and, after furnishing two rooms for their own home, the wife sublet the others unfurnished. That brought in some pin money. She also kept books at the store.

Hers was by far the better head, and she soon saw that the business would not prosper under the husband's management. So she insisted on taking charge, running it according to her own ideas, and the husband was set to soliciting orders and delivering goods. By way of economy their furniture was moved into two rooms back of the store, which saved rent and gave more profit on her flat. There was a good demand for bare rooms, which tenants rented singly, furnished themselves, and took care of.

Fresh vegetables and fruit made up an important part of their grocery trade. Stock of this sort was frequently left over. The wife made up such remainders into mincemeat, sauerkraut, jams, jellies and home-made delicacies which found a ready market and brought other trade. When the little enterprise was on a paying basis her father came to live with them. He had been a gardener. There was no garden for him there in the city, of course, but the store was near a street-car line that ran to a suburb eight miles away. Ten acres of good farm land were therefore bought on mortgage, and the father started raising truck for the business. With the help of a strong boy he grew vegetables and chickens, riding back and forth daily on the street cars until a small shanty could be built at their farm. Father's poultry, eggs and truck were of prime quality, and added so much to the home character of their groceries that in a short time their business was highly prosperous.

Today, after ten years' work, this couple own their ten-acre garden patch, with a good house upon it. Eventually it will be cut up into building lots as the city grows that way, and be sold off at a profit. The grocery business has grown so that they employ clerks, and, besides giving a comfortable living, has yielded a good surplus in the bank, which is being invested in a business building for their own use.

Plucky Work in Texas

A man and his wife went to Texas, taking their four children and the family fortune of fifteen hundred dollars. They intended to buy a home there. While they were waiting for a bargain, however, the father played a bunco game in the hope of doubling their capital, and lost all but a hundred dollars.

The wife immediately rented a cottage at fifteen dollars a month, bought four large washtubs and two clothes wringers, and hustled father out to hunt up laundry patronage. Father was exceedingly successful at this. He collected washing and delivered it, and within a month had work coming in so fast that two men were hired to help. In three years the family managed to put aside five hundred dollars savings. This was then paid upon a fifteen-hundred-dollar house, the balance being carried on mortgage at eight per cent. Within five years their home was clear, the business prospering, and the children had all had a fair education.

Then, one day, while out delivering, the father was killed in an accident. That threw the family into another crisis. The mother had not more than enough cash on hand to bury her husband. Fifty dollars wages were due her employees. The husband alone knew who were her patrons and which ones owed money for washing. Immediately after the funeral the oldest boy had to be sent around town to look up their patrons. There were seven people to feed, with employees. Going to a hotel, the mother arranged to do a certain amount of rough washing in return for the broken food left over each day. This food, which was perfectly good, kept her table going. The oldest boy soon got all their patrons together, collected most of the money due, and the business was soon prosperous once more.

After a time the widow married again and gave up her laundry, as her second husband was earning comfortable wages. Within a year, however, the latter got into trouble and disappeared, throwing the family into difficulties for a third time. In this crisis the mother borrowed five hundred dollars on her home, moved the furniture upstairs, bought washing and ironing machinery, and turned the ground floor into a modern laundry plant. Within a year she was doing a profitable business once more. Her second husband came back with a hundred dollars he had earned, and the family welcomed him, forgave him, and put his hundred into a horse and delivery wagon. Soon the borrowed money was paid back and their home cleared again. Then a drying-room was added, and more living-rooms upstairs. Today the business keeps the family.

A Young Girl's Bakery

The daughter of a railroad engineer got to thinking over the family's income and prospects. Father earned eighty to one hundred dollars a month. Mother was a semi-invalid, and there were four children going to school, so a girl had been hired to look after the house. The latter's wages were four dollars a week, and her food cost several dollars more, so that she stood for an outgo of fully thirty dollars a month. Rent was twenty dollars, and more than thirty went for the family food, with fuel and light. This left very little for clothes.

The family lived over a bakery owned by a widow who had told the girl she would sell her business for five hundred dollars. The engineer's daughter offered to give four hundred if the place was not sold within a year, and the woman advised her to save her money. There was only one way to get any money to save—that was, to let the servant go. So she divided the housework into five parts, parceled them out between the mother and the other girls, and crowded the family a bit to get a furnished room to rent for a little more income. At the end of a year the daughter had three hundred and fifty dollars in the bank. She offered this amount for the baking business, and the owner, after taking out a counter, a showcase and some other fixtures, let it go for that sum. This gave the family some rooms downstairs, so that a couple more tenants of furnished rooms could be admitted upstairs. All pitched in and worked at the business. It was hardly on a paying basis before the engineer lost his railroad job. That bakery was the only resource of the family.

A mechanic who, with the help of his wife, had partly paid for a home some distance out of town, was suddenly thrown out of work, and, after several months of effort to get a new start, became discouraged. Every day he would ride into the city, spending carfare and lunch money, yet come home more disheartened than ever. Their rainy-day reserve had been absorbed by this time. The wife insisted that he stop hunting work in town and go to work at home, raising poultry. That took money, the husband objected. She offered to find the money, and went to the local lodge of a fraternal order, guaranteeing twenty-five new members monthly in return for a bonus of fifty dollars. For several months she earned this bonus, and every dollar that could be spared was invested in fine poultry. The husband became interested and got his courage back. After the local territory had been pretty well threshed over for members she took up the sale of fine corsets, and this in a short time yielded an income of not less than twenty-five dollars a week, but made traveling necessary. The wife stuck at it a year, however, until the mortgage on their home had been cleared off, and then returned to help the husband develop the poultry enterprise, which had gone ahead slowly at first, owing to lack of experience and mistakes that were made in raising and marketing. The business has since grown to a degree that gives a good income.

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EVERY home should have at least *one* chair for no other purpose than to rest in. Other chairs may be bought for various reasons [illegible] for looks, another to fill a [illegible] to match this or that piece of [illegible]. But a Turkish Rocker *with* a Seng Spring should be bought for comfort's sake! It's a chair for your hours of ease.

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The *modern* Turkish Rocker is equipped [illegible] the Seng Spring—and the *Seng Spring does the rocking*. It takes the place of the [illegible]. With this spring the same [illegible] to you in both comfort and wearing qualities.

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Now, Turkish Rockers are [illegible] by many different manufacturers, [illegible] use the *Seng Spring* on their *best* Turkish Rockers. So when

Ask Any Dealer in Furniture to Show You a Turkish Rocker with THE SENG SPRING

Try both kinds, those with Seng Spring and those without them—you won't need any further proof. The [illegible] comparison between the delightful rhythmic [illegible] of the Turkish Rocker with Seng Spring [illegible] action of the ordinary Turkish Rocker [illegible]. For your protection, tip the chair. [illegible] This trademark should be found on the [illegible]

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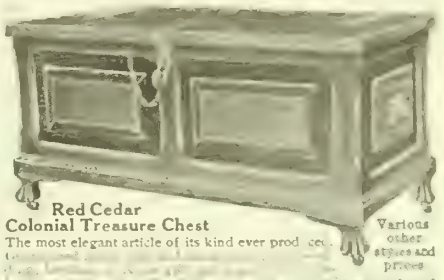

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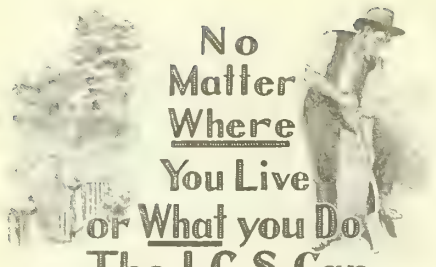

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THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 9)

place plays of that class before them. This piece was afterward added to the repertoire of Lawrence Barrett.

I have seen others of Daly's productions given at this theater to an opening house of fifteen hundred dollars, and the next night two hundred dollars. Among the many plays produced which, while they met with a fair measure of success, still did not reach the successful proportions of his Froufrou, Divorce, and Man and Wife, were Saratoga, by Bronson Howard; Charity, a drama written by W. S. Gilbert; Jealousy and Folline, both by Daly. One of his finest revivals was the School for Scandal, with Fanny Davenport as Lady Teazle, George Clarke as Charles, Charles Fisher as Sir Peter, and Louis James as Joseph. Among his most notable Shaksperean revivals at this theater was Love's Labour's Lost, in which Ada Dyas, Fanny Davenport, Sara Jewett, Nina Varian, George Clarke, Louis James, Hart Conway, Charles Fisher, David Whiting, William Davidge and James Lewis appeared. It was, I believe, the first time it had ever been performed in New York, and the production was one of the most notable events of his entire theatrical career.

Augustin Daly was a man of very reserved nature and not of a very genial disposition, at least so far as I was ever able to discover. He was very hard to approach, meeting one with a cold and haughty manner that froze any one who met him for the first time. He gave the impression that he was away above everybody else, and the pedestal on which he stood, or at least believed he did, contained no room for any one else. The one man with whom he did let himself out was his brother, Judge Joseph F. Daly. In fact, he was his brother's only confidant. Almost any morning when Mr. Daly was free from work he might be seen striding down Broadway with the Judge, his head high in the air, surmounted with one of those queer derbies which he made famous, and with his eyes set straight ahead, never deigning to notice any one. This Broadway walk was the only exercise he ever took.

The Herald Episode

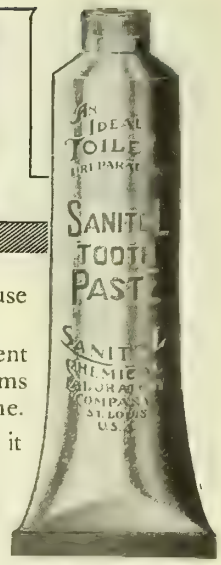
Daly's austerity and coldness of manner often extended in his attitude to his company. I have seen him come out of his private office, which he occupied back of the stage, and passing through the green-room where his company was assembled ready for the evening's performance, scarcely acknowledge their salutations. At other times he would stop and chat with them and have a pleasant word for every one, but at no time did it ever border on familiarity or even approach such cordial relations as existed between Wallack and his company. "Billy" Florence, between whom and Daly no great love was lost, once wrote in his diary: "Stetson is a king compared to Daly."

One season when things did not look very rosy the members of the company were notified to meet upon the stage that something of importance might be communicated to them. That important piece of news was that their salaries were to be reduced, owing to the continued bad business. On the morning the company assembled awaiting the news Daly came out of his office with the same haughty manner and dignified air that he always carried. To have seen him no one would have supposed any trouble or worriment lurked in his mind. Instead of talking the situation over himself with his company, he came to the front of the house and sent his treasurer back to tell the members what was in store for them.

Despite his arrogant manner there was hardly one of his company but admired and respected the man, while many held him in absolute veneration, and they were quite ready to stick to him through thick and thin.

It was not alone to his company that his autocratic manner extended, but also to those with whom he did business, and at times to the patrons of his theater. During one season at the Fifth Avenue an article appeared in the New York Herald, relating to his production, to which Daly took exception. He wrote a letter that was thoroughly Daly-like in tone, and handing

SANITOL



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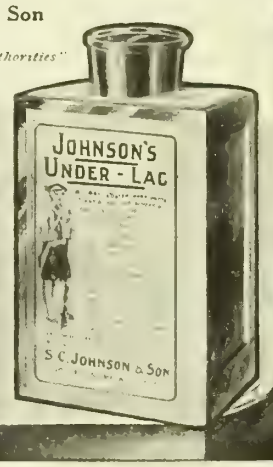

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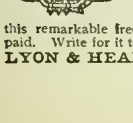

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it to me told me to take it to the Herald office and give it in person to Mr. Bennett. On reaching the Herald office, which was then situated at Broadway and Ann Street, I met Mr. Bennett just as he was coming from his office at the side door in Ann Street. After reading the note he handed it back and said: "Tell Mr. Daly the Herald has its own staff of writers, and he is not one of them."

Mr. Bennett was one of the best patrons of Daly's Theater, but would never accept any courtesies from the house, always insisting on paying his way. Now, Mr. Daly had quite a habit of coming into the box-office after the doors were open of an evening and standing by the window would hand out the tickets as they were called for, while the ticket-seller would handle the money. One evening, when he was engaged in this manner, Mr. Bennett stepped up to the window and asked if there was a box vacant, placing the money for it on the window.

Daly happened to look up and, seeing who it was, handed the box to Mr. Bennett, at the same time pushing back the money and saying: "Accept it with my compliments?" "If you do not take my money I will not take the box; neither will I come here again," was Mr. Bennett's answer. It is needless to say that the money was quickly gathered in.

On another occasion a certain prominent railroad official came to the window when Mr. Daly was at his usual post and asked me to take back two tickets he had purchased and which he could not use. Mr. Daly, without looking up, pushed them back, saying, in that cold voice of his: "We don't take back tickets. It's against my rules." "Well," quickly replied the gentleman, "it's my rule, which I establish now, never to patronize your theater again." On meeting this gentleman some years afterward, and asking if he remembered the incident, he replied: "Very well indeed, and I kept my word. I never went inside of his theater again."

A Big Hit at Last

After many losing ventures Mr. Daly finally struck a winner—a big winner—in Pique, an "original contemporaneous comedy." He was very fond of that term. Pique was written by himself and ran for more than two hundred nights. For many days and nights previous to the production everybody about the theater was working like a beaver helping to get the play ready for production, for all seemed to realize that much depended upon its success, and it was necessary to have it ready as quickly as possible. For weeks Daly rarely left the theater, and then only for a brief time. I was set to work to help copy out the parts—there were no typewriters at that time and everything had to be done by hand. Many and many a night I found Daly working in his office till well toward daylight. As soon as one act was finished it would be sent out front for the parts to be copied, and as soon as they were ready the rehearsal would be under way. The mechanics went at their jobs in the same spirit, and yet, notwithstanding all the rush, when the play was presented it showed as much care and finish as if it had been months in preparation.

Mr. Daly never tried his plays "on the dog," as is the custom nowadays. He gave them in New York without any preliminary performances. And one great thing about him—there never was any of the "fake" about his work. On the day of the production of this play he looked more like a wild man than the well-known Broadway manager. His hair had grown almost to his shoulders, his face sadly needed a shave, his eyes were hollow and sunken-looking, while his face was drawn and haggard and plainly showed the ordeal he had gone through from his laborious and confining work.

That night when he was called before the curtain to receive the congratulations he deserved for the success of his play he looked as cool and collected as if it had been but a matter of play for him.

Another of his productions at this theater that met with much favor was a play by Alexander Dumas, entitled Monsieur Alphonse. It served to introduce to the public in an important rôle Bijou Heron, the daughter of the one-time favorite actress, Matilda Heron. Her success that night was instantaneous, and the next day all New York was talking of the wonderful child actress.

Matilda Heron had gone through a rather sad experience in life, and the one

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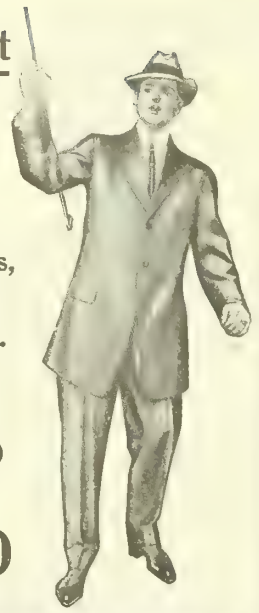

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thing she held dear in the world was her child. On the night in question, when she saw what a hit Bijou had made, she was so overcome they feared for her life, believing the great joy would kill her. Requests poured in on Daly from all over the country for the appearances of Bijou in this play.

One of the requests that Daly received for Bijou's services came from the Howard Athenæum, in Boston, of which John Stetson was the manager, in partnership with Isaac B. Rich. Daly sent me over to Boston with Bijou, and it was through this engagement that I first met the man with whom in after years I became associated in business.

Stetson was running the Howard as a variety theater. On Monday nights when the bill was to be changed Stetson would stand in the wings watching the new performers as they appeared to do their turns. If they failed to please him, or the audience showed disapproval, down would come a painted drop in the center of which were the significant letters, "N.G.," and the unfortunates were cut off from the view of the audience. Stetson, however, tempered his judgment with a good deal of mercy, for he always told the defeated aspirants to come to his office the next morning, and he would send them on their way rejoicing with a week's salary.

While sitting in the orchestra one evening watching the performance I heard two young men who sat back of me criticising Bijou's performance with a good deal of sarcasm. On going out to the lobby between acts I saw one of the young men talking to Stetson.

Awaiting my chance, I asked who the young fellow was. "Do you mean the light-haired duck?" asked Stetson. "Why, that's Nat Goodwin, Junior. Going to be a great actor some day."

Daly's One Variety Show

Perhaps the only time on record that Daly ever fathered a variety show was one night in Elizabeth. His company was booked to appear there, but at the last moment some alterations in the cast, made necessary at the home theater, caused a change in the plans for that town. Being compelled to furnish some attraction I suggested to Mr. Daly that a variety bill be substituted, which was done. And I want to say it was a good one.

It was at this same theater that I once ran a Marathon with Maurice Barrymore. We were filling a date there with some of the members of Daly's company, among whom was Maurice Barrymore. The theater was up one flight, and you had to pass down quite a long hall before you reached the theater proper. On the night in question I went back on the stage and the prompter asked me to hold the book for a few minutes while he attended to something else. Now, Barrymore was a notoriously bad study, and on a first night would rarely know his lines, so Daly always kept a prompter in the wings whenever Barrymore was playing.

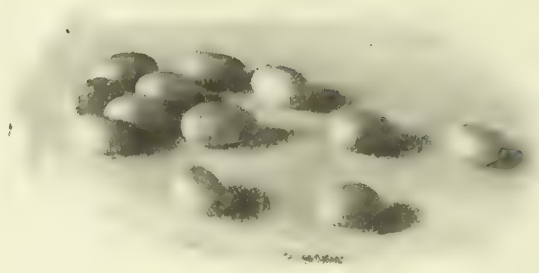
While I was holding the book Maurice went "up in the air," and I forgot to give him the line. He kept staring at me across the stage with a blank, dazed look, and his expression was so ridiculously funny that I commenced to laugh. He got up and crossing the stage came as near as he could to where I was standing, and in a stage whisper said: "You fool, what are you laughing at? Why don't you give me the line?" "Maurice," I answered, "you look so blamed funny." Just then the other characters came on the stage to end the scene. I saw Barrymore start in for the wings, with fire in his eye.

Remembering his title as champion light featherweight boxer, or something of that sort, I started for the front of the house and he after me.

Down that long hall and almost out into the streets of Elizabeth he chased me and, not daring to go any farther, stood upon the steps and told what he would do to me later.

From the box-office of Daly's I was sent on the road with some of his companies. A change in the front of the house had taken place at Daly's, caused by the appointment of a new business manager. It was not long before this new manager gradually usurped the control of the theater, and shortly thereafter Daly gave up the management.

Editor's Note—This is the first of four papers in which Mr. Burnham tells his personal recollections of the American Stage.



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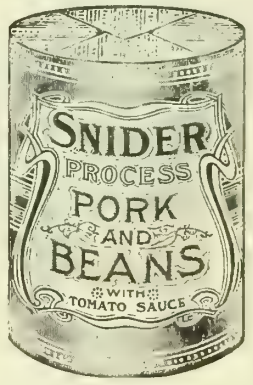

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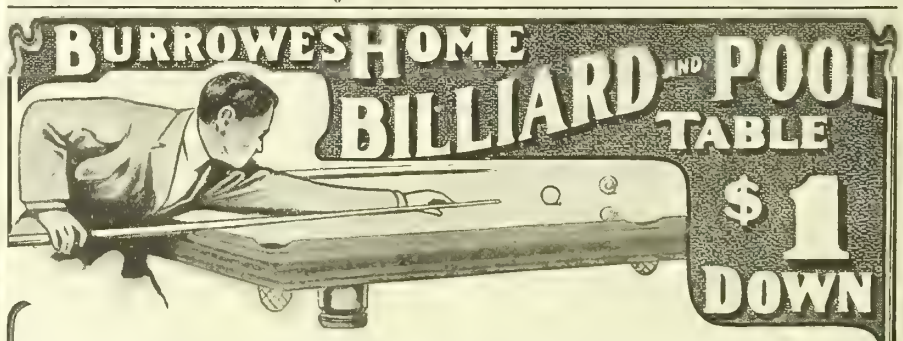

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THE HIGHWAYMEN

(Continued from Page 21)

of the steps, after a backward glance, separate obediently and hasten to their places —"six can go! What six?"

"Besides Meldazis, with me shall go Mademoiselle Alice; with Bonnefoi and Pocrass one more. Shall it be Eller, who shares with me the secret of the aeroplane? There is but one way to leave behind one who knows our secret so well and how to turn it against us." He drew his pistol and played with it. "You, too, know the secret, Monsieur Colbert," he added significantly.

"I see," Colbert nodded; "so the one who is left behind must be shot, Racicot?" He looked down to the table before him where the wireless instruments lay, as if considering the fate in store for him, and noted suddenly that the recording tape was unrolling slowly, silently. A message, either from some far-off station or from some weak instrument nearer, was flying by, picked up by the aerials and registering upon the tape. Enough had already unrolled so that he could read the purport of the message. It was not, he saw at once, a continuation of the message of the moment before from Caviale, or even meant for Travis' station. It was something very different, he saw now with a hot start within him which he had difficulty in restraining. He raised his eyes stealthily to the Frenchman's.

"*Mon Dieu!* it desolates me—but what other course? Meanwhile," the Frenchman was glancing rapidly about the brick wall of the operating-room, with its narrow, impassable windows, "since this will not burn, monsieur, I may lock you here—except——*Sapristi!*" his eyes had dropped suddenly and caught Colbert's glance upon the wireless instruments. "I had forgotten you know the wireless. Still," he plucked off the four little copper caps essential for the connection with the power current, "taking these I think you will be safe enough. And now, monsieur, since your parole is terminate'," he commanded more sternly, "the pistol in your pocket, please!" He cocked his own revolver as he asked it.

"Since my parole is terminated!" Colbert's hand closed impulsively over the revolver, but instead of recklessly drawing it forth, as he caught sight again of the little copper caps which Racicot was dropping into his pocket, he acquiesced with sudden forced acceptance of the situation. Drawing the gun from his pocket he ejected its six cartridges upon the floor and tossed it over.

Racicot caught it and, still covering Colbert, backed out, locking the heavy door on the outside, and hurried down the hill.

But his footsteps had not died away before Colbert stooped to the floor and, sweeping up the cartridges ejected from his surrendered revolver—he could find only four—he tore at the first bullet with his teeth. The lead came away and, pouring out the powder, he clapped the empty copper shell over the place where Racicot had taken off the last contact cap. He swore excitedly to himself as he saw that, by the chance he had figured on, it fitted—holding the connection loosely and insecurely, but still holding the connection. He quickly fitted the three others and sprang to the little window overlooking the house.

Racicot was out of earshot, hastening toward the door of the wing where Alice and her father were locked. Hayden swung back to the wireless instruments and snapped down the sending key.

"Psst—tsssh!" the current supplied under the shaking cartridge caps hissed softly at him. He could get far less than the full current, he knew, as he pressed his caps down tighter, but enough at least to be heard where the messages which he had taken were being exchanged.

"Signal officer, Wever's Valley!" he dispatched his call quickly in copy of the call he had seen registering upon the tape a few minutes before. "Who are you—what force?" he followed almost without a break as, after the second repetition of his call, he got an acknowledgment.

"Field wireless signal station, Virginia militia manœuvers in Wever's Valley!" the answer came back unsteadily through the trembling caps. "Who are you?"

"What force, what part of valley?" Colbert's fingers sweated with excitement.

"Regiment infantry, two troops of cavalry at Wever's Forks. Who are you?" the reply came back curiously again.

"Private wireless station at Pinetop, R. V. Travis' estate. John Endicott is a prisoner here, held by foreign adventurers. Troops summoned from Washington are on the way," he volleyed on without a break or giving the other end time to comment, "but will arrive too late to prevent escape of all concerned. To take them and, perhaps, save Endicott's life you must surprise and capture all in this place at once! Do you get this?"

He checked himself and held tensely over his instruments while the reply ticked back unevenly.

"Who is held prisoner?" came the incredulous response.

"John Endicott, Secretary of War—Endicott—Endicott!" Colbert repeated desperately.

Through the little window before him he saw suddenly the taut, white-cloth planes of his first aeroplane slant swiftly into the sky. Jumping up to watch it better and standing at his key while he still sent, he recognized Bonnefoi and Pocrass in the machine before it swept swiftly past him and high up the hill. He stopped sending an instant and stood watching them; but after reaching its height the machine did not waver or circle again, and neither of the occupants even seemed to glance back. It kept straight on to the east till it stopped to stand sentinel over the second valley, where the trains from Washington were expected.

"Approach Pinetop from the west," Colbert snapped quickly upon his key, "as the east is sentineled. Use utmost secrecy, as surprise is essential. Do you get this—do you understand?"

"Understand perfectly," was the reply, "but don't know Pinetop. Where is it?"

"Pinetop one and one-half miles——" A flash of blue flame from his instrument interrupted his directions, and he saw that one of his makeshift copper caps had burned out. With an oath of exasperation he threw himself on his knees to search for the remaining cartridges, and he was still searching when a shot—two shots together—then two more, followed by a girl's cry, came too clearly from the near wing of the house where the prisoners were confined.

"Racicot—the madman! He is murdering them!" Colbert cried, paling helplessly as he dashed to the window. He stood staring, more relieved for the prisoners, but more startled at what he saw, as Racicot, dragging Meldazis—wounded—came running out of the house in full flight.

"So Loderbauer has armed them and got them out already!" Colbert comprehended excitedly, as the powder smoke in the doorway cleared and he made out Travis and Eller and, behind them, Loderbauer reloading their revolvers. Then the three in the doorway after reloading, broke for the shed where the second aeroplane was sheltered. As they ran Racicot turned and started from Meldazis, as though to intercept the others, but suddenly checked himself, as he saw he was too late, and fired after them. The three reached the shed unhurt, and rushed in.

"Travis will be off at once!" Hayden collected himself quickly. He stared hopelessly for the fraction of an instant toward the valley on the east, which the troops from Washington could not possibly reach until far too late; then his gaze shifted to the hill to the west, beyond which were the state troops that, except for his useless wireless, he might have directed to his aid. He glanced again at the shed sheltering the aeroplane and the three who had captured it; at the windows in the near wing of the house, where he saw Alice and the Secretary of War were still confined; at the Frenchman and his single wounded companion, who had sought shelter behind an outbuilding nearer still; and Colbert was about to call out to these last when he caught sudden sight of a strange man—a long-necked, long-legged, conspicuously-curious individual, staring back at him through binoculars from a tree not fifty yards from his window—a city-dressed man in a derby hat, who, when he realized that he was seen, calmly signaled silence to the prisoner in the tower by pressing a forefinger to his lips,

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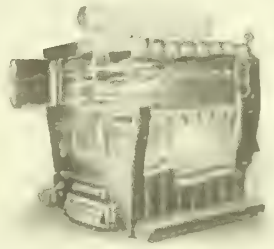

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and slipped down the trunk of the tree, stealing toward the rear of the tower.

"Who the devil is that?" Colbert smiled in spite of the seriousness of the situation, as the stranger, with his binoculars—which he had slipped into a leather case dangling free from his shoulders—picked his skillful way toward him, hiding behind the larger bushes and stepping over the small ones; and when the other had come under the window of the tower he repeated his question aloud: "Who the devil are you?"

"McBirnie—Peter McBirnie, of the United States Secret Service. Now, which"—McBirnie's long forefinger, pointing first at himself as he gave his name, pointed next to the outhouse behind which Racicot and Meldazis were concealed, and then to the aeroplane shed hiding Travis and his companions—"Now, which of those two parties is on the side of the United States?"

"Neither," Colbert answered curtly. "I am."

"And you, I take it, are Mr. Hayden Colbert."

"You take it right."

"Locked up? The side of the United States seems to be in a bad way here"—McBirnie, ruminatingly, took off his derby hat and wiped the sweatband with his elbow—"and it looks like I had entered upon this scene of festivity and dalliance at the correct and psychological moment. Now, that first party over there," his finger directed Colbert's gaze, "who's he—and what does he want?"

"That's Henri Racicot, a Frenchman," Colbert answered quickly, recognizing, in spite of the oddity of the detective's appearance, the advantage of having an ally outside his prison. "He carried off the Secretary of War, and he plans to hold the capitals of the world one by one for ransom."

"A nice party—that Racicot!" McBirnie commented, "but he seems to have ideas. And that other party, that gentleman hiding in the long shed over there—Mr. Roland V. Travis, of Philadelphia and Berlin—what does he want?"

"To sell the aeroplanes to the German Government."

"A clever idea, too—for R. V. T.—his ideas come less frequent than Racicot's, I guess. And the Secretary is over there in that wing, where I saw him through the window with my binoculars. I see, I see!" McBirnie, already acquainted with much that had gone before, had been able from these few questions to grasp the situation in all its important particulars. "International hell to pay and no pitch hot! Germany must be getting pretty anxious to hear from Mr. Roland V. Travis about now!"

"And will hear from him before the day is over"—Colbert in his excitement pushed his head still further through the narrow window, trying to see, while still watching the Secret Service man, whether there was any evidence of movement in the aeroplane shed—"unless he is interfered with. You cannot liberate me, and you would not be able, without help, to prevent Travis' departure by force; but a mile and a half west of here in Wever's Valley are a regiment of infantry and two troops of cavalry, and if by any chance Travis does not start immediately there may still be time to guide them here if you go for them at once."

"What's happening, Mr. Hayden Colbert," said McBirnie, calmly glancing around the little rocky square that had for its four sides the sheds and the house and the wireless tower and the little round-topped hill to the west, "ain't happening in Wever's Valley. It's happening right here. And I ain't here to care whether Roland V. Travis goes to Germany in an airship or not, but to look after the safety of the Secretary of War——"

"You don't understand!" Colbert burst in bitterly; "there are many questions of the hugest international importance involved!"

"Oh, I understand that," McBirnie gestured reassuringly, "but the personal safety of the Secretary is more the business of Peter McBirnie—your Uncle Peter, if I may say so—and he is going to sit down side by side with the Secretary of War——"

"Then throw me a cartridge from your revolver!" commanded Colbert, with an oath at the exasperating obstinacy of his ally. He caught in his outstretched hand the cartridge which McBirnie willingly tossed up to him, and tore out the lead with his teeth. He swung back excitedly to the wireless instrument and fitted the empty shell in the place of the other which had burned out. Then, as the soft hiss of the current again answered his pressure on the sending key, he began once more, frantically, his call.

There was no answer.

"He has gone—closed communication!" Colbert muttered hopelessly.

But fiercely aware that it was only a matter of minutes now before the aeroplane shed, which he could see from his position at the instrument, must open and send forth, under Travis' guiding hand, the agent which would hurl the belligerent Powers of Europe into a war gulf whose bottom no man could see, he still continued despairingly to call—"Signal officer, Wever's Valley! Signal officer. Wever's Valley!"—though no answer came.

. . . . . .

Detective McBirnie, since his wire from Washington at nine o'clock that morning, had traveled thirty miles by train, six by wagon, had walked three, and had spent half an hour uncomfortably perched in a treetop. He was considering, therefore, as he straightened the dents in his derby hat and stretched the cramps out of his long legs behind the shelter of the wireless tower, that he at least was in a position to appreciate a mode of travel which, like the aeroplane, took no account of hills and valleys, and attained altitudes without tearing the trousers, when his gaze fell upon a man who had suddenly emerged from the aeroplane shed.

"Now, my German friend," said McBirnie to himself, with a start of interest—"as German you are by your beard and breadth of beam and general bearing—what are you up to?"

For the man, without an instant's pause, had slipped around the corner of the shed and vanished. He reappeared presently from behind the other end of the shed and vanished among bushes; he reappeared from among bushes and vanished behind a tree; and his course having brought him by extensive circuits continually nearer to the wireless tower, he reappeared finally and for the last time not fifty yards from the detective himself. McBirnie, by a single backward impulsion like that of the lobster, removed himself promptly out of sight behind a corner of the tower, quietly observant. The man, having by his détour brought the tower between himself and Racicot to conceal him, now advanced directly to the foot of the high steps, carrying in his right hand, McBirnie saw, a revolver, and in his left a key. McBirnie, as the man commenced to ascend the steps, came out from his place of concealment and followed. It resulted, therefore, that when the man reached the top step McBirnie had reached and was standing on the lowest; but the German, evidently feeling now greater necessity for haste than concealment, did not look around. He inserted and turned the key in the lock, crashed open the door with his foot, and at the same moment covered with his pistol Colbert, who, still frantically snapping down the sending key, whirled toward him a startled face of amazement.

"Ach! Herr Colpert! You are wirelessing?" the stolid German grinned in his beard.

"What, Eller!" Colbert conquered his astonishment.

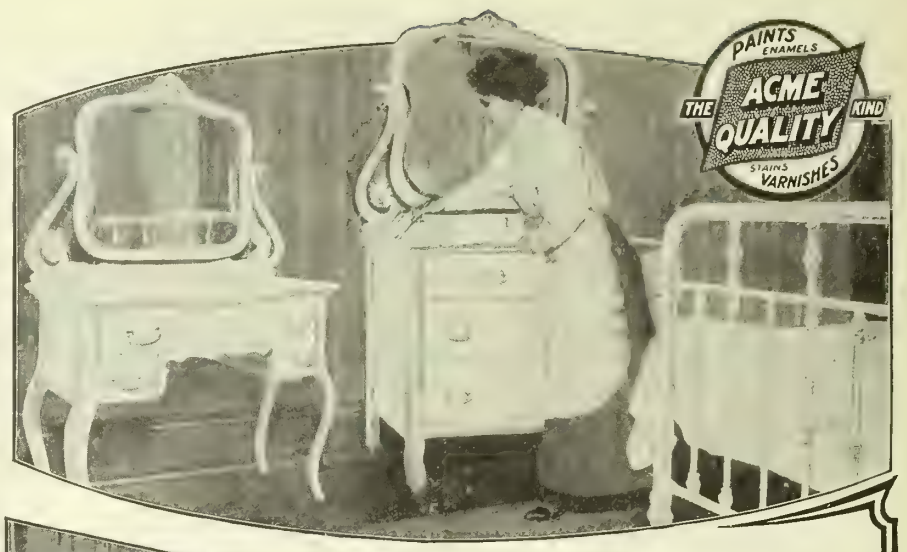
"Exactly so. You thought, no doubt, Herr Colpert, we would be off so quick as bossible. That is imbortant, too; but it is yet more imbortant, Herr Colpert, that we get into gommunication with Chermany, or with friends of Chermany in this gountry. So, having a key, I have gome to do that, Herr Colpert; and afterward we will be away before the wirelessing you haf done can bring help to you."

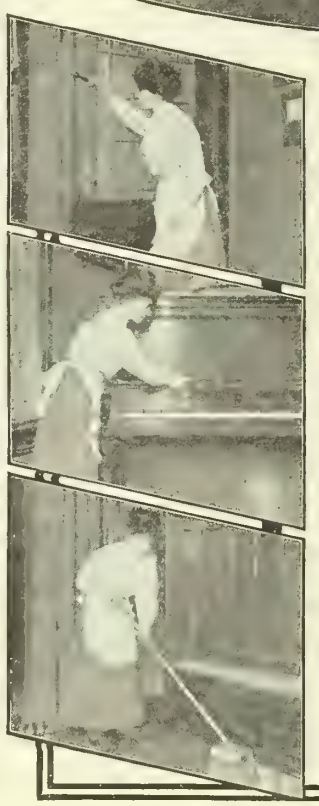
"The instrument is out of order," Colbert answered shortly. "You cannot send more than two or three miles. Racicot has taken the caps."

"So? We will see if you speak truth or are lying. Walk backward, Herr Colpert, until the wall does stop you."

Colbert obediently retreated toward the wall, and as he did so the German advanced to the wireless instrument, dropped into the chair and, still covering the American with his revolver, laid his left hand on the sending key. "Prut! you are a genius of invention!" he said admiringly, as the current purred softly through Colbert's improvised caps.

Detective McBirnie, having seen part and overheard all of what was going on in





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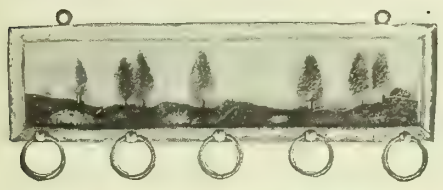

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the wireless tower, glanced quickly about to assure himself that he would be uninterrupted, saw Racicot peering at him, startled but helpless, around the corner of the little protecting shed, and at the same instant reached the top step.

"At what are you looking, Herr Colpert?" the German asked with a start, as Colbert's face, which was turned toward the door, flashed suddenly with relief. "Ach! that is unworthy of you—so old a game: to make me turn my head away from you an instant and see—nothing!"

"Very little, perhaps, my German friend," said Detective McBirnie with modest deprecation; "but certainly not—nothing!"

At the unexpected sound Eller twisted his head involuntarily and spasmodically, though he still continued to hold the revolver on Colbert; and he grew livid as his eyes met those of the gangling detective, at the unseasonable interference of this unlooked-for stranger.

"So! Don't press that key down; hold just as you are!" and his own words reminding Detective McBirnie in some way of the formula of the professional photographer, he continued with a pleasant facetiousness to imitate the professionally-photographic manner: "Chin a little higher, please; smile a little more; thank you! Now, see the birdie?"—the "birdie" in this case being McBirnie's blue steel .44, which, it was evident, Eller saw plainly. "Now, if you'll turn that gun around and hand it, other end to, to Mr. Hayden Colbert, we'll have what in the dramatic criticisms of the stage, as I've read 'em in the daily papers, is called a situation! For, Mr. Eller—say! I don't know your first name, so I'll call it Otto—for, Mr. Otto Eller," the detective repeated, "this squares us for that 'What-haf-Gott-wrot' joke you put up on me!"

"Bonnefoi! Bonnefoi!" a cry of warning arose outside, even as the detective spoke and while Colbert still stood holding the pistol which he had taken from Eller's unwilling hand.

McBirnie, rushing to the nearest window, saw Racicot in the shelter of the outhouse, with a signal flag in his hand, which he had used to recall the sentinel aeroplane, and nearer still a quick-shooting shadow above which the aeroplane itself was sweeping downward to alight.

"Eh! Reinforcements?" asked the detective.

"Bonnefoi and Pocrass—Racicot's allies!" Colbert cried sharply in explanation. "They will cut us off from Alice. Come! The house!" He spun on his heel, dashed down the steps and was crossing the broken ground toward the house before McBirnie could restrain him. The detective, saving his breath as he followed, saw behind him the stout German half stumble half roll down the high steps and hasten toward his own party; and saw, too, that before even Colbert, leading, could gain the path at the base of the little hill, the men in the aeroplane had blocked it and Racicot joined them.

"Not so fast at this juncture, Mr. Hayden Colbert!" McBirnie coolly caught that young man's arm, as, after halting, he seemed ready to continue his rush toward the window where the detective could now see Alice and her father watching them. "This French party is three revolvers to two—even if I was crazy enough to charge them with you—which I ain't! Miss Alice Endicott ain't in any greater danger than she has been, and if she was the suicide of you and me wouldn't help her; and we'll have fewer holes in our skins"—the cautious McBirnie tugged his hot-headed companion back into retreat as a wanton revolver-shot sang past them—"if we do our plotting back in the tower. Those French gentlemen who have just arrived seem a trifle worried, and if, as I rather suspect, they've seen the troops from Washington, we'll let them keep on worrying!"

"But not only Racicot, but Travis, too, can escape with a machine at any moment—and either of them get rid of Mr. Endicott and take Alice as he pleases!" Colbert resisted.

"Now, Mr. Hayden Colbert"—McBirnie's confident, compelling hand still forced the young man back up the steps of the tower—"we'll form a Don't Worry Club right in this tower and elect you presiding officer. I'm new to the inside of this case, but I think I begin to see through it pretty thoroughly; and as I see it neither of those parties can do anything just as

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he pleases, which is why I ain't worrying about the Secretary of War as much as I was. Things are threatening to go fast now, and the faster the better, I say, because the sooner they'll get somewhere! But nothing will be too instantaneous! See—as I said," McBirnie's long finger pointed somewhat after the manner of a school-teacher to the Frenchman's party about the shed, where the leader was waving a bit of white cloth. "There is Mr. Henry Racicot himself offering truce"—the detective took his handkerchief from his pocket and replied—"and coming to confer with us."

"You are right," Colbert acknowledged curiously, as at McBirnie's reply Racicot left the others and advanced to the tower, into which the two had now retreated. "What is it, Racicot?" he called down a little suspiciously.

"Monsieur Colbert! Monsieur Colbert!" Racicot called back confidently and cheerfully. "Pocrass and Bonnefoi have seen the troops from the train from Washington; so I go now! I go, Monsieur Colbert, at last to found my empire—worldwide, so great that no man has the mind to grasp the thought of it except Napoleon and me! And I take with me the woman most fit to rule as Empress—Mademoiselle Endicott! But before I go I come to offer you the favor to go with me!"

"What? You want me to go with you?" Colbert cried, astounded.

"*Oui*—yes, monsieur. Think quickly, for I am in haste!"

"Now, what do you suppose is behind that?" Detective McBirnie muttered perplexedly, at the same instant that Colbert asked the question aloud: "What is behind this, Racicot?"

"Ah! Monsieur, you think matters have not gone well with me here. A mistake was made—yes, I admit it—in holding for ransom Monsieur the American Secretary of War; for I observe now that Americans do not venerate their rulers or care what happens to them. But in Europe it is different; so now, as a beginning, I will carry off—perhaps the Czar of Russia, perhaps the Emperor of Germany; for one of these the Russian or the German nation would give many millions. Then I will have money, and that will be the beginning ——"

"It begins well," interpolated Detective McBirnie interestedly. "Let's hear the finish!"

"With money all else follows," Racicot went on without heeding him. "Is it power you want, Monsieur Colbert—riches? Behol'! the world is spread out before you," he gestured dramatically and anxiously; "for since we have the secret of the long-distance aeroplane none can oppose us. Name to me the countries over which you would wish to be ruler, and I will give you promise—the promise of Henri Racicot—that these shall be the first countries conquered. Kings shall wait in your antechamber, as they will wait in mine—as they once waited in the antechamber of the greatest Frenchman—if we go away, we three—for the aeroplane carries only three—to become the world-conquerors—I, Henri Racicot, and you, and Mademoiselle Alice Endicott!"

"Alice? What do you mean to do with Alice?" Colbert demanded excitedly. "Tell me! You know it is only because she is partly in your power that I parley with you at all!"

"And how about those two parties over there—Bonnefoi and Pocrass, I believe they're called," McBirnie's calm voice continued the question, "and that other gentleman with a hole in him, who is lying over behind the shed—how about them, since you say your aeroplane carries but three?"

"They of themselves may capture the other and follow—if they wish position with me," the Frenchman spread his palms and shrugged. "If not ——"

"You mean to betray them for your love of Mr. Hayden Colbert and Miss Alice Endicott?" The detective considered. "It's easy enough for me to understand your affection for the lady, Mr. Henry Racicot, feeling as I do toward her and I'll admit it—but this partiality to my friend here ——"

"Mademoiselle Alice," Racicot replied confidently, "loves. It would be so, I knew, when time had been given her to think about me. But for sake of old times she has a liking for Monsieur Colbert, and likes not that ill should happen to him. It is for her sake that I offer to take Monsieur Colbert with us!"

"Of course I know you're lying in what you say of Miss Endicott, Racicot," Colbert returned hotly. "And there's something at the bottom of this that I don't understand any more than I understand what made you save me twice this morning."

"What? He saved you twice before this morning?" McBirnie's interest increased immensely. "I should say you ought to ask what's at the bottom of this, Mr. Hayden Colbert."

"What I have told you—that alone!" the Frenchman replied, growing angry with his impatience. "But I hold open my offer no longer. I take my aeroplane and take mademoiselle—and go!"

"You'll have just the time it takes for you to get back to where you waved that cloth for truce, if I judge right by the way Mr. Hayden Colbert is turning the cylinder of his revolver," commented the detective.

"And after that, if you make a move nearer the house," said Colbert sternly, "I'll get you—if your men kill me with the next shot! And Travis, I think, will be with me against you in that, at least!"

"Which we might ask Mr. Roland V. Travis himself about, as he seems coming to us now." McBirnie pointed curiously to the ambassador from the second aeroplane shed advancing toward the tower with empty hands lifted in sign of amity.

"What—Travis!" cried Colbert startled.

"Yes, I, Hayden!" Travis answered pacificatingly from the side to which McBirnie had pointed. "We are going now," he almost paraphrased the Frenchman's words. "But before going I want to tell you that—for the sake of our old friendship—I will overlook what you have said and done here recently, and take you with me and give you your fair share in what is coming to us from our work together."

The eyes of Detective McBirnie bulged from his head in astonishment.

"Travis," Colbert returned sternly, controlling himself, "I don't want to have any further fight with you now—for if these crazy Frenchmen try to carry off Alice, as they threaten, I may need you to help me prevent them. But if you are trying me to see if I will let you get off with the aeroplane to sell it to Germany—I tell you right now I am with Racicot against you on that!"

"You can't be against me in that and not be against Alice, too, Hayden," Travis returned, "for, though your fine Fourth-of-July oration in the breakfast-room this morning swung Alice for a moment, she came to her senses afterward; and when I told her what Germany had promised us she gave me her final answer at last and promised to go to Germany with me! And to get out of here now, away from those soldiers which, she says, you have called here, she goes on the aeroplane with me till we are safe. Eller and Loderbauer have given up their places for her and—for you, if you have come to your senses!"

"You, too?" McBirnie interrupted, perplexed and introspective, before Colbert could reply. "Both you and your old friend, Mr. Henry Racicot, so loving with Mr. Hayden Colbert, and so anxious to take him away with you that you're sacrificing your friends right and left to do it. Mr. Hayden Colbert, you're tall and wide"—he glanced over his companion curiously—"and you're handsome; but you ain't *so* tall and wide and you ain't *so* handsome that it's for your good looks these parties both want you!"

But Colbert's firm grasp on his revolver had loosened; he paled and did not hear.

"You've lied to me more than once, Travis," he said in a voice which he seemed to have difficulty in keeping steady as he studied his former friend's face, "but I do not believe even you would lie in the name of Alice Endicott. I knew, of course, that you had been half engaged for a long time; but I thought —— However," he checked himself bitterly, "I congratulate you, Roland. And if the real reason of your coming here was to find out whether I'd shoot at you if you took Alice with you—my answer is, No, if you take her; but—I'll beat you some other way."

"You are not coming with us, then?" Travis persisted strangely.

"Mr. Colbert gave Racicot time to get to his shed; perhaps he'll give you the same," the detective suggested.

"Yes; I give you the same! Now!" Colbert turned to McBirnie recklessly as Travis ran. "No matter if his men shoot

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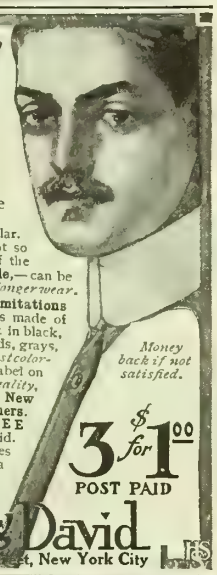

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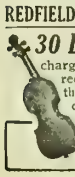

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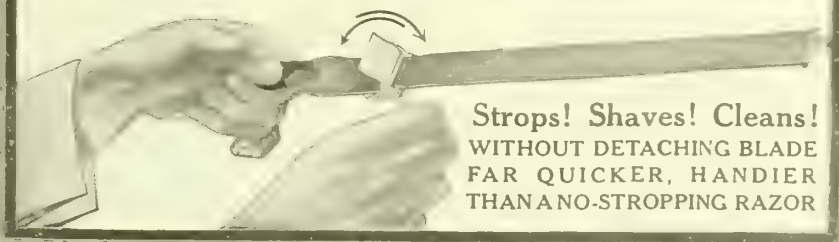

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me full of holes, I am going to wreck his machine before he gets Alice to it and afterward Racicot's!"

But the perplexity had vanished from McBirnie's face, and his eyes were shining with comprehension.

"No, Mr. Hayden Colbert!" He wound both his long arms quietly but very firmly about Hayden's body, rolling compactly upon the floor with him. "You're not going to take the slightest chance of being hurt!"

"Let me up! Are you crazy, man—are you crazy?" Colbert spluttered, trying to break the detective's wiry hold, as he could see through the window the first aeroplane, which Racicot had retained, slanting up again swiftly into the sky. "See—Racicot is escaping; and the troops are too late. We must do it at any cost!"

"Not at your cost, Mr. Hayden Colbert!" McBirnie tightened his hold. "And don't worry," he continued calmly, as he rolled for an instant on top of the other and he could see the rising aeroplane out of the window. "Racicot has his two foreign pals—not Miss Alice—with him; it's plain they ain't been so altruistic about giving up their places as he promised for them."

"But there is Travis—with Alice!" Colbert cried, fighting more desperately against the skillful hold of his lanky antagonist as their struggles brought them back to the door, and he could see down the hill. "And Eller and Loderbauer have out the second machine. They will all get away! Listen!" he cried, as a clear but far-off tone of a cavalry bugle rang up the valley from the hills toward Washington. "Your troops which Bonnefoi saw cannot get here! Once in the air they can escape clear. We must stop them, I say—at any cost, you madman!"

"Not at your cost, I tell you!" McBirnie iterated with difficulty now, but merely from lack of breath. "Besides—say, Mr. Hayden Colbert, I'll punch if you do, but I'll hold on—well, besides, I was saying, Racicot isn't getting away, though he's in the air; and Mr. Roland Travis isn't in the air—or getting there; for if my troops from Washington are late, if I ain't mistaken those are the Wever's Valley fellows you've been wirelessing to, coming about the back of the house—without playing the Campbells are Comin' first."

"What?" Colbert gasped; and as McBirnie now half released him, while he watched a dozen men in the uniform of the Virginia state troops rush about from the rear of the house and—when they saw their surprise was complete—pounce upon the men about the aeroplane upon the ground with a high-pitched yell of triumph, the younger man broke from the detective's grasp. McBirnie leaped again to seize him, but, seeing the hopelessness of pursuit, stopped quietly to watch what was going on. Eller and Loderbauer, having already started the engine of the aeroplane, were trying to manœuver it free from the ground, when the first of the militiamen caught them. Travis, in the bare hope of getting the machine free before the others could come to overpower them, dropped Alice's arm and left her alone for an instant on the lawn before the house, and ran to assist his German allies; but at the same instant Colbert sprang upon Travis and held him back till the soldiers surrounded the foreigners and the machine was captured.

Grabbing a rifle from the nearest soldier Colbert raised his head to where, the moment before, the first aeroplane with Racicot and his two companions had been circling overhead; and as he raised his rifle to threaten them and summon them down a boy of the militia beside him raised his rifle, too, and without warning fired. Pocrass, the giant Pole in the side seat, dropped an arm; and then, almost before the militiaman who shot had ejected his cartridge, Racicot's last desperate plan was made. Swiftly, so swiftly that the rifle could scarcely follow it, the aeroplane swooped down, and when it was scarcely skimming the ground the wounded Pole dropped from it. While Colbert and the soldiers watched for it then to rise so they could fire again without wounding the other men now coming in from all about, Racicot quickly swerved the machine again till its propeller almost swept the ground, and before even Colbert's cry of alarm and warning could reach her the aeroplane was upon Alice, still standing apart by the house. Checking its flight short for the fraction of the instant that it

stood over the girl's head. Racicot reached down and grasped her. Then with a defiant, almost a pitying cry, which carried clearly in the silence back to the men lowering their now useless rifles, Racicot guided the machine up in a long slant again and steered for the southward.

Almost as quickly, however, Colbert was beating his way to the group about the captured aeroplane.

"After them! After them! After them!" he cried wildly as he tried again to start the engine, which, while the soldiers had been standing about, had stopped its whirring. "After them!" he repeated, as he turned all the cocks again. But McBirnie, again beside him, tapped more loudly on the rescunding tank behind the engine.

"It's no use turning the cocks, Mr. Hayden Colbert," he advised calmly. "It's the fuel that's gone. The tank's empty. See? And besides, it won't be necessary!" He pointed to a slender stream which, like a silver cord in the bright sunlight, seemed hanging from the aeroplane above them. "For their own fuel is going! The shot which hit Pocrass must have gone through their tank."

"No," corrected the boy who had shot. "It was the girl—she opened the vent—I saw her do it!"

"But the tank holds gallons—enough for two thousand miles."

"About enough to bring them safely to the ground, if I guess right," McBirnie again corrected calmly; "and Racicot sees it!"

And, indeed, the aeroplane, after making a wide, sweeping circle, dropped downward again almost to the point where the other stood; and as the soldiers sprang for it Racicot stepped out.

"Messieurs—gentlemen!" he stopped them with a grandiose gesture and they waited in a circle till Colbert and Travis and the Secretary of War and all the rest were about him. "All fails! It is my fate! I am like the Marshal Ney: I am like the Roman Antony—*eh, bien!* It matters nothing; for I am no longer the great man, but have again become one of a million; for I have been ruined by a woman! Ah, messieurs, and such a woman! Mademoiselle," he turned to the girl in his magnificent audacity, "believe, if I cannot be loved by you, then the thing that above all in life I would most desire is this—that you should have been my ruin! That is what it is to love as a Frenchman! But I do not hope, since you would not love me when I had the whole worl' to lay at your feet, that you can love now that I have nothing; to what one, therefore, shall I resign you?" His eyes, sweeping rapidly the group about him, rested mockingly an instant first on the white and angry face of Travis, then on the flushed, excited face of Colbert. "None apply, Mademoiselle Endicott," he concluded in mocking accents which matched his look, "so I am forced to return you to your father!" And before any one, even the girl, was aware what he was doing, he had taken her hand in his and laid it on the arm of the Secretary of War.

But the Secretary, after the first emotion of seeing his daughter so suddenly in danger and so unexpectedly safe again, recollected himself and turned abruptly to Colbert.

"Hayden," he demanded, "you got my message through?"

"No, sir. I could not!"

"Then we must put a message through now—and it must be done immediately—quickly—with all speed! This madman, Racicot, we have no further fear of, as we have sufficient grounds for locking him up. But, so far as I can see, we have no legal right to interfere with Travis. We must put all particulars in the hands of the President at once, and let the Government decide what immediate steps are to be taken to check Germany and preserve the peace of Europe. For we cannot hope for more than a day's delay, as we are unable to prevent Travis putting the secret of the perfected aeroplane in the hands of the German Government."

"Unless it happens, Mr. John Endicott," Detective McBirnie interposed suddenly, "that Mr. Roland V. Travis, of Philadelphia and Berlin, here, ain't got the goods to deliver—ain't got the secret—as I am sure now he hasn't!"

"Not got it!" Colbert and the Secretary of War cried together.

"If either of them had it, as they made you think, Mr. Hayden Colbert," the detective returned, "why did they have only a flaskful of the stuff in this machine and about a bottleful in the other? Or did you really think it was for your looks that neither of them felt they could leave without you? Or did you also think it was to save your looks that I didn't let you get shot up when unnecessary? No, sir! It was because they knew, and I knew by that time, that you were the only man who had the secret they needed—the secret, we have just found out, of the fuel for the perfect aeroplane."

"But the formula was stolen from me by Eller, and Racicot took it from him—I had worked it out and written it down, like a fool! And they stole it!"

"Not so fast, please, Mr. Hayden Colbert—wrote down. All right! But there ain't one but several things that can happen to a piece of even stolen paper—it gets burned, it gets torn, it gets wet, and you can't read what's on it. Ain't I right, Mr. Henry Racicot?"

"Why lie?" the Frenchman shrugged indifferently. "With me it is—as you say—all up! So to lie is too much trouble, and I tell the truth. Herr Eller, it is true, stole the papers from the strong-box. But I was watching—seize him! Behol'! we struggle for the paper! *Sacré!* It is torn between us! It is mangle', it is no longer to be read! But already we have gone too far to go back again! We go forward, therefore, on our own ways! I have already imprison' Monsieur Colbert! I trust that in the good time the secret will still be got from him. But all happens too quick—I have not time—instead, I am everywhere disappoint', defeat', ruin'!"

"Then the aeroplane is still mine!" Colbert, in sudden comprehension, cried triumphantly. "Mine, to be used only for peace, its secret to be given only to the Government which will guarantee its peaceful usage!"

"Or else," Endicott supplemented, "to be conveyed simultaneously to all Governments of the world under conditions which will make the abolition of war a necessity! Hayden—Hayden, I must get back to Washington without the delay of an instant, and you must go with me! We must find at once some means of conveyance!"

"Give me fifteen minutes for making the fuel, and I can put you and Alice in Washington within the hour, Mr. Endicott, if I can use the aeroplane which remains uninjured!"

And, as the Secretary of War started at this reminder of the instrument whose powers were so new that in the first moment of possession he had even forgotten to make use of them, Colbert turned to the girl.

"Alice," he said in a voice too low to be overheard by the others, "almost six months ago, on the Rhine road in Alsace, there were three men on whose lips the same question was trembling. Racicot, of course, need never have been considered. But Travis told me today that he had asked you that question, and that you had answered him favorably; yet I feel sure, from what has happened since, that in even this he was not telling the truth to me."

"He was not, Hayden," the girl answered, flushing. "But the third lips?" she asked softly.

"They were mine," Colbert answered. "But I hesitate now, as I did then, to ask for what means so much to me!"

"You might have had it even then, I think," the girl's eyes met his frankly, trustfully, answering the light within his own. "But much more is it yours since I have learned today to know the aims and hopes that guide you."

And a quarter of an hour later the aeroplane, with Hayden Colbert in its middle seat, and on one side of him the Secretary of War, on the other his daughter, rising, took its steady way, more rapid than the birds, directly eastward toward the National Capital.

(THE END)

The Everlasting Hills

So far away that like a dream of Heaven
Their beauty seems to be;
So fair and pure, like a celestial fragrance,
The west wind flying free;
Sublime and glorious in the sunlight,
Piercing the radiant dome,
They stand, those conquering Western
mountains,
And call their exiles home.

—Louise Paley.

Ralston
WEEKLY CATALOGUE
The style which distinguishes Ralston Shoes is not superficial. It is built in. The Ralston moulded insole eliminates the "breaking-in" process which causes other shoes to lose their shape, and assures perfect comfort at first wearing.
One of the Ralston styles which discriminating dressers will favor this fall is—
Stock No. 125
Sterling Patent Colt
"Smile" Last
a dress shoe which is correct for every formal occasion and cannot be duplicated in style except in very expensive custom models.
Ask any Ralston dealer to show it to you.
Ralston Health Shoemakers
985 Main Street
Campello (Brockton), Mass.
$4
Send for Ralston Book
Authority Styles
Fall and Winter, Free
Where we have no agent we supply and guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. Only 25c. extra for delivery. Agents in over 3,000 towns.
UNION MADE.
Copyrighted 1909
ANOTHER ONE NEXT WEEK

SPAULDING'S
FETHER-LYTE
VENTILATED
SHOE TREES

ALL THE STRENGTH OF WOODEN TREES WITH ONLY ¼ THEIR WEIGHT

Shoe Trees Increase the Wear Value of Shoes

Lightness—Ventilation—and **Adjustment** are the three most important features in a shoe tree. Spaulding's Fether-Lyte Ventilated Shoe Trees embody these points. They are made from a specially prepared fibre. They give maximum strength and durability, yet have only ¼ the weight of wooden trees. This saving in weight means easy handling and great convenience if travelling.

Spaulding's Fether-Lyte Ventilated Shoe Trees are hollow in construction, causing all moisture in the shoe to evaporate by air circulation.

Spaulding's Fether-Lyte Ventilated Shoe Trees have a very simple adjustment—the entire operation is but the work of a second—the pressure of the thumb.

You will save the price of these trees on the added life they will give your shoes. **Try a pair. Price $1.00.**

If by chance your dealer doesn't have them, ask him to get them for you. If he will not, send for our booklet showing styles and giving instructions how to order direct from us.

J. SPAULDING & SONS CO. B Street, Rochester, N. H.

MAGAZINE MEN

And One Woman Who Live by Their Pens and Typewriters

David Graham Phillips

Booth Tarkington

Edwin Lefèvre

Montague Glass

Owen Johnson (on the Right)

PHOTO. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HAESELER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Myra Kelly (Mrs. Allan Macnaughtan)

YOU can improve your health in thirty days by increasing the amount of Quaker Oats you eat.

A great many persons look upon Quaker Oats as merely a delicious cereal food to be eaten at breakfast, but millions of families have found that it is much more; they have found that frequent and regular eating of Quaker Oats resulted in clearer skin, rosier cheeks, firmer muscles and clearer and more active minds; and while they have learned these things by experience, scientists have found by investigation, analyses and experiments that Quaker Oats contains the best elements of human food. It is the best and cheapest food.

Begin with the month of November and prove it in your own family!

Eat Quaker Oats at least once each day during this month; vary the ways of preparing it to suit the taste; cut out a corresponding amount of greasy foods and watch the results. You'll be astonished at the improvement in the health and vigor of the family, and you'll continue to eat it every month in the year.

Thousands of good grocers will make a special display of Quaker Oats in November to remind you to do this; millions of families will be doing the same thing; repeated experiences of this kind with the rosy cheeks, firmer muscles and clearer brains that resulted have made everlasting friends for Quaker Oats.

The best and cheapest food you can eat.

Quaker Oats is packed in the regular size 10¢ package; in large size Family packages, and in hermetically sealed tins.

Ask your grocer.

The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO

PRICE OF SUFFRAGE FOR AMERICAN WOMEN

(Concluded from Page 11)

In certain sections we must look to the women for an exposure of the graft system in public affairs. The men are either too accustomed to it, or too deeply implicated in it, to expose it. For one thing, the moral standards of men drop off at the point where they get out of sight of their womenkind, and they really do not know any better than to lie some and steal some out of her sight—just as the moral standards of women behind their feminine scenes are not so good as they are where men can see and judge them. So soon as some rich woman buys a newspaper and endows it—instead of founding some kind of titmouse chair of biology in a university—a newspaper with a tattling feminine tongue style, that cannot be subsidized by railroad influence or city franchise purchasers, or even by the prejudices of subscribers, just so soon we shall have some lively times in certain parts of this country.

When women begin to count the costs of parks and pavements, estimate tax receipts, add up the actual expenses of public works, subtract the same from the income of the city and publish the result, we shall understand mysteries too sacred to mention now—as, for example, how a man who was a penniless bankrupt elected to a county office with a small salary is able, within three or four years, to purchase one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property. When women are no longer content with blind-eyed rescue work, and get over their pharisaical finickiness enough to find out something about the street morals of our cities, we shall learn how a policeman can own an expensive automobile and live in a handsome home on seventy-five dollars a month. Also, we shall know, approximately, what actually does become of franchise money paid in by street railways, electric-light corporations and telephone companies. It will all be written in a staccato tone of voice, of course, but none the less effective for that reason. It will not be five years before women's clubs in some cities will be allowed to put marble-topped drinking fountains at every other street corner, at the city's expense, if they will only drop the question of why the water tax is so high and why it is mixed up with all the other taxes so that no accountant could tell what becomes of it. In short, a club year devoted to the study of municipal arithmetic instead of the study of Florentine portrait painters would advance the cause of women's suffrage more than the smartest book ever written about it. A year's application to the railroad influences on state politics, with candid and intelligent computation of the same, would have more effect on a state legislature than any number of the most convincing resolutions or memorials.

What Printer's Ink Will Do

There is something funny about a lady in a lace waist and fancy skirt asking for the ballot; but Miss Tarbell's exposure of the Standard Oil Company, and her even more significant revelations of the high-tariff trust, are not humorous. A few thousand equally well-informed women, with a place to publish what they discover, will go far toward furnishing the price of suffrage. Once they fix their amazing genius for tattling upon the ugly, bob-tailed, masculine negligences in the national housekeeping, instead of upon their own cake-recipe shortcomings, suffrage will be actually offered as the bribe of silence.

This does not imply that men as citizens are more corrupt than women will be when they become citizens, but that as yet women have no such record for corruption as men in politics, and this gives them a momentary advantage of a generation or so—for no one can even imagine what faults women will develop as citizens.

The objection is sometimes made that women could never defend the country in time of war, and that to the country's defenders belong the peculiar privileges of citizenship. This objection nearly always comes from that class of men that has charge of the commissary departments during a military era, departments that could be much better conducted by women who know more about the value of food and clothing. And with women in charge, these men might also be released to show to a better advantage upon the fighting-line of the country's defense than they do now putting down their weaker womenkind.

The ballot has already been too carelessly bestowed in this country, and one of the greatest problems that the next generation is to face will be disfranchising enough of the people. And nothing should be added to the increasing political confusion of our times by enfranchising all women at once.

Meanwhile a question of interest is, in what region of this big country will women first obtain their rights? The general impression was that it would be the West, but this is a mistake growing out of the fact that for a time there was a premium on votes in that section for the purpose of getting territories into the Union, and because men were a trifle careless about guarding their own particular liberties where liberties were so cheap. But as the West stiffens into definite self-consciousness, women will find opposition to their political rights quite as strong there as in the East. The difference is that the Western woman will be better able to cope with such oppositions. She has acquired much of the bucking bronco's disposition, harnessed as she has been with the Western man, and she knows better than any other American woman the difference in effect upon him between bucking and shedding tears, which is an essential thing to know in dealing politically or prudently with any kind of man.

The South to Lead

But really it is the woman of the South who has the largest hope and the best chance of political recognition. This grows out of the fact that there is less opposition between the sexes down there. Southern men and women are still very much in love with one another. No other man treats his womenkind with so much kindness and deference.

And again, while the women are no more the equal of men in brains there than elsewhere, they have, perhaps, had more leisure for self-improvement than any other class of their countrywomen—a leisure they have not appreciated until within recent years. The intelligent Southern woman has now fewer prejudices, broader views, more common-sense than is to be found elsewhere, even though she is not so highly educated. She is, of course, much better informed and more cultivated than the Southern man, which is infinitely to his credit, because he has been too busy preserving her from drudgery and providing her and his children with comfortable surroundings to cultivate his own faculties beyond the purely business propositions involved in his escape from poverty. This is why he has lost rank at Washington. His mind is narrow, cupidity has scorched him—inevitable faults developed by his dire distress and need. It is the Southern man's wife and daughters who show most those qualities which made Southern statesmen of earlier times men of grace and distinction. And our women there probably understand better than any others the gentle art of winning their franchise rights. A suffragette could not be born in this section; the most rabid dust we have does not make anything more forbidding in the woman-being than a rather positive W. C. T. U. lady. It is astonishing how rapidly during the last two or three years the conviction has grown among Southern women that they must have suffrage; but there is no "agitation," and there never will be any. They will simply begin to vote when they all make up their minds to it. And the men will count the women's ballots in with their own, without any misgivings about their women becoming less attractive or faithful because they have taken a notion to vote for themselves. This may seem absurdly optimistic to those who do not know that it is the first and second nature of every Southern man to humor his womenkind in every possible way. And I stick to my prediction that he will be the first man in this country to concede to her the rights of citizenship.

THE Packard SHOE FOR MEN

UNION MADE BY PACKARD OF BROCKTON

$3.50 $4.00 $5.00

THE 20th century American shoe involves the evolution of a nation. Its development typifies American progress. No one genius is responsible for its present prestige, for no one brain could solve the problems necessary to its perfection.

Yet to the pioneers of the shoe industry in Massachusetts we owe much and our debt will never grow less. In and about Brockton—the home of the Packard—are compassed thousands of the deservedly highest paid shoe workmen in the world. So far in their work they have sustained their reputation for continued and unvarying excellence. Of them it might be said, "Eternal vigilance is the price of improvement."

It is generally conceded that male workers, while they cost more, make the best men's shoes, which is why nearly seventy-five per cent of the employees in our large factory are men. We strive to incorporate in the Packard the essentials of an ideal shoe—one that will stand up under both town and country wear.

All we ask is that you give it a fair trial. You should wear the Packard—you owe it to your feet and your purse.
Ask your dealer, no matter where. Send for free Catalogue.

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M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
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"Concrete Construction About the Home and on the Farm"

A Book sent Free to Home Owners and Home Builders

This 168-page book tells of the smaller uses of concrete in improving and beautifying the home. It is a suggestive, practical book that should be in the hands of every suburbanite and farmer in the United States—one that will teach you that the real success of concrete construction—the permanent success—depends upon whether the best cement is used in making the concrete. Send for this book today.

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

is the product of plants having the largest output in the world; the cement that is being used in the Panama Canal; the cement that is made from the real cement materials; the cement that is always pure and uniform and made only in one grade.

Other books on the subject of concrete construction, available to all who are interested, include:

Concrete Houses and Cottages, Vol. I. Large Houses	$1.00
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NONE JUST AS GOOD

The Stearns—The Safest Car That's Made

Some people say we spend too much on the Stearns. They say and believe that a lower cost buys as good a car as they want.

But they outgrow those opinions. The eventual car is always a Stearns for the man who wants the best.

Some buy it for safety, some for its power, some for its beautiful lines. And they invariably find that lower-priced cars cost more than the Stearns in the end.

Our Extravagant Costs

Our costs, it is true, are extravagant. Our steel is made from imported ores.

Our annular ball bearings cost three times the ordinary.

Some of our parts are twice as strong as is necessary—the parts on which safety depends.

We spend $40,000 per year on our experiment department—seeking to get our parts stronger and better.

Every important part is made in our factory—made without regard to cost.

On many a part we spend ten times what we need to—just to get the limit of strength.

But Note the Result

The Stearns is the sturdiest car on the market.

It grows better with use. A Stearns is usually at its zenith after 15,000 miles.

A Stearns owner doesn't change cars each season. We get out no annual models. You see no second-hand Stearns. And no owner has yet worn out a Stearns car unless he has misused and abused it.

Every owner of a motor car envies the Stearns. Yet the Stearns will cost less, in the long run, than most of the cheaper cars.

The Ultimate Car

There was a time—during the days of experiment—when it was well to buy cheaper cars.

Every year brought many improvements. Styles and mechanisms were constantly changing. A high-grade car, as well as a low-grade, might be out of date in a year.

But those days are over. Engineers scarcely dream of anything better than the Stearns as made today.

Now the wisest way is to buy a car to keep till you wear it out.

The man who does that wants the Stearns. He wants the power—the wonderful reserve power—that more than meets every requirement.

30-60 H. P. Chassis with Limousine Body

He wants safety and he wants durability. He wants the car that costs least by the year, not the car that costs least at the start.

The man who seeks such things, if he investigates, will invariably choose the Stearns.

Our Beautiful Styles

Pride of ownership, more than anything else, has led people to buy the Stearns. It looks the aristocrat. And the name has long stood for the best that exists in motordom.

But there is no fame without reason. We want you to know how, in thirteen years, the Stearns has become what it is.

The facts are all told in our catalog. Will you send us this coupon for it?

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The F. B. Stearns Co.,
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Please mail me the Catalog No. 42.

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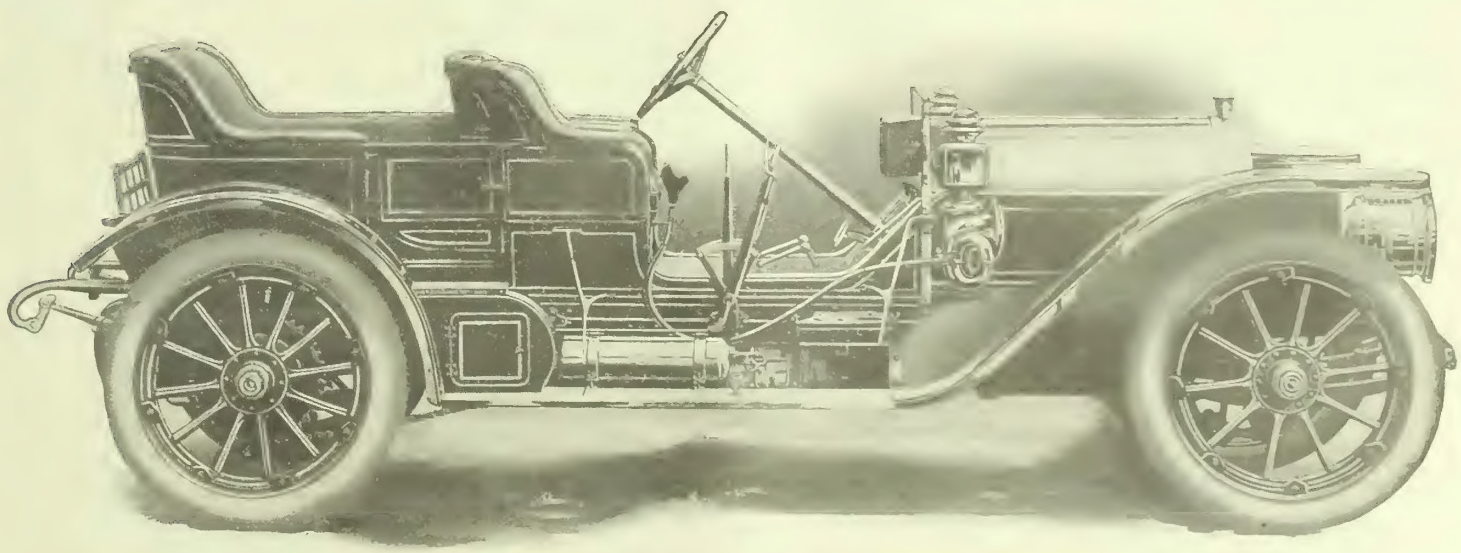
The Stearns
The Ultimate Car



A Popular Model

30-60 H. P. Chassis with Toy Tonneau Body—either shaft or side chain drive

"The White Line Radiator Belongs to the Stearns"

COLGATE'S

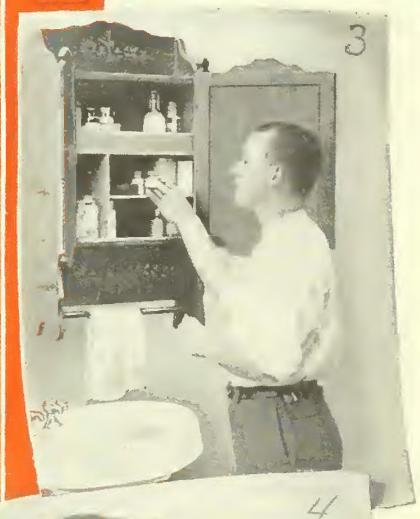
ANTISEPTIC RAPID-SHAVE

TRADE MARK

POWDER

1. "Shaving's a torture with my tender skin."

2. "What! No more new blades. What a nuisance!"



3. "Hello, here's this sample of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Powder. 'Rapid,' eh!"

4. "It's *got* to be a 'rapid shave' for me *this* morning. Only a dull blade too."

The Powder that Shortens the Shave

Only two motions—just sprinkle the wet brush, lather your face.

Softening—Soothing—Sanitary

Fresh soap with every shave. No soap that touches brush or skin is used again. No rubbing soap on face, no making lather in cup.

Aseptic and Germicidal

Hathaway Building, Boston, Mass.

"I have examined Colgate's Rapid-Shave Powder, purchased on the open market, and find it to be notably free from uncombined alkali.

"It is aseptic, and as used for shaving, it is germicidal." July 10, 1909. (Signed) FRANK B. GALLIVAN, Ph.D.

(Reports of other eminent chemists given on request)

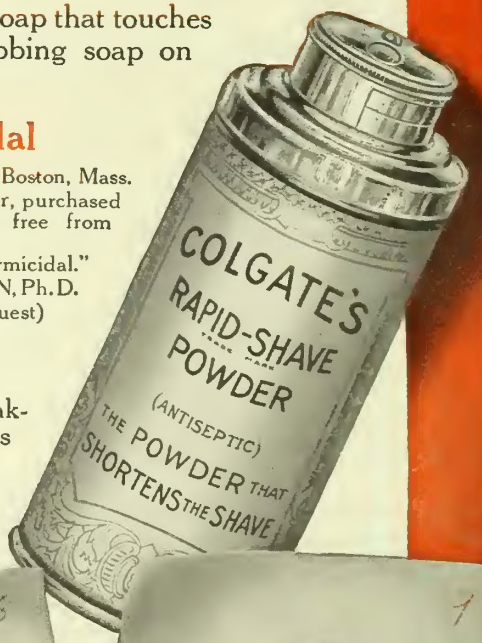
Best for a safety razor. Every bit of powder is worked into lather. No soap clings to razor's edge.

The quickest and cleanest way of making a lather as lasting and delightful as that made by our famous Shaving Stick.

Trial box sent for 4c.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. P, 55 John Street, New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap



5. "'Sprinkle a little powder on the wet brush?' Simple, isn't it?"

6. "'Lather your face?' MY! that's fine. It certainly is rapid."

7. "Isn't this smooth! And I thought the blade was dull."

8. "The blade did pull yesterday. It must be this powder that makes the difference."

9. "Plenty of time for breakfast *this* morning. I only wish I had *another* face to shave!"